FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

AUGUST 1980 $2.75

"THE BLUES BROTHERS" EXCLUSIVE! Loose on the Set with Aykroyd & Belushi

THE WORLD'S SEXIEST LEGS A Revealing Nine-Page Pictorial

SMALL TALK WITH "ASSOCIATE" SHELLEY SMITH

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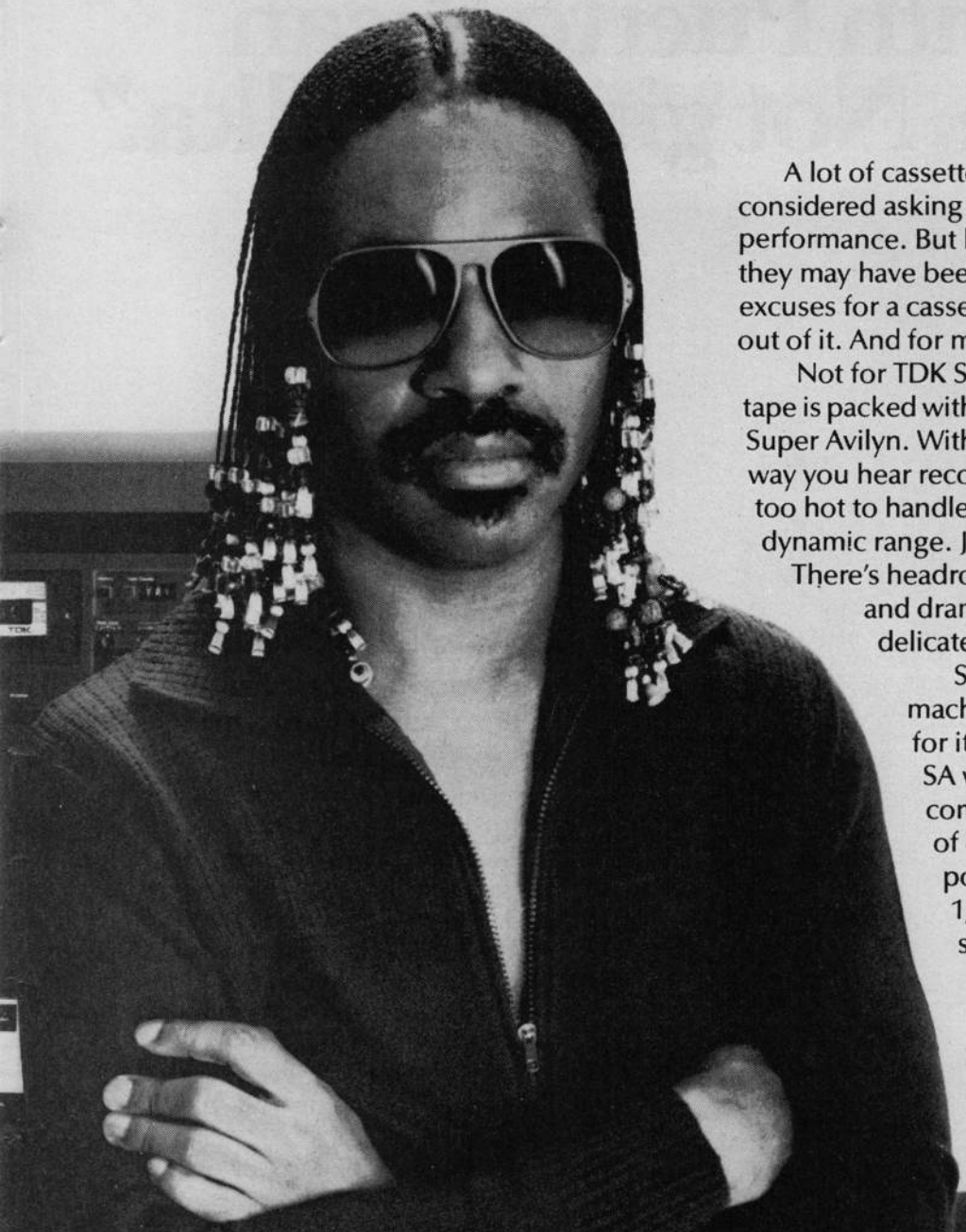

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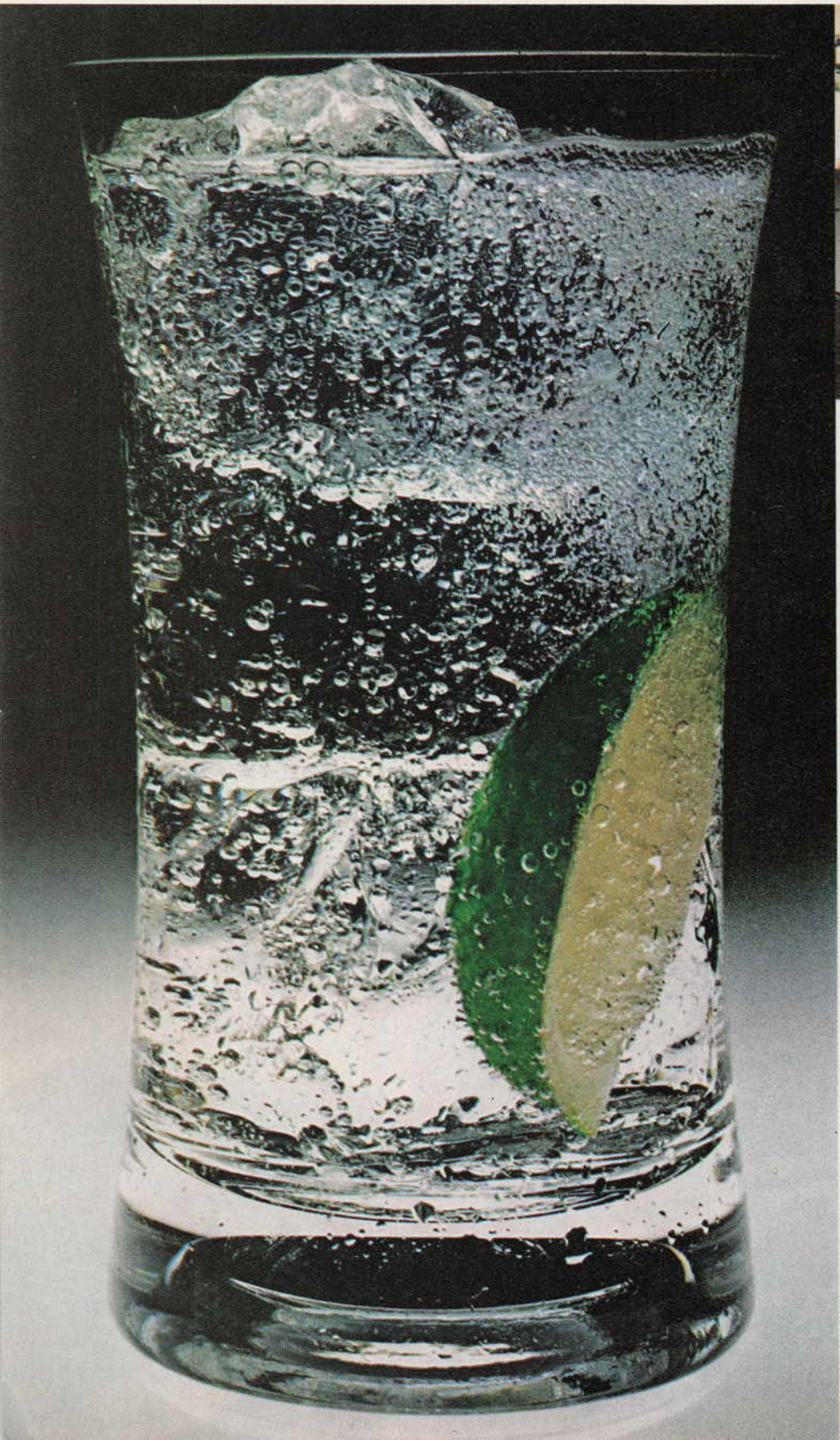

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VOLUME 9 NUMBER 8

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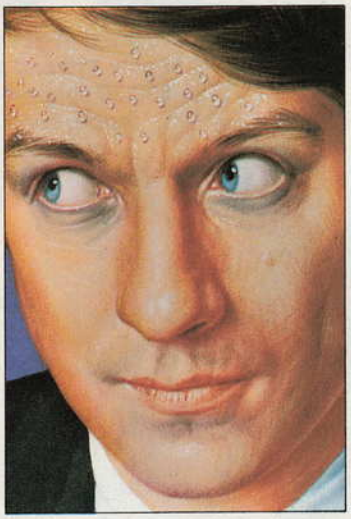
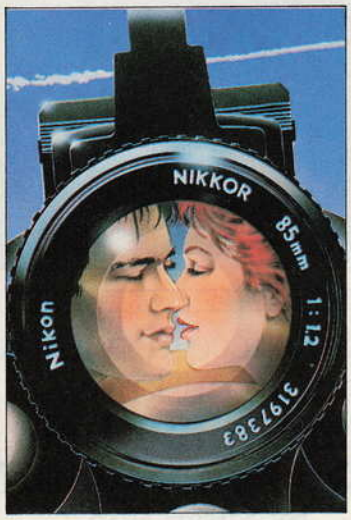
AUGUST 1980

46 ON THE SET: THE BLUES BROTHERS
What did Richard Daley's ghost have to do with the making of Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi's $30-million-plus blues epic? Our author—who braved 47th and Prairie streets, the Chicago police, whiz-kid director John Landis and thousands of Hollywood extras—knows the answer. Presenting the real, offscreen adventures of Jake and Elwood Blues. Article by David Standish.



70 A CONVERSATION WITH P.J. O'ROURKE
OUI held the editor-in-chief of the *National Lampoon* hostage with a highly trained interrogator, until he told us all about the "safety Nazis," the history of Ohio, the *Saturday Night Live* connection, "used weird" and his strange habit of blowing up tree stumps in New Hampshire. Interview by Robert Singer.

97 LEGS
Wrapped in silk stockings, garnished by garters, squeezed into spandex or exposed to the max by miniskirts, the female leg is a living *objet d'art*. So, is that any reason for leg men to consider themselves superior? Take a gander at this nine-page tribute to sexy legs, *then* tell us. Article by R.T. Newsom.



110 REUBEN
Why would a happily married man stick up a bank, take two hostages and then go for an outrageous ride up the Pacific Coast? All we'll say is that boredom can do strange things to people in California. Fiction by Robert Noel Brand.

FEATURES

38 MONICA MUELLER/Photography by Jeff Dunas. Part Cherokee, part German and all woman.

51 MORNING BECOMES ELECTRIC/Katharine Lowry. Adding a little romance to your early A.M. amours.

54 CONVERTIBLE CONVERSIONS/David Barry. Rag tops from skilled craftsmen—for a price.

58 GROUP RATE/Mark Hunter. From est to Rolfing, a consumer's guide to consciousness-raising groups.

60 JANINE ANDREWS/Photography by Brian Anderson. Drawing women by day and men by night.

74 IN PRAISE OF PRAISE/Gerald Carpenter. Flattery will get you everywhere, but pay attention to detail.

78 DEAD HEADS/Burr Snider. Why would anyone swim six miles underwater to see a Grateful Dead concert?

85 PREMIXOLOGY/Michael S. Lasky. A shot-by-shot taste test of America's favorite convenience cocktails.

88 SMALL TALK: SHELLEY SMITH/Chuck Crandall and Chris Stone. A brief encounter with an *Associate*.

94 LIFE AMONG THE YAHOOS/Ivan Goldman. One man's chilling journey into the heart of country living.

DEPARTMENTS

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COVER
Heavenly Greta Blackburn—who graced the cover of our October '79 issue—is back by popular demand. Plus a little help from above, OUI might add. You see, Greta and ex-evangelist Marjoe Gortner are a steady item. So, when Greta said she had to ask Marjoe's approval, we didn't think we had a prayer. Anyway, let's hear it for the men's magazine with You-know-who on its side. Photography by Phillip Dixon.

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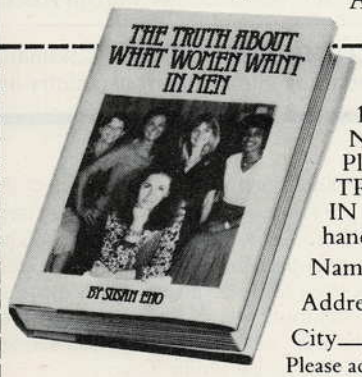

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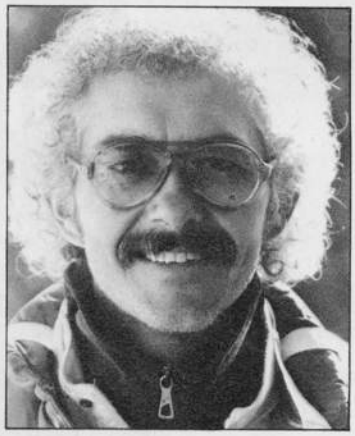
THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

KATHARINE LOWRY

Writing about sex in the morning was one of Kathy's easiest assignments, she told us when she sent in her manuscript *Morning Becomes Electric* (p. 51). We figured it was because she was formerly an editor at *Penthouse* and had a certain sexual sophistication about her. No, she said, it was just that her boyfriend works the swing shift.



KIM WHITESIDES

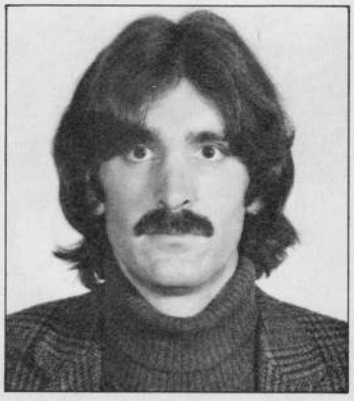
Most illustrators are, as a rule, somewhat laid-back and low-key . . . not a lot of energy, if you get our drift. Kim, on the other hand, who's done covers for *Time* and who did an exceptional job with the artwork for *Reuben* (p. 110), is a bit more intense. He actually has a professional skateboard ramp in front of his Park City, Utah, home. Yeah, we know. Another *artist*.

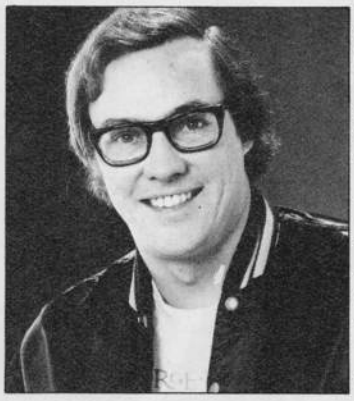
CHRIS STONE & CHUCK CRANDALL

When we asked Stone, left, what else he did besides interview lovely actresses like Shelley Smith (p. 88) for our *Small Talk* feature, he told us he also writes movies and novels and TV stuff. Your basic prolific Hollywood guy. But when we asked Crandall why he enjoys these interviews, he said it was his continual search for a blonde dumb enough to fall for his line. Alas, not only was Shelley Smith smarter than Crandall, she was also taller. He's now at work on a novel about the South, where he grew up among Southern belles, who weren't as dumb as they made out to be, either.

GERALD CARPENTER

The author of our *In Praise of Praise* (p. 74) studied history at the University of Washington, film at San Francisco State and biochemistry at the University of California. Which hardly qualifies him to say some kind and pleasing things about women. No, it was rather his attempt to see "if the subject could be handled in a nonchauvinistic way." We think he succeeded.





DAVID STANDISH

Coming from Chicago, where he watched John Belushi break in with Second City, Standish had a sweet time reporting for us from the set of *The Blues Brothers* movie (p. 46). Although he's currently writing a screenplay, we thought you'd really like to know that, for a while, Standish was the editor of *Playboy*'s "Party Jokes." So *that's* what he looks like . . .

CHARLES SHIELDS

We weren't exactly sure whether it was Shields's preoccupation with his imaginary amusement park outside Las Vegas called PornoLand—which he hopes a rich Arab will bankroll—that convinced us he should illustrate our *Life Among the Yahoos* (p. 94), or the fact that he lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, for a year. Probably a bit of both.

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

Administratively speaking, these two cuties are the essence of OUI. Janet Spiegel, left, gives such great phone, it's a wonder she ever left her job as a rock-'n'-roll d.j. And Gloria Stone, the majordomo of rules and regulations in our bureaucratic mess, not only can cut through the red tape in seconds, but she hits a mean three-wood as well.

Alive with pleasure! Newport

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MAIL

Your opportunity to praise, complain, suggest, gripe, request, insult and just let us know what's on your mind

HEAD IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

C.W. Metcalf's *The Samson Syndrome* (April) presents the facts and fallacies of male baldness very effectively. It may help those people who are beginning to lose their hair approach their problem much more realistically.

I, too, am undergoing the relentless onslaught of shedding hair at the relatively young age of 27. My problem started a year ago. At first, I thought it was funny and somehow mature to walk around with a balding spot on the back of my head. For some insane reason, I thought that "cute" little spot would stay that way. Hormones and genetic inheritance, however, soon betrayed me, and I was rudely awakened. As the thinning grew worse, my spirits sank lower and lower.

I am now undergoing counseling, and I hope it will provide some answer to my suffering. I have not tried external or implant treatments because I don't believe they work. But surprisingly, I have found that all is not totally lost when one's hair is gone.

Because of my baldness, I believe I have gained a new confidence and strength of character that I might never have developed. Balding may yet turn out to be a blessing, albeit, one purchased at great cost.

ANTHONY FORTE
Seattle, Washington

DALLAS DAZZLER

Chris Stone and Chuck Crandall's interview with *Dallas*' Charlene Tilton (*Small Talk*, April) is the most provocative piece I have read in quite a while. Charlene can get chicken soup for me, anytime.

STEVEN BACH
New York, New York

To be sure, Charlene is the main attraction of CBS' *Dallas*. At first, I was just infatuated with her. Now, I'm hopelessly in love. Aside from being exquisitely gorgeous, Charlene has the unique ability to remain fresh and delightful while looking and acting deliciously slutty.

NORMAN STONER
College Station, Texas

Keep up the good work with your *Small Talk* feature. Stone and Crandall's chat with Charlene is just about my favorite. I passed OUI along to my friends, and they also agree. They've even started subscribing to your magazine. Do I get a commission?

ELSIE DI LEO
Fresno, California

I was very, very impressed with your *Small Talk* with Charlene. She is my ideal woman: Her beauty, straightforwardness and love of nude beaches and station wagons blows my mind. Where can I get a poster of her? In my eyes, Charlene is more than a "10"; she's an "11."

MARK MURFITT
Lebanon, Ohio

I have known for some time that Charlene has three posters out, but I have only been able to locate one in my area. Could you please tell me where I can obtain the other two? Thank you.

By the way, maybe you could pass the word on to Miss Tilton that if she is ever in Spokane, my door is always open.

KEITH WEVERSTAD
Spokane, Washington

Sorry, fellas. Star City Inc., the company that produced Charlene's provocative pinups has gone out of business. You'll just have to keep searching through your local retail stores to find them. But just think . . . they're sure to become real collector's items, and we can't think of a better way to hedge against inflation.

SOCCER TO 'EM

Hank Nuwer's *The Coming Threat of Soccer* (April) is more informative than the dozen how-to soccer books that I lugged home when volunteering my services as a schoolgirls' soccer-team coach. I knew nothing then about soccer, had never held a ball and had never seen a soccer game. Even after reading all those books, I felt I knew less than my players. We did, however, manage to win one game that first year. Fortunately, the second year was better.

Now, after reading your article, I can only repeat the old phrase, "If I knew then what I know now . . . " Mr. Nuwer's piece is both well written and enlightening, and I'm sure it will have many people out there watching, playing, coaching and cheering the game. Soccer is terrific because it encourages self-confidence, not only in the players, but in the spectators as well.

Thanks, OUI. You sure made a goal with me this issue. A tear sheet of your article is going to all my soccer players.

ROSE ADKINS
Associate Editor, *Writer's Digest*
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your soccer piece is quite good, but there is one error that I feel obligated to correct. In discussing rock stars and their involvement with soccer, Mr. Nuwer says that the best-known soccer nut is the Welshman Rod Stewart and that he follows the Welsh team all around the world.

In fact, Rod Stewart was born in England and follows the Scottish national team around the world. During the last World Cup matches, Stewart even wrote a song about that team, and then donated all the proceeds to them.

THOMAS MAXWELL
Plainfield, New Jersey

PIT STOPPERS

As an employee of one of the major sponsors of Malibu Grand Prix, I am extremely disappointed in *Red-Eye Express* (April). Mr. Tennesen's feeble attempt to relate the new and exciting concept of the Malibu Grand Prix to your readers is inadequate, to say the least. Depicting the Malibu Grand Prix as a haven for addicts, boozers and maniacs is irresponsible and does Malibu and its sponsors a great disservice.

DAVID A. LEAKE
Grand Prairie, Texas

Love your article on the Malibu Grand Prix. I am one of the lucky ones who lives

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close enough to the original Anaheim course to experience the thrill of racing every weekend. It's much safer, believe me, than drag racing down an empty Los Angeles freeway late at night. And cheaper, too, considering the cost of gas these days.

Michael Tennesen really captures the feeling of my racing addiction, and I congratulate you on publishing his article.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Anaheim, California

I read your article *Red-Eye Express* with great interest. I have always been interested in mini–Grand Prix racing but, since I live on the East Coast, I have never been able to find much information on the subject.

Do you know where I could write to get additional information on this subject?

RUSSELL WAYBRIGHT
Lanham, Maryland

All you daredevils who want to know if and when Malibu will be coming to your town can write: Malibu Grand Prix, 21300 Califa Street, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

HANDEY HISTORY

Just finished reading *The History Lesson* in your February issue. I believe that Jack Handey is the funniest writer working in Hollywood today. The description of the Houdini sextets is hysterical. It is a credit to your magazine that you publish him.

The real joke, however, may be how much his material will be worth in paperback when Handey finally emerges as one of America's foremost humorists. At this point, OUI, I think you got him cheap.

ALAN METTER
Los Angeles, California

FEMMES FATALES

By George! It's about time you scratched the surface of filmdom's fiendish femmes (*Female Fiends*, March). In the movies, these women are usually killed off by sanctimonious types, but that only serves to point up the latent fascination most men harbor for these strong-willed women. It's only a short Freudian leap from high heels and leather to vampirettes and fifty-foot Amazons.

Let's see more. But next time, how about highlighting the enchanting English evildoers like Barbara Steele, Ingrid Pitt, Honor Blackman and Billie Whitelaw? They'd make a real coming attraction.

S. S. WILSON
Tarzana, California

Female Fiends is absolutely delightful. Many of the photos brought back old memories. The captions are full of quick wit and concise humor. Hope to see more of the same in OUI . . . soon.

P.L.N.
Portland, Oregon

I really enjoyed your *Female Fiends* feature, but you failed to mention the queen of science fiction/fantasy, Caroline Munro. So, to make up for your inadvertent neglect, I enclose a photo from one of her many movies—the name of which escapes me.

DAVE GOODE
Yonkers, New York

Thanks for the hot tip. Your picture is from Caroline's movie, "The Adventures of Stella Starr," and you can bet we'll be watching for a late-night rerun.

A FEEL FOR FICTION

Gustav Hasford's fiction, *Voodoo Dancer*, in your January issue, was not only good, but quite imaginative. His writing is precise and to the point, and it makes you feel like you are living the experience. That story prompted me to get a copy of his novel *Short Timers*. It, too, is excellent.

I will be waiting to read more of his work in future issues of OUI.

ROLAND E. COOPER
Longview, Washington

I'm glad to see that you've finally joined the growing ranks of T.C. Boyle's fans. After reading *Descent of Man* (Mr. Boyle's first collection of stories), I have been avidly seeking other works of his. So I thank you for *Whales Weep* (February). Since your choice of fiction is always excellent, I'm sure that you'll bring us more Boyle.

R.T. MASLOVAT
South Lake Tahoe, California

CANDIDATES' CURSE

After reading *The Zero Factor* (March) about the "curse" on all American Presidents elected in a year ending in zero, I wondered if you were aware of a similar hex. Indian medicine men, while on the Trail of Tears during the major move to reservations, put a curse on our Presidents—every twenty years one would die.

Eerie, isn't it?

DAVE SMITH
Goleta, California

Didn't believe one word of *The Zero Factor* until I checked for myself. My God! You're right. Every President elected in a year ending in zero *has* died in office. Not only is this information a wonderful bit of trivia, but in this coming election year, it makes one stop to think: Carter? Reagan?

What for me started off as just another boring election year has been turned into something I'm holding my breath for. It may be morbid, but it's exciting.

JAMES WEATHERS
Atlanta, Georgia

STRETCHED OUT

I love your pictorial *Fit To Be Tight* (March). Those synthetic, spandex clothes that girls are wearing these days are really sexy. Their great advantage is that you can see exactly what shape a woman's body is in even when she's fully dressed. I think spandex is the best thing that ever happened to fashion.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Newark, New Jersey

The first time I ever saw spandex was on the actresses of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*. I remember thinking to myself that that was the way all women should dress. Then all of a sudden, I started seeing girls on the street in those mind-blowing clothes. Next thing I know, you feature a pictorial in appreciation of spandex. A man can only take so much titillation! But have I seen enough? Not hardly. How about another look?

W. KOWLASKI
Detroit, Michigan

Here ya go. Playful, sexy spandex—or slut pants, as we call 'em. Now, are you stretched to the limit?

CANNABIS CANNIBALS

Rex Weiner's report on *Commune Wars* (April) is one of the finest pieces I have ever read in OUI. Those of us who have been out

East know well the difficulty of gaining the acceptance of wild primitive peoples—especially when their native savagery has been piqued by spirituous liquors or, in this case, the intoxicating fumes of high-octane Cannabis oils.

Fifteen years ago, Lyndon Johnson predicted that grass would grow in the streets of American cities as the Great Society returned to its precivilized underpinnings. Weiner's article is a shocking confrontation with the brutal laws of survival that lie hidden beneath the thin veneer of glossy sophistication that we call modern life.

ROBERT SINGER
New York, New York

SCARLET LETTERS

Your article *Sex and the Married Woman* (April) is a stimulating and fairly plausible guide to enlarging our sexual world. I'm sure that Mr. Granger wrote from a great deal of experience, but would it not have been more satisfying to him if the *woman* had initiated those games? Why is it that a woman gets to rely only on her pretty face and body to capture a man?

While his intelligent and creative article is appreciated and lauded for its attempt to close the gap between the sexes, it is, unfortunately, aimed at the wrong sex. The time has come for adults to stop playing those boy/girl games, and for women to help to balance the budget.

MICHAEL GRIFFIN
Santa Rosa, California

After reading *Sex and the Married Woman*, I found that I had broken one of Mr. Granger's Ten Commandments: I visited one lady's bedroom and got caught in the saddle—with much regret. All I can say about your article is: "*Now* you tell me!"

RICK MAZIUR
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

GIRL-GROUP GROUPIES

I was happy to see the Orchids included in your "Meet the Girl Groups" series in *Openers* (March). Anyone who has ever seen these foxy five live would have to agree that they are one of the hottest all-girl bands to come along in years.

GARTH EVANS
Los Angeles, California

The new format of OUI makes your magazine even more enjoyable to read. I do have one question, though, about the Orchids. If the Orchids are a "slut-rock band," what in the world are they doing with all those clothes on? How about a OUI photo piece on the band without their clothes—a real slut-rock band.

TONY RICHARDSON
Richmond, California

The article about the Orchids was good enough to attract my interest, but not enough to satisfy. How about some more

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information on them? Where can I catch their act?

D.S.S.
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

I just fell in love with Laurie Bell (maybe because I'm a drummer myself), and must write to her. Do the Orchids have a fan club or something where one can get in touch with them?

AL HOFFMANN
Deerfield, Illinois

The Orchids have just finished recording their first album for MCA Records. It is scheduled to be released sometime this summer. They don't yet have a fan club, but why not be the first on your block?

SOME JOB

I am a university gynecologist with a special interest in male infertility. As part of my research and clinical work, I require men to produce semen samples. I have been using OUI for a long time to help my patients along, but unfortunately (or should I say fortunately, since it seems to work), my copies of your magazine don't last very long. People walk off with them at an alarming rate.

Thought you might be interested in the fact that not only do my patients appreciate your magazine, they don't seem to be able to part with it.

P. D. BROMWICH
University of Birmingham
Birmingham, England

CLERGUE COMPLIMENTS

Kudos for the photographs in the April issue. The pictures from Lucien Clergue's *Portfolio* are strikingly beautiful. Blending the feminine form with the elements of water and earth produce wonderful results.

AL KIRKPATRICK
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Congratulations on your beautiful spread by Lucien Clergue. Now you're adding some real class to the magazine.

J.L. SLICK
Valley Station, Kentucky

Lucien Clergue. Great! Fantastic! I've worked with Mr. Clergue in a photography workshop, and he is as fantastic as his work. After an enjoyable and fascinating week studying under him, I have some beautiful prints and fond memories of his class. I am seriously considering joining another class of his this year.

My thanks for presenting the marvelous work of such a great photographer.

M.V.
Cincinnati, Ohio

BOTTLE BATTLE

An olive in a Rob Roy? Down here in New Orleans, we make our Rob Roys with sweet vermouth and a cherry or, if it's dry, we add a little twist. Tell Michael Price, author of your article *Bottle Hymn* (April), that he should come on down to the Le Booze bar at the Royal Sonesta Hotel and we'll show him how to drink 'em!

DEBBY SWEEDEN
Bartender, Royal Sonesta Hotel
New Orleans, Louisiana

Your article *Bottle Hymn* is cute but inaccurate. Hiram Walker's Ten High is a straight bourbon whiskey, not a blend, as Mr. Price states.

One only has to read the label to know this . . . but perhaps Mr. Price had one too many during his research.

DON PHILLIPS
Bloomington, Illinois

The author replies: "Actually, Debby, a lemon twist, not a cherry, is the preferred garnish, but different strokes for different folks—so we were both a little wrong. But Don, you're absolutely right—not only about Ten High, but about my condition as well."

HOT SPOTS

Just thought you'd like another installment for your collection of X-rated communities. How do these strike you?

Black Lick, Pennsylvania; Bushyhead, Oklahoma; Climax, Georgia; Conception, Missouri; Dry Prong, Louisiana; Mann's Choice, Pennsylvania; Mossyhead, Florida; Onancock, Virginia; Remount, Texas; Rough and Ready, California; Wild Cherry, Arkansas; Lower Peach Tree, Alabama.

S.B.
Manchester, Connecticut

Uh, thanks, S.B., but we've had our fill of lewd-icrous locales.

WRESTLING WITH ANDY

Until I read *A Conversation with Andy Kaufman* (April), I thought all Kaufman did was the Latka Gravas character on TV's *Taxi*. Now I know better: Kaufman's weird alter ego Tony Clifton is fascinating. I hope I catch a Kaufman show when Clifton opens. If I don't, though, I'll be at the front of the line when *The Tony Clifton Story* comes around to movie theaters.

A. WEBBER
Seattle, Washington

Your accompanying pictorial of Andy Kaufman's wrestling bout with four girls was an added plus to C.W. Metcalf's excellent interview. I hear, however, that Kaufman finally lost his standing $500 offer to beat any female challenger. He got pinned to the mat not too long ago at a North Hollywood mud-wrestling competition by a professional bodybuilder. Oh, well, you can't win 'em all.

R.S.T.
Los Angeles, California

Yes, it's true: Andy finally did lose a bout to a female bodybuilder. And hopefully, that's the end of that story.

I'm surprised you haven't heard from the "real" Tony Clifton in response to Andy Kaufman's berating him as a third-rate Vegas lounge act. After reading OUI's in-depth talk with the man, it's easy to see why some people think Kaufman's on the schiz-

oid side. Still, I'd rather watch a wacko with a great sense of humor like Kaufman than a mediocre stand-up comedian who just spurts out flat one-liners. Kaufman is inarguably one of a kind.

BOB SMITH
Iowa City, Iowa

It's difficult to comprehend why OUI, or anyone else for that matter, finds Andy Kaufman funny. As Tony Clifton said in your interview: "Anyone who would yodel or read from a book onstage should reassess his career as a comic." And OUI should reassess the reasoning behind devoting nearly ten pages to this neurotic nebbish of a would-be comedian.

S.R. STEINBERG
Chicago, Illinois

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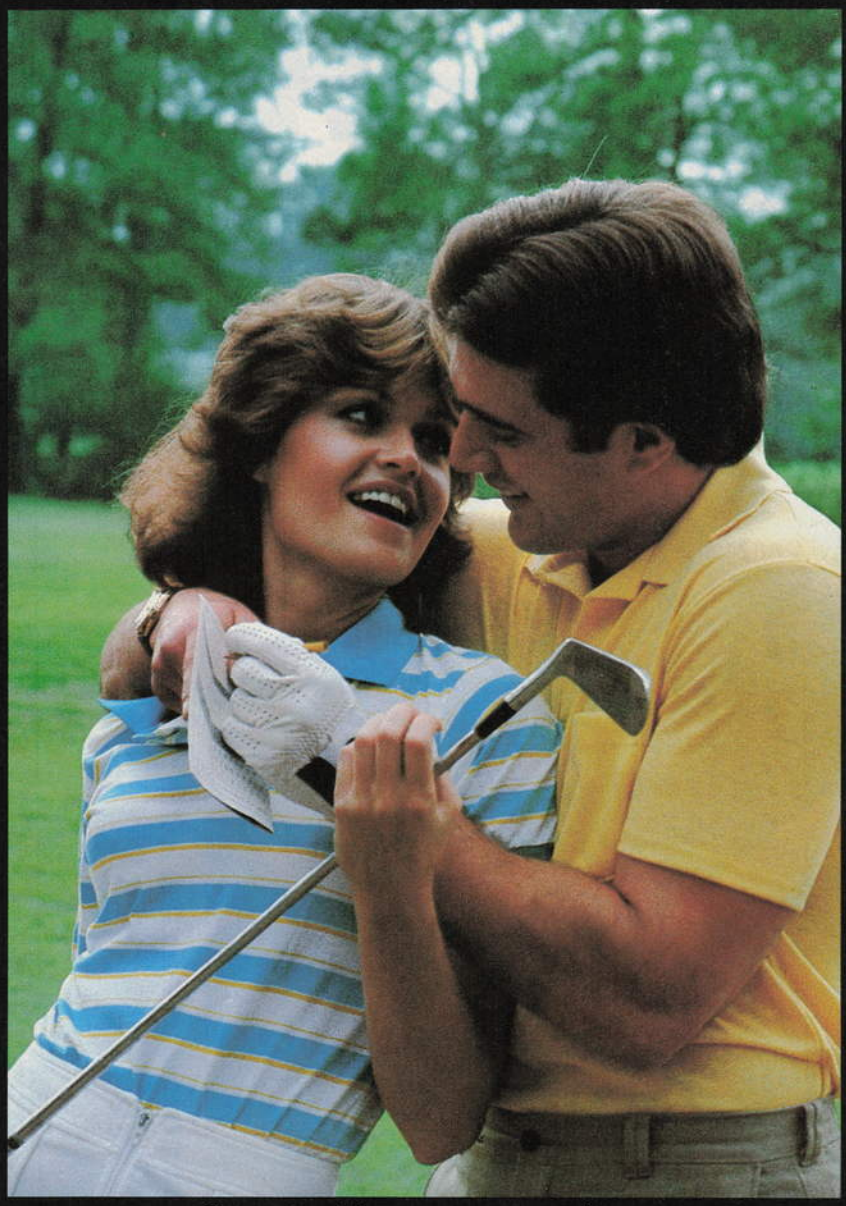

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DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

On doctor's orders I am taking Terramycin for a bacterial condition; I'll probably be taking it for the next month or so. As luck would have it, I've already made plans to spend two weeks on the beach at Maui during this time. Now my pharmacist says that Terramycin is a "sunburn" drug and that I should cancel my trip and stay indoors. Is this true?

J.F.
Richmond, Virginia

Your pharmacist is doing you a favor. Terramycin is a tetracycline, and all tetracyclines—Vibramycin, Minocin, etc.—tend to increase your sensitivity to sunburn. Avoiding prolonged or excessive exposure to the sun is strongly advised whenever you're on these medications, and a sudden blast of the Hawaiian sun—which can fry your ass even under normal circumstances—certainly qualifies. Consult your doctor on this matter to be safe, and be prepared to suspend treatment while tanning, postpone your vacation or spend more time in the shade than you planned. Should you go, coat your hide well with any screening lotion containing PABA (para-amino benzoic acid), the best sun-blocking agent sold over the counter.

When my old lady and I were at the peak of our relationship, I made the mistake of telling her that I loved her and wanted to be with her forever. Now our affair just isn't working, and I want to move on. But she says that if I split, she'll sue me for breach of contract and "palimony." Can she?

R.B.
Stockton, California

A breach of contract requires that you have either a written or a verbal contract stipulating that you each agree to perform or provide certain duties and obligations. Unless you actually mentioned marriage or explicitly promised support and fidelity in exchange for some sacrifice of freedom on her part, all you're guilty of is expressing a rash and romantic sentiment. But if, at your request and at the expense of her own career, she fulfilled a "housewife" role, you'd better get an attorney.

For going on five years now, I have been a hard-core cokehead, and the wear and tear on my nose is taking its toll. I'm tired of nosebleeds, aching nostrils and nasal runs. I buy selectively, and I have a super test kit to identify coke-cutting substances. But I'm not sure *which* cuts are easiest on the nose. Are you?

D.W.
Babylon, New York

The ideal coke cutter, in terms of snoot health, is a little-used, esoteric and nearly indetectable fine-powder version of silica oxide, which is, incidentally, a popular homeopathic remedy for nasal irritation. But it's unlikely that you'll encounter it. Of the common cocaine helpers, the freezes are the unkindest cuts of all—procaine, xylocaine, other -caines—while the mildest and least toxic stuff for your intake valve is mannitol (unless you're one of the minority who are allergic to it). Still, the sad fact is that even unadulterated toot, taken heavily and regularly enough, can turn your schnoz into cheesecloth. The best medicine here is moderation.

I live a block from the beach, and my girl and I both think that making love to the sound of the crashing waves would be fantastic. However, I've been afraid to try it for fear of getting sand on my pecker. We've both heard some wild stories, so, please, give us the facts: Is it dangerous to make love in the sand?

D.Q.
Palm Beach, Florida

Only if the cops happen by or you get so carried away that you ignore high tide. The old sand-in-the-genitals stories are mostly tall tales meant to discourage beach boffing. Of course, should one of you have a genital infection, you may not remain the best of friends. Expect some scrapes, too—after all, sandpaper is named after this stuff. There is one minor worry, however: The beach ecosystem features countless microorganisms not found in the bedroom—although they haven't slowed the shoreline schtupping at Malibu or Club Med. Give a thought to that modern miracle, the blanket. And remember—where there's sand, there are sand fleas.

I could probably get the answer to this question at my local V.D. clinic. But since one of the ladies I'm seeing works there, you can understand my reluctance. The question: What can cause little warts or nodes on the shaft of the penis?

G.D.
West Chester, Pennsylvania

Lots of things, which is why M.D.s don't make diagnoses by mail. Your definition of "wart" and "node"—two different things—may not be medically precise. If you've been with a woman who has similar warts, they're probably viral—a herpes-related condition called condylomata which the doctor can paint into oblivion with a harmless solution. A lump, wart or mole that's growing or changing could indicate penile cancer, but this is very rare. If you can easily squeeze a thick, white mucus out of them (like pimples), they're sebaceous cysts—ignore them if they don't hurt, but wash your penis three times a day with an unscented antibacterial soap. If they're more like blisters, you could be reacting to one of your ladies' vaginal secretions. Ultimately, you should see a local urologist and, if V.D. is involved, swallow your shame and inform all your sexual partners thereof.

My wife recently got into belly dancing, and she got me to practice it with her. Now I do it even without her. I love doing hip swings, shimmies and belly rolls, and I dig watching myself in the mirror. It also turns my wife on something fierce to watch. But I wonder—is there anything wrong with a guy belly dancing?

R.R.
Fort Worth, Texas

Hell, if women can practice karate, you can grind your gut. This may be narcissism—it's certainly sensualism—but it ain't gay. If you were, you'd be practicing for your boyfriend, right? Indeed, you might

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

be onto something, careerwise. The hottest new form of evening entertainment is the women-only, all-male strip show. Today the mirror, tomorrow the shrieks of the crowd. Keep 'em rolling.

To avoid losing precious time to a rotten cold, I've been taking megadoses of vitamin C for about a year now. Lately, to deal with a job-related sore neck, I've been hitting the aspirin bottle pretty heavily as well. Now I find myself with frequent bouts of heartburn and stomach pains. A holism enthusiast I know says there's probably a connection. Is he right?

B.H.
Olympia, Washington

Score one for holism. If you mix a lot of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin), you'll get a lot of acid right down the old digestive system. These two, working synergistically, can produce a fierce gut burning; taking them in big doses between meals or on an empty stomach could be asking for a stomach lining like a Swiss cheese. Consult your pharmacist about buffered or nonacidic pain relievers and/or antacids. Try taking your pills after meals or with lots of milk. If pain persists, get yourself to an M.D.

Once my boyfriend has gotten off, it takes him a good 40 minutes to orgasm again. I'm ready in ten! I know it takes guys longer to reach a second climax, but not *that* long. He says he's normal. I say he needs vitamins. Who's right?

D.R.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You sound like you don't want a love gun; you want a repeating rifle! The average time between erections is 30 minutes; more than one ejaculation in an hour is well above normal—even though it's something a lot of ladies would be tearfully grateful for. Count your blessings, not your elapsed times, and remember—if God had wanted men to come every half hour, He'd have made them subway cars.

I hate meeting my girlfriend's former lovers, if that makes any sense. Whether it's because of the sheer numbers—I've met about ten so far—or because of my own insecurity, it's getting to me! What do I do?

E.S.
Waterbury, Connecticut

Tell her that class reunions are for colleges, not relationships. These persons shared an intense—if not uncommon—intimacy with your lover and, thus, not only have trespassed on what you now consider your sexual territory (although stampeded sounds more like it), but also have an awkward intimacy by association with you. Jealousy is normal and healthy; it's the universal red flag of relationships, signaling "important." If your dislike for such meetings begins to come between you, or if your lover continues making a habit of it, your request for a moratorium is reasonable. If she ignores it, you'll know why she's accumulated so many formers, and you'll probably be next on the list.

When I have to piss, I'd better be near a toilet because, in my case, the urge means *right now*. I'm fed up with sudden departures from conversations and romantic interludes. What's my problem, and is there a solution to it?

A.C.
Tempe, Arizona

There are several possibilities where the hair-trigger squirt gun is concerned. Your urine could be irritating your bladder. You could have an abnormally small bladder. You could be unconsciously holding it until it reaches the red zone. Have a urologist examine you to determine what your bladder is up to. Since we're dealing with the crotch area, try to avoid X-rays in favor of the newer bladder-capacity tests called urodynamics. In the interim, avoid excess fluids and urinary stimulants like caffeine, cocaine and beer.

My husband is loving and devoted but, ever since we got married, he no longer gives me head. He always did before; now he's just "not into it." Although I'd never leave him, I feel sad and a little resentful. Can I change the situation?

A.L.
Syracuse, New York

Yes, but not necessarily for the better. Since he willingly fellated you before marriage, this sounds more like his true colors coming out rather than a new hang-up. If so, all you probably need do is tell him to go down or get lost; he gave head to get you, he'll likely give it to keep you. But he won't like it, and you may not, either, since this can begin a cycle of sexual blackmail and relationship by ultimatum. Try flavored oil, bush trimming or even family counseling as long as you're already "a little resentful." Finally, you must decide what you really need from a relationship, and how badly.

Is it possible for a man to appear attractive to women without having to dress like some kind of fruit? It seems that all the women I meet go for the fag look, which I find gross. What happened to the he-man?

R.D.
Los Angeles, California

He moved back to Iowa. What you have is an attraction to a particular type of female who is not, in turn, attracted to your type of male. Quit wasting your time pursuing women who favor a look you abhor, and go

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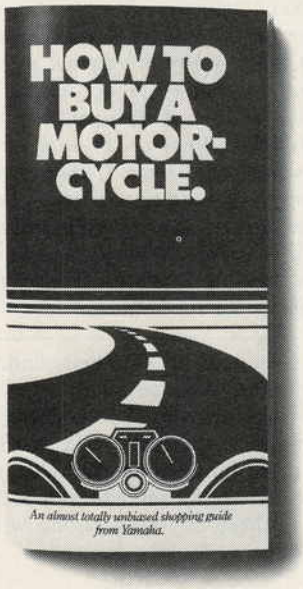

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after those who favor the look you represent. If you stick to the usual he-man hangouts—bowling alleys, truck stops, wherever—you'll find the women who go for he-men. Screw fashion; look for ladies who are into substance—or at least into you. The perfect woman is the one who thinks you're the perfect man.

My girlfriend tends to have a dry vagina, even after extended foreplay. I'm not crazy about penis friction burns and, although she plays it down, I'm sure it causes her discomfort, too. What's your recommendation for safe, effective lubrication?

H.O.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

If you've been unable to lick the problem just by licking the problem, try some nonirritating lubricants like K-Y jelly, water-soluble hypoallergenic lotions or unscented massage oils (some chemical fragrances can also produce irritation). Avoid Vaseline, which is too viscous and heavy for maximum comfort and cleanliness. If you haven't tried the lubricant of choice—saliva—do so. Even if it doesn't work, she'll love the handy applicator.

A note: A lady can be too dry because she's not totally ready; she may also be dry because she's too ready—her natural lubricants reach a peak during the plateau phase and then subside. Try cutting your foreplay to twoplay and see what happens.

I've fallen for a lady who refuses to enter into a sexual relationship because she has herpes simplex II. She insists it would be irresponsible to risk infecting me or to risk the health of a child should she get pregnant. Is there any cure for herpes II?

P.V.
Colorado Springs, Colorado

There's no cure yet, but several nonprescription items are now being tested with some success: the amino acid lysine and 2000 mg. a day of vitamin C, which are both taken orally, and 2-deoxy-d-glucose, which is applied topically to lesions. But these are still in the experimental stage and, since herpes symptoms may be emotionally triggered, the results have been clouded by a marked placebo effect.

Normal sexual relations can be enjoyed without fear of transmission whenever a condom is used, or during periods of dormancy, when there are no bodily lesions. As to childbirth—a series of cervical cultures taken periodically during pregnancy can determine whether childbirth is safe or, in the presence of lesions, a Caesarean is required. Lots of women inflicted with herpes have gone this route and have produced perfectly healthy babies.

For swift, accurate answers to any herpes questions, write HELP, *P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, CA 94302, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Or call 800-982-5883 (in California) or 800-227-8922 (nationally).*

My boyfriend gets terrifically turned on by photos of shaved pussy. He's never pressured me to shave mine, but I'd like to surprise him with it one day. I already know I dislike razor nicks on my legs, so I sure don't want any on my tender parts. What's the best and safest way to shave myself?

K.M.
North Olmsted, Ohio

With a pair of sharp, blunt-nosed surgical or barber's scissors, trim your pubes down to about one-quarter inch, then use an electric razor to shave this to a stubble. Wash with a nonabrasive acne soap and a rough washcloth, then put a hot, damp towel on the area for several minutes. Use plain (unscented, unmedicated) shaving cream and a fresh twin-blade razor at the medium setting. Shave twice, with the grain, using short, light strokes. Follow with a cool, moist towel. Dislodge stray, imbedded hairs with a toothpick, and then clip or shave them carefully.

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OPENERS

AUGUST

How to Score at the Beach

Robert Talone

On any list of "Pickup Hot Spots"—right after number one (an Amazon village)—comes the Beach. Shades of Frankie Avalon! Consider the possibilities: an endless sea of near-naked young ladies lying about for your inspection. But before you dive in, arm yourself with the results of our editorial staff's exhaustive research into beach pickup techniques. So, suck in that ego, go to it and good luck.

First off, you should understand the body language of a woman's walk. When a woman saunters, nearly naked, amongst throngs of sun worshipers, she becomes even more aware of her body than usual. Thus, she will most often exaggerate her physical self-image. Take note: A brisk pace, with eyes straight ahead, can be interpreted as "Don't get any ideas, asshole—I'm here to take in the sun, not you"; while a languorous, hip-rolling, eyes-fixed-with-bored-detachment-on-the-horizon walk could be trying to advertise "sensually superior human being—only expert lovers need apply." You'll learn quickly. Developing your intuitive knowledge of nonverbal communication takes only watching and pondering. (You're watching, anyway, why not ponder a bit?)

If you're going to the beach with the intention of picking up a girl who shares your desire for summertime sex—don't. That's right—don't go with the intention of coming on. That gives her the option of saying yes or no. Our advice is to follow a method that allows *you* to make the choice.

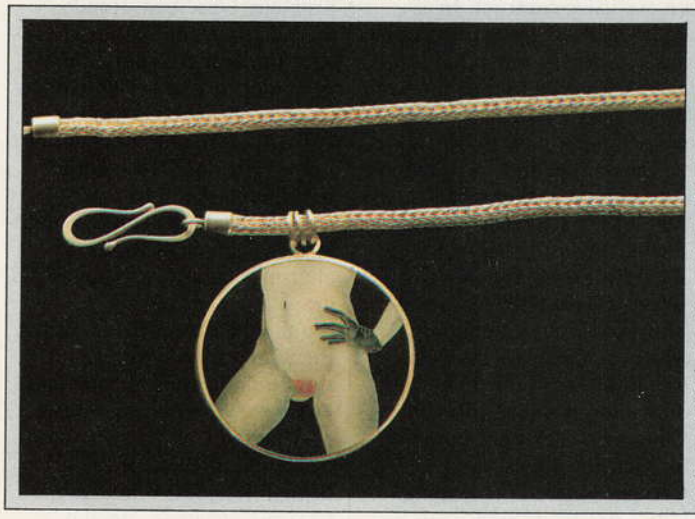
A good tip is to develop a talent. Our studies show that women are attracted to men who do *something* well. Now, this doesn't mean you have to undertake amazing feats on a high wire tethered 30 feet in the air. Classy Frisbee moves are simple enough, but don't show off. Get into it. Inner Frisbee—concentrating on your oneness with the disc—creates an oddly magnetic force that women are drawn to.

Juggling is another good one. Three objects are enough—especially when a touch of flair is added by working with something unusual like Krugerrands, credit cards or gram bottles of cocaine.

However, if you're terminally untalented or just plain lazy, you can always try some appealing props. One of our favorites is small animals (except humans—they suggest obvious attachments). Train a cute puppy to stroll contentedly on a leash. Better yet, train the thing to ride on your shoulders like a parrot. Nothing melts a woman's heart (and displays your sensitivity) so well as a little ball of fur. However, make sure the puppy is *little*. Big, macho dogs like Danes and Dobermans seem to telegraph insecurity, power trips and possibly S/M fixations. (We have a friend who says he prefers cats over dogs, because if they don't work, they're as disposable as the nearest pier. God, we hope he was kidding.)

Experiment. Utilize your own strengths—no matter how weird they are. Remember, there are more women than men in this world, and we are living in an age of liberated feminine energy. She's out there, in a spandex swimsuit or a nearly invisible bikini—just waiting to spot some guy who isn't whistling, hooting and sucking on a can of Bud. Someone with style. You.

—C. W. METCALF



Art Necko

Used to be you gave a girl a hickey to wear around her neck. These days we're a little more sophisticated. But before you consider buying one of these pieces from the collection of Lorna Dawson, you should probably know that some of her jewelry contains up to an ounce of gold and costs as much as $2000. At that price, you'd be better off copping a few 'ludes and a reservation at an X-rated motel to show you care.

Movies

Not Just Another Pretty Face

Rondo Hatton: the face that sank a thousand films.

PHOTOS COURTESY ROBERT BURNS COLLECTION

The Rondo revival is on! Rondo Hatton's legend had lain in well-deserved obscurity until several years ago, when a young man in Austin, Texas, single-handedly began a Rondo renaissance. Robert Burns (later to become infamous himself for such films as *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Microwave Massacre*) organized a Rondo Hatton Film Festival on the University of Texas at Austin campus. "It was so well received," he told *Openers*, "that we followed up with the Rondo Diamond Jubilee on what would've been his seventy-fifth birthday. A girl burst out of a cake singing 'Happy Birthday to Rondo,' and everybody had a great time." A wave of Rondo recognition then began sweeping the country's campuses. He's becoming a cult hero. The National Sleaze Convention in Wilmington, Delaware, even chose Hatton as their mascot.

So, who was Rondo Hatton? He was a man born too soon. He was as pretty as Charles Bronson, as talented as Susan Anton, as suave and sophisticated as John Belushi and as charismatic as Michael Moriarty. Rondo Hatton could've been the Eighties' answer to Merv Griffin. Instead, he was, well, Rondo Hatton.

The name may not ring a bell, but Rondo had a face people couldn't forget, even if they tried. Hatton was the most repulsive man ever to appear onscreen. Certainly, uglier faces have cropped up over the years: Charles Laughton's Quasimodo or Lon Chaney's original *Phantom of the Opera* come to mind. But Chaney and Laughton could scrape off their putty and paint at the end of a shooting day. Rondo couldn't. The guy really did look like a monster.

If a man's face is his fortune, then Rondo got shortchanged. His facial features and extremities were distorted and enlarged by acromegaly, a disorder that screws up the pituitary gland so that it can't decide whether to stay normal or to work overtime and produce a giant. This results in an abnormal growth of certain parts of the body (we know what the next question is—and for the answer, you'll have to ask Mrs. Rondo). On top of that, the disease is progressive; so Rondo actually grew uglier over the years, if such a thing is possible.

Rondo shuffled through scores of films between 1937 and 1944, usually appearing as a torch-wielding thug in a Western mob or a scowling inmate in prison pictures. True superstardom eluded him, though. Casting directors couldn't figure out what the hell to do with him.

Ever-tasteful Universal Studios, however, saw box-office potential in Hatton's horrible head and hands. Since their galaxy of dimly lit stars had faded to such forgettable names as Dick Foran, Gloria Jean and Maria Montez, Universal quickly signed up Rondo to an exclusive contract. In a quasi-brilliant piece of typecasting, Rondo Hatton, a hideous, deformed human monster, would play a hideous, deformed human monster.

They hailed him as "the monster without makeup" and cast him in a Sherlock Holmes thriller, *Pearl of Death*. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce chased wild geese and red herrings through London, while the Creeper (that's our boy Rondo) did the dirty work of master-criminal Giles Connover. When not snapping his victims' spines, the Creeper fondled the leading lady's personal things with his malformed, rubber-gloved hands. Director Roy Neill wisely kept Hatton bathed in shadows for most of the picture—after all, a little Rondo goes a long way—saving the revelation of Rondo's ugly mug for the climactic final scene.

Rondo next appeared as Moloch, the half-witted servant of mad doctor Otto Kruger, in a clump of lunacy called *Jungle Captive* in 1944. The third in a series of bizarre films about a woman who becomes an orangutan when she gets horny (honest, we're not making this up), this story had crazy Kruger transplanting a normal girl's brain into the ape-woman's head to cure her libido problem. Onscreen, Rondo lurked admirably. In the climax, with the orangutan and the girl on operating tables, Rondo looks at the mad surgeon, and asks, "You ain't gonna hurt her . . . are ya?" That is the best line in the film.

Some brain at Universal realized that much of Rondo's charm, such as it was, lay in his gravelly voice, which sounded like a record played at the wrong speed. As a result, the studio hustled Hatton into *House of Horrors*. Again playing the Creeper, our Rondo befriends slimy sculptor Martin Kosleck, who uses the Creeper's head as a model

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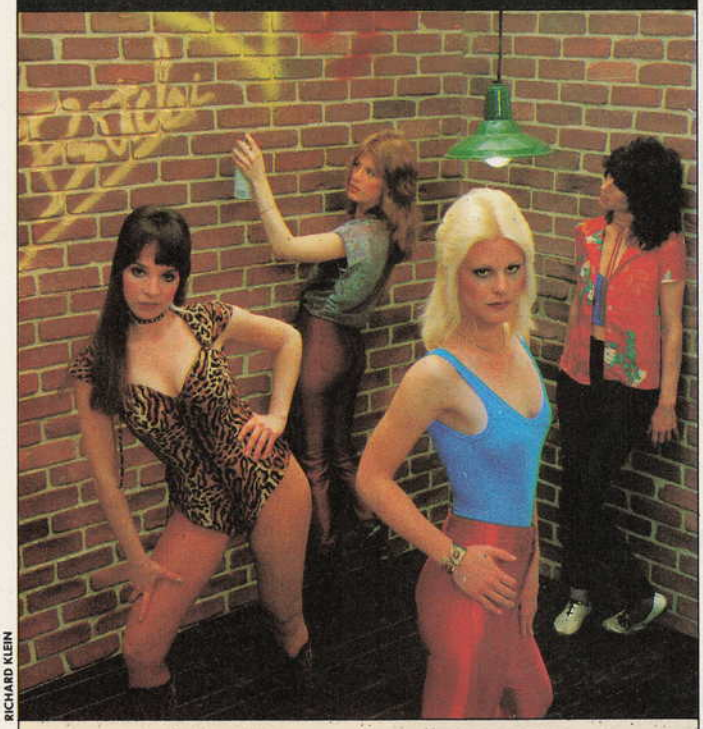
for a bust of a Neanderthal man. Kosleck unveils his handiwork and asks for Rondo's opinion. Rondo responds with an immortal line: "It's pretty." Truly one of the high points in cinema history.

Rondo's place in B-picture posterity was assured with his classic performance in *House of Horrors*. However, he attained genre stardom with his next film, *The Brute Man*, a thinly disguised biography. According to the screenplay, the Creeper is actually a handsome football player, Hal Moffatt, who absorbs fumes from a campus-chemistry-lab explosion and turns into the Creeper. Rondo had more screen time in *The Brute Man* than he had in his entire career, but before he could capitalize on his success, he dropped dead at the age of 52, victim of the disease that made him a superstar. On top of that, *The Brute Man* turned out to be a piece of crap, despite Rondo's presence . . . or perhaps because of it. Co-star Robert Lowery (whose attitude toward acting was, "If they pay me enough money, I'll pour shit on my head") played the football hero, then demanded his name be removed from the credits. Even Universal had second thoughts. Exploiting a live freak was one thing; exploiting a dead freak was, well, tasteless. They sold the film to an outfit called PRC Distributors, who had no such qualms of conscience.

In the meantime, this Rondo revival has a moral that should reassure aspiring actors everywhere: It *is* possible to make it in Hollywood on looks alone. —Ted Newsom

Meet the Girl Groups, Volume 5



RICHARD KLEIN

"We're liable to kick a table over on any son of a bitch who doesn't take us seriously," says Debby Cielen of the Chicago-based rock group Bitch. "That usually gets the message across," adds Lorrie Kountz, the group's blonde lead singer. "We're tired of guys getting all the gigs, all the attention. We've had to fight harder for everything we have, but we've hung on and the attitudes are changing." A hard-charging group of tough, but decidedly female musicians, Bitch consists of (left to right): Donna Kirkendall, bass; Debby, rhythm guitar; Lorrie, lead guitar; and Donna Agresti, drums. With crowd-pleasing appearances at the Windy City's Loopfest and Chicagofest, Bitch is finally getting recognition and admiration from a large group of hard-core male admirers. "We believe a man has his place," winks Cielen, "but we'd prefer he find it *after* the show."—Rick Novak

ILLUSTRATION BY DON EVENSON

This picture is: (a) the last known sighting of Jimmy Hoffa; (b) Evel Knievel's attempted jump to Hawaii; (c) the first Mercedes built by McDonnell-Douglas.

ONE FROM KENNEL A ONE FROM KENNEL B

When a restaurant in the North China city of Ham ran out of raw material for one of its most popular delicacies—fried dog meat—the managers sent out a call to their customers. The request read: "Owing to the lamentable absence of proper supply of healthy and savory animal, we regret no longer serving dog. Our wishes to provide resumed service wait for the cooperation of our venerable patrons."

Stripped of the Oriental poetry, what they told their mutt-munching customers was: "If you want to eat dog, you've got to bring your own." Horrible, right? Wrong. The Chinese don't seem to be as sentimental as we Westerners. Within a week, the restaurant received 1369 dogs—enough to last a year at the present rate of consumption. Anyone for Beijing Benji or Rin-Tin-Tin Won Ton?

Doctor Strangelove

The motto of Minneapolis physician Craig Cropp was "Spare the rod and spoil the housewife." But his stinging criticisms finally proved too much for his long-suffering wife, Susan. Their recent divorce revealed that while Dr. Cropp struggled through medical school, he forced his wife to organize and file his school papers, take a $10,000-a-year job to support him, do all the cooking and cleaning, read his textbooks and brief him on their contents and submit to practice medical exams, including reflex tests, blood-pressure measurements and (zounds!) gynecological exams. There's more. Whenever Susan failed to live up to Craig's lofty expectations of her, Cropp walloped his wife on the arms and body and then stuck her with demerits, each costing her an hour's pay. His "expectations" included that Susan lose weight, cut her hair to look older, lower the pitch and raise the level of her voice, take dancing lessons, learn to drink booze "in a sophisticated manner," become a movie buff and keep the house "hospital clean." But lest you think Craig Cropp, M.D., is a throwback to the age of Victoria, he also insisted that sweet Sue "become more independent."

The ex–Mrs. Cropp put up with Craig's crap for seven years before calling it quits. The amazed Minnesota judge who heard the case awarded Susan $24,624 for her domestic duties as wife, maid, mother and doormat.

Doctors claim it can cure the common cold. Jimmy Carter said it can solve the energy crisis. And now some entrepreneurs are putting it in cans and selling it. What is it? Nothing! Yeah, that's right. While you and I have to work for a living, people at the Atherton Group (801 Lake St., Reno, NV 89501) are getting $5.95 for Nothing. Well, not exactly *nothing*. You get a nice can filled to the brim with nothing, and an owner's manual which claims, "Nothing is better than a good woman." One oui staffer even said that he would like Nothing more than a trip to the Bahamas. He got his wish.

Brad Lacey

TELEVISION

At Home with Laverne and Shirley

If you're like 180 million other Americans, you've probably spent more time in Laverne and Shirley's living room than in your own. But if Squiggy were murdered tomorrow, what kind of witness would you be? Can you remember details of the set? We couldn't, either.

So *Openers* presents everything you'd want to know about Laverne and Shirley's home. How many props have you seen before . . . or have the plots been too complex for you to notice?

Books

Standard American Encyclopedia
School Code of the State of California
Good Morning, Young Lady by Ardyth Kennelly
Dirty Helen by Helen Cromwell (2 copies)
The Writings of Kate Douglas Wiggin, Volume V
Popular Studies in American Literature
France by M. Guizot
The Perfect Crime by Daniel Gifford
The Out of Door Book
I Would Rather Be a Turnip by Vera and Bill Cleaver
The Ten Commandments by Warwick Deeping
Summer in Sodom by Edwin Fey
The Zolotov Affair by Robert H. Rimmer
The Yellow Claw by Sax Rohmer
Thenchard by Andrew Boyle
Waverly Novels edited by Guy Mannering
The Law of Delay by C. Northcote Parkinson
California-Nevada Tour Book
Top Models Reveal Their Intimate Secrets
Russia Then & Always by Nina and Fillmore Hyde
McKinney's Consolidated Laws of New York
John Huston King Rebel by William Nolan

Magazines

Among others:
Time
July 1975
Gentleman's Quarterly
November 1968
House & Garden
September 1965
Ebony
September 1973

45-rpm Records

Among others:
Honeymoon Feelin' by Roy Clark
I'm Gonna Keep Hangin' by Judy Kester
Have You Heard the News by Vikki Carr

Miscellaneous

1 wooden polar bear
1 pink poodle
1 Hawaiian lei
1 four-inch globe bank

Hand-tinting by James Kiehle

6 around-the-world hand-made dolls
4 black-and-white photos from the Cecil Ward League
4 baby pictures
5 candlesticks
4 postcards
2 baseball bats
1 umbrella
1 class photo—J.H.S. 80 Bronx, June 1958
5 bowling trophies
checkerboard
Monopoly
Scrabble
dominoes
1 ukelele
7 vases
1 Brown & Caffey Circus pennant
1 empty one-pound Valentine candy box
1 Shotz beer trophy
1 Hoover vacuum cleaner
1 ironing board
2 photos from the American Bowling Congress meeting in Seattle in 1954
2 photos from the American Bowling Congress meeting in St. Louis in 1959
Laverne's prom photo
1 HI SAILOR pillow
1 bowlful of real gumdrops
2 bowls of plastic fruit
1 Forties overseas/police–type radio
1 small record player
1 15-inch black-and-white TV
And sometimes, Boo Boo Kitty.

—JOHN BOAL

THE NO-NUKES MOVIE

When Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, Carly Simon, James Taylor and John Hall got together last year with environmental activists to organize a mammoth anti-nuke benefit concert, they knew they had a huge mountain to climb. Rock-'n'-roll benefits had had a history of losing money or breaking even at best—high production overheads, unforeseen costs and a host of other reasons had always led to monumental screw-ups. Look what happened to the "Concert for Bangladesh." It made a swell album and a fine film, but very few of the megabucks ever reached the starving children. Then, too, concert movies as a rule—with the exception of *Woodstock*—don't do too well at the box office. And there was the problem of getting a major studio to distribute a concert film whose main message would be "No Nukes."

But in spite of heavy odds, the artist/activist combine, known as MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy), pulled off a five-night, sellout series of concerts in Madison Square Garden last fall. The resulting triple album, released at Christmas, rose quickly on the charts. By the first anniversary of the Three Mile Island accident, the MUSE Foundation had distributed some $300,000 to safe-energy groups around the country.

This month, with the release of the two-hour *No Nukes* movie, those of you who weren't among the frenzied 100,000 present in the Garden will be able to get a heady taste of it at local theaters. And, as great as the concerts were, the film is even more exciting. It's like being there, front row center.

Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band's version of *Thunder Road*, which brought the audience to its feet and kept it there, is a good example. That night was Bruce's 30th birthday, and it seemed like every kid from New Jersey was there. Many stood in large clusters and sported convention-type banners emblazoned with roughly painted messages like BAYONNE SAYS HAPPY BIRTHDAY BOSS or NO NUKES BRUCE, WITH LOVE FROM NEWARK. But the crowd's screaming adrenal enthusiasm cut down on much of the sound quality of the number, even for those sitting fairly close.

Not so in the film. Award-winning director of photography Haskell Wexler and crew provide you with close-ups and sound quality never available at the actual event: Like the look on Springsteen's face as he crawls on his knees across the stage. When saxman Clarence Clemons stepped into the spotlight at the concert, his throaty sax solo was mostly drowned out by the echoing roar of the crowd. Not so in the movie. Again, celluloid and the sound mixers not only save the day—they enhance it.

Then there's the backstage stuff. Carly Simon, James Taylor, Graham Nash and John Hall practicing the lyrics of Dylan's *Times They Are A-Changing*, as Carly writes down the words on a large placard. When the camera cuts to their actual performance onstage, the four harmonize so beautifully, they transform Dylan's street anthem into a spiritual.

For a movie that is principally music, *No Nukes* doesn't skimp on the nuclear story, the chain of events that drew the artists and activists together. There's stirring footage from the Black Hills of South Dakota, where a mini-MUSE rally was held to draw attention to the Lakota nation's struggle against the mining of highly radioactive uranium on the tribe's reservation. We see the buildup for the New York concerts, including snatches from the marathon meetings which helped shape the staggering production, and footage from Three Mile Island and other atomic hot spots.

Lynn Goldsmith, Inc.

The Springsteen/Browne duet left on the cutting-room floor

"We were determined to provide an absolute enunciation of why these concerts were held," says Danny Goldberg, co-producer with Julian Schlossberg of *No Nukes*. "The artists wanted to express their opposition to nuclear power and their belief in alternatives, such as solar power and conservation of electricity. This film is also unique because the artists had direct involvement every step of the way. It wasn't as if an outside film crew appeared to do a documentary. Everyone had been intimately involved with the project from the beginning." According to Goldberg, the MUSE deal with Warner Bros. allows the nonprofit foundation to retain certain cable and all videocassette rights to the movie. With the current escalation of rock-video sales, this ought to be a hot item. And with the variety of acts and the intensity of the performances, it should continue to benefit the MUSE organizaton for quite some time.

The film ends with a breathtaking aerial shot of a huge outdoor concert held at the foot of Manhattan. An enormous human blanket spreads across the long, pie-shaped stretch of Battery Park on the eastern bank of the Hudson River. On the canopied stage at the point of the triangle, Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, John Hall, Graham Nash, Carly Simon, James Taylor and Jesse Colin Young are leading two hundred thousand people in a sing-along version of Hall's *Power*. Behind them, the World Trade Center building, looking like the monolith from Kubrick's *2001*, reflects flashing beams from the setting sun. The World Trade Center houses the headquarters of Exxon, one of the nation's largest nuclear investors, and you can't help wondering if the executives up on the 44th floor can hear the crowd singing down below:

Just give me the warm power of the sun,
Give me the steady flow of the waterfall . . .
But please take all of your atomic, poisoned power away . . .

If initial response to the film is any indication, *No Nukes* just may be heralding a new era of social-cultural activism. And given its star-studded lineup—the Doobie Brothers and Crosby, Stills and Nash, in addition to the others already mentioned—*No Nukes*, even at its lowest common denominator, makes for "electric" entertainment.

—STEVE DIAMOND

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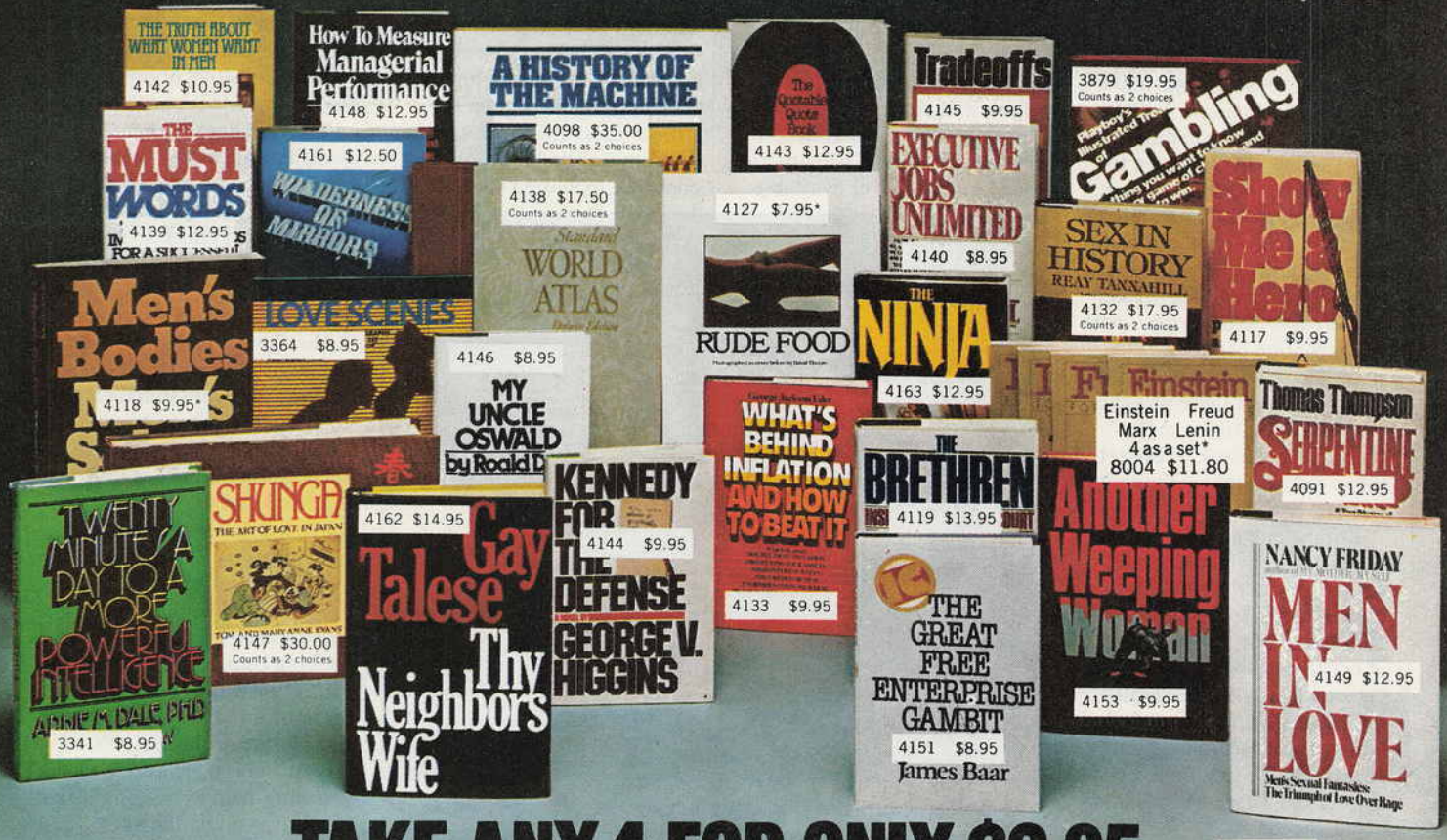

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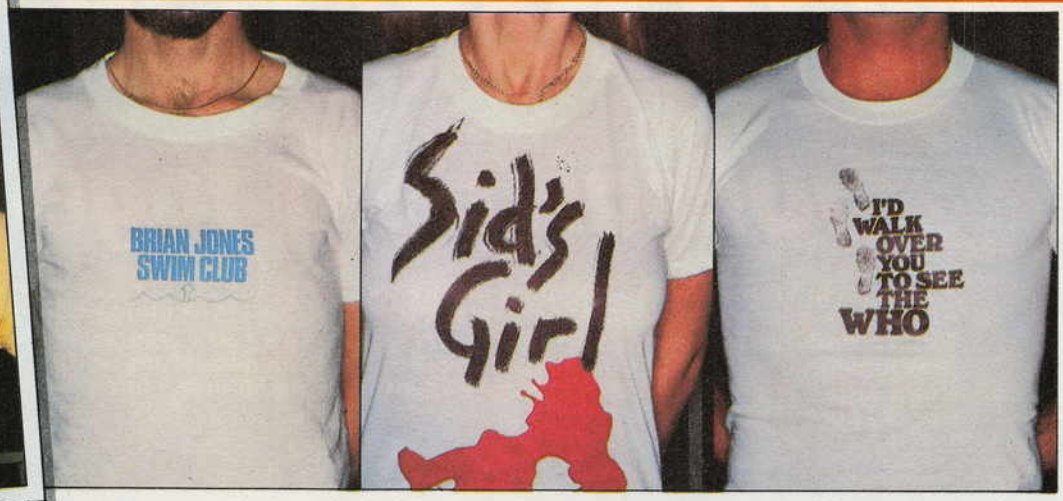


Stephen Clark

Some people want to say something a little more important than Z Z TOP '78 on their T-shirts. Others just want to say that they're sick, twisted and should probably be put away.

PIG DATING ON THE ISLANDS

In the Micronesian islands of Truk, fat is considered fabulous. The more bountiful the booty, the more heavily larded the legs, the more desirable the woman. (A fact that has caused several American female visitors to opine, "This is where I belong.")

OUI readers seeking love's pudge-guarded gate in Truk should know that *pechan angarap*, which translates roughly as "your legs are as fat as tuna fish," is considered the highest compliment you can bestow upon a woman. Great tip, huh?

A lot more difficult, however, is the traditional courting practice of sneaking into the beloved butterball's one-room hut after nightfall—without waking her parents. It is said that when a Trukese father approves of the match, he pretends to sleep. The unworthy, on the other hand, get chased off with bloodcurdling shouts and a machete, a fact that several Peace Corps Volunteers out for cross-cultural experiences can unhappily attest to. So remember, when in Truk, only go for the slender girls. They're considered undesirable, and the fathers are glad to give them away.

—BYRON LAURSEN

Lust in the Translation

"I understand that you Americans think Nixon sucks," a Chinese visitor casually remarked at a fancy gathering in San Francisco. The wealthy dowager who was hostessing the affair was mortified, but the poor man was innocent of any intent to offend. It was around the time of Watergate, and he had seen that opinion spray painted on American "democracy walls" throughout the country. In good faith, he had asked his American escort the significance of *sucks* in that context, but her embarrassed response had been more refined than precise.

Another Chinese visitor unintentionally shocked his American host when he juxtaposed two toasts he had just learned, and said, with obvious pride at having achieved new levels of language facility, "I wish your wife bottoms up."

But if the Chinese rely on *A New English-Chinese Dictionary*, published in Shanghai and compiled by over 70 lexicographers, the worst may be yet to come. This is not to deny that the dictionary, with more than 50,000 entries, is an extraordinary and useful book. But the compilers admit, in an apologetic foreword, that the dictionary incorporates "words and phrases that reflect the decadent social phenomena of a dying capitalism, some even with a reactionary slant." But in fact, the problem is not with politics, but with profanity.

For example, look up the entry for *fuck*. The Chinese learn from the dictionary that this American expression when used as a verb means to "cheat" or "exploit"; as a noun, it means "I don't care," as in the phrase "I don't give a fuck"; and as an interjection, it's the equivalent of a Chinese expression akin to "Goddamn it" or "Your mutha," which seems to raise fewer eyebrows in China than it does here. But nowhere is there any indication that the word *fuck* is sometimes used in the copulative sense, and thus may be inappropriate at diplomatic dinner parties.

The dictionary also suggests that "Fuck you, Charlie!" is another common idiom. It explains (in Chinese, of course) that the expression is used "particularly with strangers"—advice which could lead to more black eyes than to mutual understanding. Moreover, the Chinese apparently believe that the phrase "Fuck a duck" is also common usage and define it as a statement of "disbelief, refusal, etc."

Some four-letter terminology is rendered more accurately. "To scare the shit out of somebody," for example, translates exactly into Chinese idiom, while a *shit* is defined as "a despicable person." Four-letter words for the male and female genitals are not included, but *cherry* is—it's defined as a "a fruit," "a hymen" or "a virgin." *Pussy* is translated as either "a cat" or "a young lady," but no mention is made that one is regular usage and the other is slang.

American tourists off to

China are warned to be cautious and not to try to set matters straight when visiting China. In its *Introduction to China*, Pan Am World Tours advises aspiring Marco Polos that "any comment or inference of a sexual nature is considered offensive. Also, any form of physical contact, with the exception of handshaking, is to be avoided, in keeping with Chinese customs."

Also, be warned that the Chinese don't have much of a sense of humor. So, when you get to China, don't be a smartass and ask how 15 million babies are born there each year if the only inoffensive physical contact is shaking hands. Just be polite, smile and say, "Fuck you, Charlie. Where's the pussy?" That's all you'll need to know.

—DAVID FINKELSTEIN

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Microchip

Within the printed circuits and memory banks of the University of Wisconsin's central computer, there lurks the soul of a poet. As an experiment in language mimicry, Professor A.E. Kunst of the school's Comparative Literature department fed the computer samples of Shakespeare, Goethe, Frost and Wolfe, and then asked the machine to create its own poem. The bionic bard blipped and flashed, then recited the following profound verse:

Till temper after an
autumn
The washed birds
are always things.
The newly shed
contemplated
Beer is a newly thing.
Till never changing
movement
A beach is withstood.
With fame
The women never
arrive.

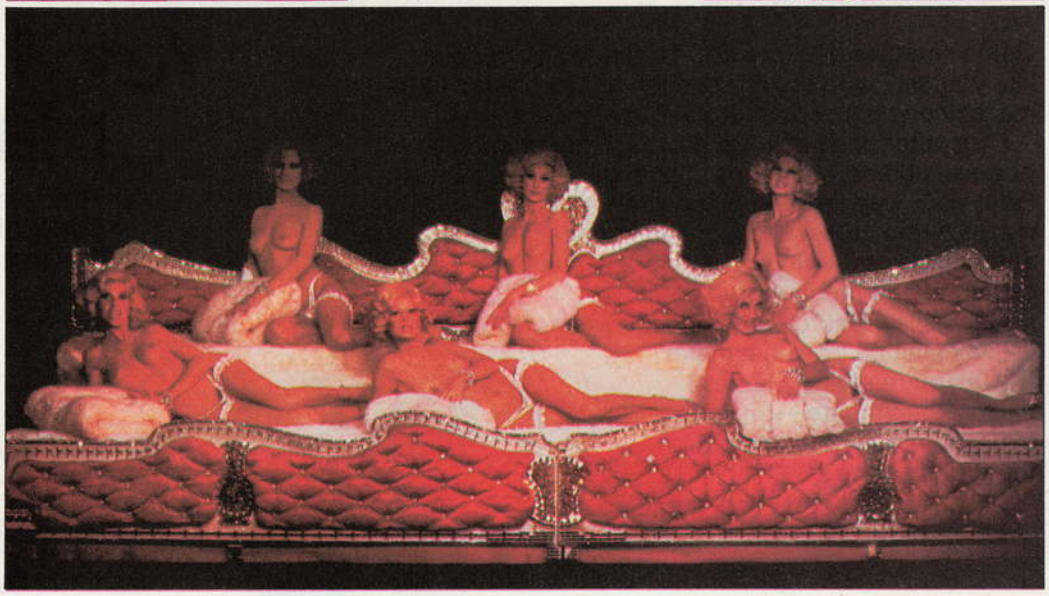
Heavy stuff. Especially the parts about beer and women. It may not be great, but it's better than Rod McKuen.

A Big Hand for the Little Lady

In America, when we say "art imitates art," we mean *Jaws II*. The French pull things off with a little more style.

The show at Le Milliardaire in Paris has managed to become second only to the famous Crazy Horse Saloon. Carole Ryva, choreographer at Le Milliardaire, is naturally a little biased. "Our show is more sensual, more titillating, sexier, but not pornographic," she told *Openers*.

We'd like to extend our appreciation to Le Milliardaire for yet another excuse to run pictures of sexy French women. —HALYA HRYNCHUK



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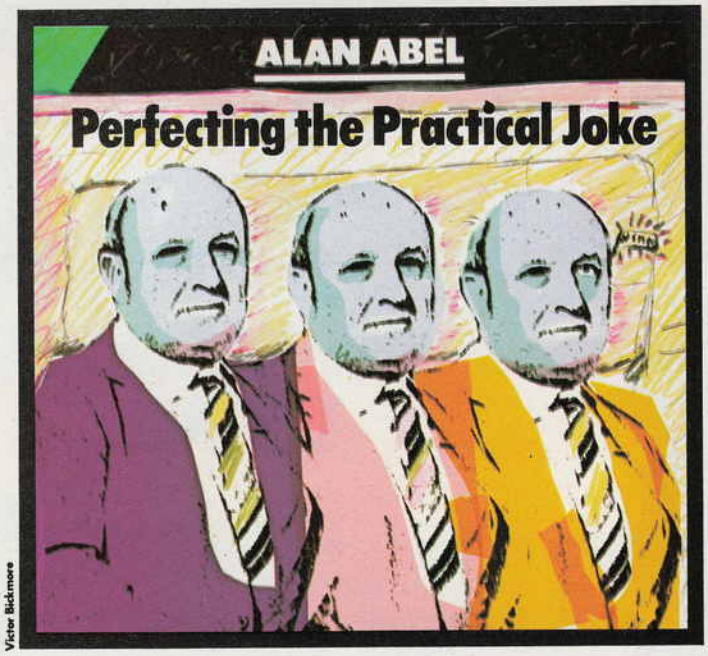


Victor Bickmore

You can fool some of the papers some of the time, but trying to pull a fast one on *The New York Times* is a bitch. However, some people love a challenge . . .

The *Times* learned of the death of Alan Abel on New Year's Day, but didn't publish the story immediately. A quick check of Abel's file biography revealed him as "a writer, musician and film producer who specialized in satires and lampoons." "Ah-ha!" thought the *Times*'s sharpies, "We've got ourselves a Merry Prankster." They recalled that Abel and his cohort Buck Henry had mounted an Animal Decency Campaign in the Sixties, advocating underwear for dogs, cats and zoo animals.

And then there was the famous Omar's School of Begging put-on, which TV and news services picked up and reported as a legitimate story. Omar (Abel with a bag over his head) taught select pupils the art of panhandling. "Don't go for nickels and dimes. Ask for five dollars, or twenty!" announced Omar/Abel. "Tell the suckers you lost your wallet and need money for a ticket back to Denver."

As the *Times* editors mulled over their announcement of Abel's demise, a messenger with a floral wreath stopped in the office, asking directions to a funeral parlor. "Who's the wreath for?" they asked. "Ah, some guy named Abel. Alan Abel. Writer, or something."

They called the funeral parlor, then Abel's wife, then several friends and relatives, all of whom assured the *Times* that the late Mr. Abel had indeed croaked from a heart attack while scouting movie locations in Utah.

The obit (five inches, no picture) ran, and word spread fast. The *Daily News* ran a four-inch column; the *Los Angeles Times* gave the story nine inches and a photo; and Cleveland's *The Plain Dealer* was so overcome by the loss that it ran a tearful editorial eulogizing "a great wit cut from the cloth of Thurber and Swift."

Super. What a send-off. The only hang-up (or have you already guessed?) was that Alan Abel wasn't dead.

After collecting glowing last notices from across the country, Alan announced at a press conference the next day that—surprise!—he wasn't dead. This news was met with mixed reactions. "About eighty percent of my friends were pleased that I came back," the not-so-late Abel told *Openers*, "and the other twenty percent aren't talking to me. I'm cleaning out their cards from my Rolodex." Not everyone shared Abel's perverse sense of humor. *The New York Times* printed a terse retraction of its obit and, according to Abel, "There's a guy still driving around with a truckful of flowers, trying to figure out what to do with them. Basically, though, I was pleased with the outpouring of sympathy. I rate it a six-point-seven on the Richter scale of grief."

But why? "It was a challenge, a culmination of six months of preparation. Today, we really don't know what's real and what's not. People need an occasional swift kick in the intellect to keep them on their toes."

Alan Abel, recently deceased and resurrected, is using his new lease on life to create bigger and better pranks. "The next one will cause reverberations around the world," he promises, "and that should be coming up sometime in August." Remember, you heard it here first. —TED NEWSOM

Smoker and the Bandit

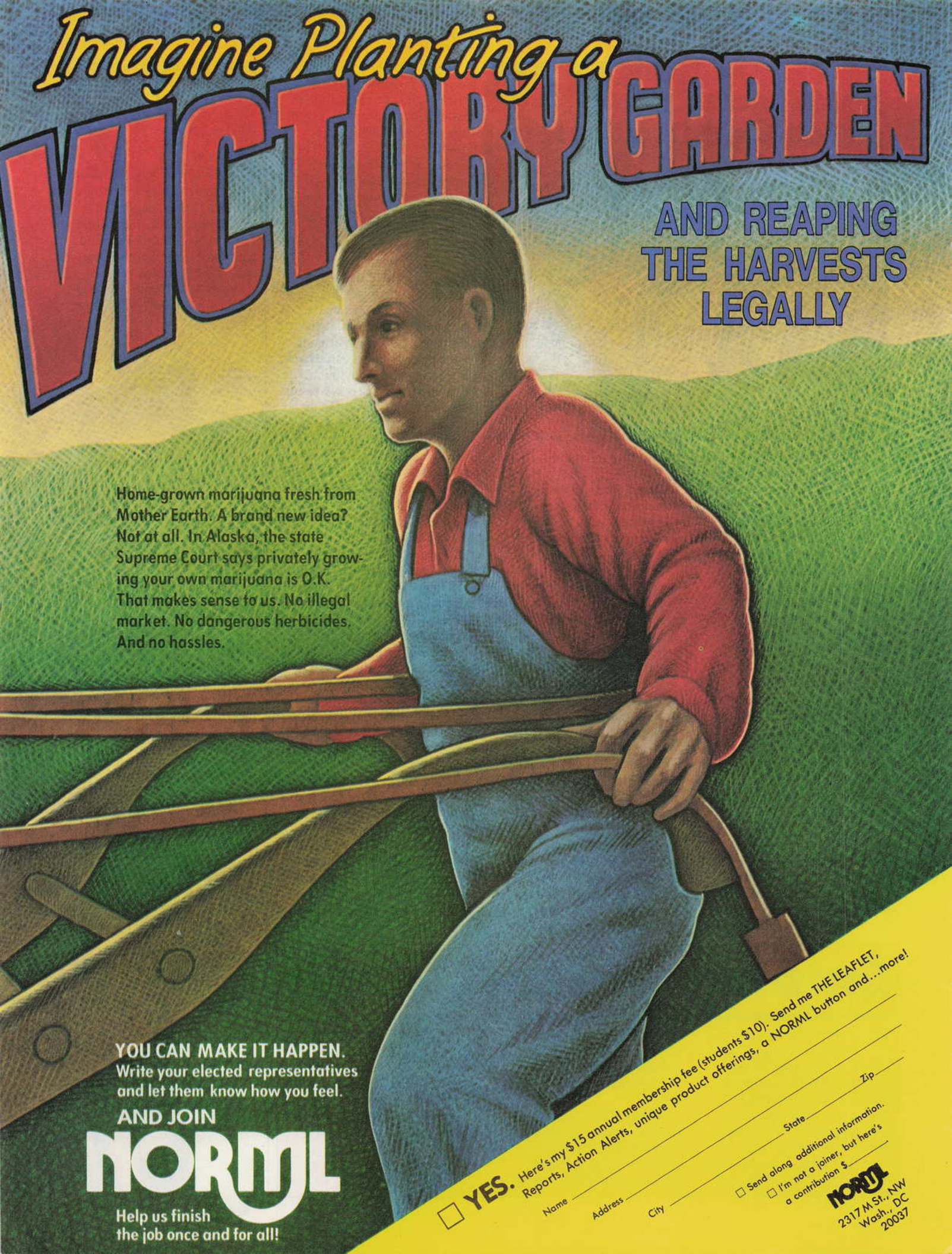
You know how frustrating bank lines can be, right? Well, P.J. Pearce got tired of waiting for his buddy outside the Security Pacific branch in Norwalk, California, so he locked up the car and strolled down to the corner liquor store for a pack of smokes. Moments later, Pearce's partner came flying out the back door of the bank, clutching a sackful of stolen twenties. P.J., you see, was the getaway driver.

After pulling up short at the locked and abandoned automobile, P.J.'s frantic friend stared bewilderedly about, then fled the parking lot on foot, disappearing into the maze of morning shoppers. Meanwhile, P.J. returned with his smokes and was promptly arrested by police on suspicion of robbery. Nice work, P.J. Next time C.W. Moss needs a replacement, we'll give you a call.

—RODGER W. CLAIRE

PHOTO STRIP

This month's congratulations and $150 go to Kai E. and her photographer friend John Hirai of San Francisco. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget your name and address.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Speak Easy

ONE-NIGHT STANDS

One of the most memorable lyrics of the Seventies made it OK: "If you can't be with the one you love, honey, love the one you're with." The one-night stand is a sexual experience that can be either wildly erotic or a great disappointment, and usually for the same reason—it's over in the morning. In this month's interviews, we discovered that men and women have fairly similar views on casual sex. Both sexes feel somewhat liberated and somewhat awkward, often simultaneously. Motives for one-night stands range from loneliness to a sense of adventure, but one thing is quite evident: Fast-food love is now as standard an American item as a Big Mac.

(Suki, 26, is tall, thin and very striking. She manages a clothing boutique in Santa Fe, New Mexico.)

OUI: How do you feel about one-night stands?

SUKI: I've really been through some changes about this. For a while there, I was really letting my body lead me around. I was also involved with drugs like Quaaludes and grass then. I did some pretty wild things. I finally had to admit to myself that no matter how loose and free I wanted to be, every time—and I mean every single time—I wanted to go to bed with a man, it was hitting all my deepest feelings. I mean, I always believed I was falling in love with the guy. So, I got hurt a lot. Well, I finally understood that, and I pulled back to get some perspective.

OUI: And where are you at now?

SUKI: I'm much more in control of my life. First, I went through this stage when I didn't sleep with anyone at all for a couple of months. Now, if I'm in the mood to make love to someone, I will. But I won't allow myself to slip into those deeper feelings and fantasies. The difficult part was not to turn into a cold-hearted bitch. The other thing that's really different is that I used to feel like I would die when the guy didn't ask for my number. Now they all seem to be asking, and I'm the one that decides whether or not I want to see them again.

OUI: How did you finally end your period of celibacy?

SUKI: With one of the greatest experiences of my life. You know, everything in this town revolves around the La Fonda Inn bar. One night, I met these two beautiful Frenchmen there. They were traveling across the country. We talked and had a wonderful time, and I gave them my number. The next evening, the two of them called and asked if they could come over to my place to make chocolate mousse. We smoked a little pot, drank some wine and flirted and giggled while we messed around in the kitchen. Then one of them noticed the hot tub on my deck and asked what it was.

OUI: Was that just a ploy?

SUKI: Oh, no, not at all. They really had never seen one before. So we all got in and, before long, one of them was rubbing my thigh. My nipples were getting kind of hard, and then the other guy began to suck them. Before I knew it, I was making love to both of them at the same time. It was all incredibly sensuous and affectionate. The three of us slept in the same bed that night, just holding on to one another. You know, I've never told anybody about this side of my life.

OUI: Why?

SUKI: I still—I know this sounds like something Marie Osmond would say—but I worry about my reputation. As a matter of fact, I never go to bed with somebody I really like the first night. Men are still weird that way; they assume you do it with everybody.

OUI: Under what circumstances would you have a one-night stand?

SUKI: It's usually completely unpremeditated. For instance, one night I was in the supermarket, and sex was the farthest thing from my mind. Suddenly, there was this gorgeous hunk in

tight jeans standing in front of me in the produce section. His face was kind of weathered, which gave him a nice rugged look. Well, I saw him steal a fig, and we kind of caught each other's eye. Then he turned up behind me in the check-out line. Once again, I could feel the chemistry. But neither of us said a word. I got in my car, still thinking about him. When I stopped at the light, there he was in the car next to me—a little MG. So I rolled down my window, smiled and asked, "Oh, are you following me?" He said, "No, but if you want to come up to my place and have a drink, that's fine." So I did. And the minute we got there, we just tore each other's clothes off.

OUI: Do you ever have a problem relaxing enough with a stranger to get off?

SUKI: That's interesting, because I think the opposite is true. When you like someone, you have an emotional investment there. Chances are you're seeing wedding gowns and babies. That causes a lot of tension. But with a stranger, you can be really loose. I had a great time with the fig thief. In fact, I came so many times I finally had to ask him to stop. It was incredible. He was still sleeping when I left the next morning, so I left him a cute note: "For a good time, call Suki." And he did.

OUI: How would you sum up the role one-night stands play in your life?

SUKI: They're like a drug, an escape. I can have noncommittal sex and reassure myself that I'm an attractive, sexy human being. I can try out new things, find new sides of my personality. I'm really very vulnerable and, this way, I don't have to let anybody know too much about me. Besides, sex is the best exercise there is—the next morning, everyone always comments on how great I look. It's a terrific high.

(Steve, an architect, is 35 and divorced. He lives in Brooklyn Heights, New York, in a beautiful brownstone, which he renovated himself.)

OUI: How often do you have one-night stands?

STEVE: It's really not something I do very often.

OUI: When are you most likely to have one?

STEVE: Usually when someone comes on to me. Then, if I don't see her again, I don't feel a hell of a lot of obligation and responsibility. The best kind of one-night stand is when someone is just passing through town and is leaving the next day. Then, there's a mutual satisfaction without obligation. There's no problem about how to say good-bye—you know, worrying about whether she's going to be hurt. I can just let go and show as much affection as I want to.

OUI: Is affection important to you, even in a one-night stand?

STEVE: Yeah, I guess it is. I always make an effort to get to know the woman first. I like to think there's something there besides plumbing. I remember once meeting a woman while I was having lunch; I wanted her so badly I lost my appetite, but I spent the whole afternoon talking with her first.

OUI: How do you let the girl know that you don't want to see her again? Is there a graceful way to do that?

STEVE: It's a problem. I remember one girl—kind of a dumb blonde with really big boobs and a tiny, tiny waist. I was sexually attracted to her but, otherwise, she wasn't my type. Well, we were here in my living room talking, when, all of a sudden, she threw herself on me and started kissing me. Well, what could I do? I'm only human. So we wound up spending the night together. But the next morning, I wanted to get rid of her, and I made up some kind of excuse for her to leave. She called me the next day and said, "Hi, are you busy?" I told her, "Yeah, I'm really busy right now." And that was that. I felt shitty, but . . . you know, it happens. I said before that I almost never have one-night stands, and now all these memories are coming back to haunt me!

OUI: What other experiences do you remember?

> It's easy to love somebody for a night; it's much easier than loving someone over a long period of time. You don't have time to notice their faults. There are no big differences, no paradoxes, no complexities.

STEVE: There was this woman I met in Seattle. I was about twenty-three, sort of on the road—you know, staying at the Y.M.C.A., fending off passes from the masseur. I was sitting in a coffee shop, very late one night, when this tall redhead in her thirties came over and sat next to me. We struck up a conversation, and I wound up at her hotel.

She told me she'd been a dancer, but it was definitely not classical ballet. Her closet was full of these amazing costumes—miniskirts with silver threads, a pink fluffy fur thing, some see-through stuff, all these incredible showgirl things.

OUI: Did she try anything on for you?

STEVE: Did she ever! She put on the silver one first. I can remember that so clearly. It had silver strips with sequins hanging from them, and there was a little skirt that looked like it was made of tinsel. Underneath, she was completely naked, and her body was exquisite. Her breasts were really firm, and I guess the posing was turning her on, because I could see her nipples getting hard.

OUI: How did you feel?

STEVE: I felt an incredible rush of excitement, although at one point I did feel a little sad because something in her life that meant so much to her had passed. But mostly I was just crazed with lust. Finally, she sat next to me on the bed, and we started kissing and taking off each other's clothes. I started to make love to her, but she stopped me and asked me to just hold her close. At first, I was really annoyed because I was still young and just wanted to fuck my brains out. She knew what she was doing, though, because she eventually led me into a really warm and close experience.

OUI: Do you ever feel guilty about one-night stands?

STEVE: Maybe I feel just a tad guilty or dishonest about the affection I show. At the time, it seems so real to me; yet, in the back of my mind, I know that I'm leading the girl on. When you have a strong need and meet a person that matches your mood, it's a wonderful thing—until after you have sex. Then there's that awful awkward moment . . . is there more to this or not? You always know the minute you have an orgasm. Then, you either want to run, or you want more of it.

(Ellen, 23, is an exceptionally pretty black woman. She owns her own catering business in Beverly Hills. Geoff, 26, is a television actor. They have lived together for almost two years.)

OUI: Why do you have one-night stands when you have each other?

GEOFF: Out of necessity. There are times when you need each other and times when you need a break.

OUI: Do you ever get jealous?

GEOFF: Of course.

OUI: When?

ELLEN: Always.

OUI: Is it worth it?

ELLEN: Absolutely. And I'll tell you why. Geoff's divorced and I lived with another guy for a year. When we decided to live together, the thing we were most afraid of was that awful feeling of being cut off from life. So, we decided we'd rather deal with the jealousy. We're not totally cool about it—jealousy hurts, but it is an emotion that's part of life, and you can't let it predetermine all your actions. You have to live!

GEOFF: It's really important to learn to live with your own jealousy. I'll tell you, the surest way to alienate someone is to unleash your jealousy on them.

OUI: When was your last one-night stand?

ELLEN: A couple of months ago. I went to a bar on Sunset—

GEOFF: Yeah, I was late coming home.

ELLEN: Right. Well, there was this tall, really handsome black man who smiled at me when I walked in. I went over to him and we started talking. He was in the record business, a songwriter. I went home with him, and he played some of his music for me. Actually, it was pretty romantic. The only problem was his being—how shall I say this?—too big for me. So we just played around together and had oral sex. It was nice.

OUI: How do you usually feel after a one-night stand?

ELLEN: Sometimes good, sometimes bad. As it turned out, that songwriter's father had just died. He was in the bar alone—we were both there alone, and that says something—and I think we made each other feel better for a little while.

OUI: When was the last time you went off with someone for the night, Geoff?

GEOFF: It wasn't so terrific, because Ellen and I were out together at a party. I got really smashed and ended up going home with this cute little Oriental girl.

OUI: How did you handle that with Ellen there?

ELLEN: He sneaked out.

GEOFF: That probably says something about why I did it. She didn't even notice.

OUI: Were you pissed off, Ellen?

ELLEN: Sure.

OUI: Will you ever see her again, Geoff?

GEOFF: I don't think I could even remember her name.

ELLEN: I can. [laughs]

OUI: What do you do when you don't want to see someone again?

BOTH: Give 'em the answering-service number. [they laugh]

OUI: What do you like best about one-night stands?

GEOFF: The passion. And sometimes there's a kind of innocent love. It's easy to love somebody for a night; it's much easier than loving someone over a long period of time. You can't see anything wrong with them—you haven't had time to notice their faults. There are no big differences, no paradoxes, no complexities.

ELLEN: I like the spontaneity of it. It's nice once in a while to meet somebody who might need you, for the moment, as much as you need them. It seems magical, because, of all the people on the planet, you two have found each other. So you go roll in the hay. It's really beautiful sometimes.

GEOFF: It's exciting. It's a new conquest. There are always the discoveries about what turns them on, what kinky little habits they have.

ELLEN: That can get a little weird. I was with this guy once who seemed pretty conservative to me. Well, we go into his bedroom, and I'm face-to face with all these gadgets—you know, dildos and ropes coming from each side of the bed. Stuff like that. Well, it was hard to deal with. People get very offended

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed on the *Speak Easy* pages of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about one-night stands.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. I feel that one-night stands are . . .
   a. my favorite kind of sexual encounter.
   b. a lot of fun once in a while.
   c. a necessity only when I don't have a girlfriend.
   d. something I have no interest in.
   e. Other: _____.
7. What I like best about one-nighters is . . .
   a. the variety of women I can experience.
   b. the excitement of discovering a strange body.
   c. the pure animal passion.
   d. the freedom from responsibility.
   e. all of the above.
8. I think a woman who has one-night stands is . . .
   a. beautifully free.
   b. just horny like me.
   c. not really a first-rate chick.
   d. probably an easy lay for many men.
9. After a one-night stand, I feel . . .
   a. fantastic.
   b. satisfied.
   c. anxious to leave.
   d. somewhat guilty, but only if I've lied to her.
10. When I don't want to see the girl again, I . . .
    a. tell her the truth.
    b. give her a phony number.
    c. ask for her number but never call.
    d. tell her I'm married.
    e. Other: _____.

FOR WOMEN:

11. I'm most likely to have a one-night stand when I'm . . .
    a. really horny.
    b. strongly attracted to a man I've just met.
    c. out of town or on vacation.
    d. between relationships.
    e. Other: _____.
12. Casual sex makes me feel . . .
    a. free and liberated.
    b. sexy—I like being the object of sudden desire.
    c. disappointed, more often than not.
    d. a little used.
13. My experience with one-nighters is . . .
    a. limited to one or two times.
    b. extensive—I couldn't even count them.
    c. pretty ordinary: _____ times every year.
    d. cyclical—a bunch one year, none the next.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The most interesting one-night stand I ever had was (use separate page to explain):

when you call them kinky. At that point, you have to negotiate sex. You have to say, "That's not going to do it for me—that vibrator gives me the creeps." Of course, if you tie me down, I might get a kick out of it.

OUI: Can you remember the first time you ever had a one-night stand?

ELLEN: I lost my virginity on a one-night stand. I had a boyfriend at the time, but he was a virgin, too. I wanted someone with experience. I'd seen this guy around that I thought was really cool. He was about twenty-three, and he wore a leather jacket. At sixteen, I thought that stuff was really great. So, I found out where he lived, and I went over to his house and let him think he was seducing me.

OUI: Do you ever say no to someone you are attracted to?

ELLEN: Sure. Sometimes, going home with someone is just not the right thing to do. And when Geoff's and my relationship is in a beautiful place, I don't usually make love to anyone else.

GEOFF: Most people are not willing to be honest with themselves about the phases and moods that relationships go through. They say, "Hey, fidelity is where it's at." That's like a stop-frame, a freeze: It jams the flow of life.

ELLEN: I think fidelity *is* where it's at. But I wouldn't call fidelity sleeping with just one person. Fidelity is much more emotional than it is physical. I can sleep with another person and still be faithful.

GEOFF: I think these one-night stands add a lot. And they don't create the kinds of serious problems that a heavy outside relationship would, although that danger is always there. One-nighters give us both time to relax, a time apart, so we can come back to each other. ■

LETTERS

The most interesting thing concerning the reader response to our sexual-games questionnaire was that more than half of the letters we received came from women. These women not only agree that they love to play sexual games, but they also state that they would like to do so "much more often." Eighty percent want to act out their partners' favorite fantasies, which usually include dressing up in sexy lingerie. Most of the men who wrote in said that when it comes to game playing, they prefer that the woman take the initiative. Some 90 percent agree that such games make sex "a whole lot better than usual," although they insist that their primary reason for joining in is because their girlfriends "love it so much."

Girls are so damned aggressive these days that I suppose my favorite sex game has to be with a girl who will play hard to get. I still love the idea of chasing a girl, taking her out to a beautiful candlelit restaurant and getting a good-night kiss that is sweet and romantic and promises of lovely things to come. I like a girl who plays the game of going to bed with you because she loves you.

Unfortunately, this creature is now practically an extinct American species.

TONY P.
Cherryville, British Columbia

Like many others, my first sexual experiences were with my brother, playing doctor and other such games that enabled us to satisfy our natural curiosity about our bodies. Society demands that we stop these games at puberty, though my curiosity about my brother's sexuality never disappeared.

When I married, sex games once again became an active part of my life. I feel these activities are now an important part of my continuing sexual development. My husband and I regularly act out our fantasies to the very limits of our imaginations. And these games have not only increased my appetite for sex, they have allowed us to learn an enormous amount about ourselves and about our true natures.

Sensual games have not only increased our appetite for sex, they have allowed us to learn about our true natures.

One evening, my husband, Ken, suggested that it might be fun to leave the small night-light on and make love with the window shades raised. Our neighbors would be able to see what was happening, but only if they really tried. The thought of someone watching really excited me.

Ken tied me spread-eagle to the bed (a regular practice in our games) and then asked if he could blindfold me. I agreed. He then began to lick and caress my body from top to toes, and the thought of the neighbors watching drove me wild.

When I heard a car pull into my neighbor's driveway, I thought I'd go crazy with passion. A few minutes later, he got up from the bed, saying he'd be right back. He returned almost immediately and, without saying a word, he began intercourse. He had never felt so big, and I wondered what he had done to enlarge himself so much. It was fantastic. I felt as if I had melted into the bed. Ken slowed down. Instinctively, I opened my mouth—and there he was. I began to suck him as if I were in a dream.

As we came back to earth, I realized that there were two men with me. I was shocked. I jerked my mouth away and demanded that Ken remove the blindfold. But he didn't until after I heard the car leave. He was kneeling by the bed with a tremendous grin on his face.

To this day, no matter how hard I beg, he will not tell me who the other man was. But the day after this episode, my neighbor asked me how my brother was, saying she had seen his car in the driveway the night before.

I can't be sure, but it just might be that my teenage curiosity about my little brother has finally been satisfied by this experience. Some people might find this reprehensible or strange, but it has left me with a feeling that I can only describe as completeness. And I also find it remarkable that through our sex games, my husband came to understand me so well that he knew exactly what secret fantasy would thrill me the most.

MARILYN S.
Atlanta, Georgia

If there's one thing I like as much as sex, it's food. I'm plump—160 pounds of trouble—but my husband, Joey, likes it that way. You know, a lot of people look at a hefty woman and think that she must be sexually frustrated. In my case, that's just not true. I'm simply a woman with a big appetite—on all fronts.

The greatest sex game I ever played was when I was able to mix both my passions at the same time. Joey and I had been lying around in bed together, and I began to get kind of hungry. Then, I had one of the greatest brainstorms of my life.

"Don't go away," I told him. "I'll be right back."

I went to the kitchen and got a pint of vanilla ice cream out of the freezer. Then I took some Reddi-Wip, some Hershey's syrup and a big, red maraschino cherry, and I brought all of it on a tray into the bedroom. Joey needed only a little tonguing to get really hard. Then slowly, so the cold wouldn't shock him, I spooned out the ice cream all over his cock. He loved it—said it was one of the wildest things he'd ever felt. Then, as it began to melt, I covered it with whipped cream, poured over the chocolate syrup and placed the cherry on top. He began to laugh so hard at the sight of it that I had to dig in immediately for fear he would lose his erection. By the time I had finished and had slipped my mouth over him, he was so excited that he

(Continued on page 124)

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MONICA MUELLER

Free to Come and Go

Photography by Jeff Dunas

"I'm a real romantic. Every man to me is a potential Romeo, a knight in shining armor."

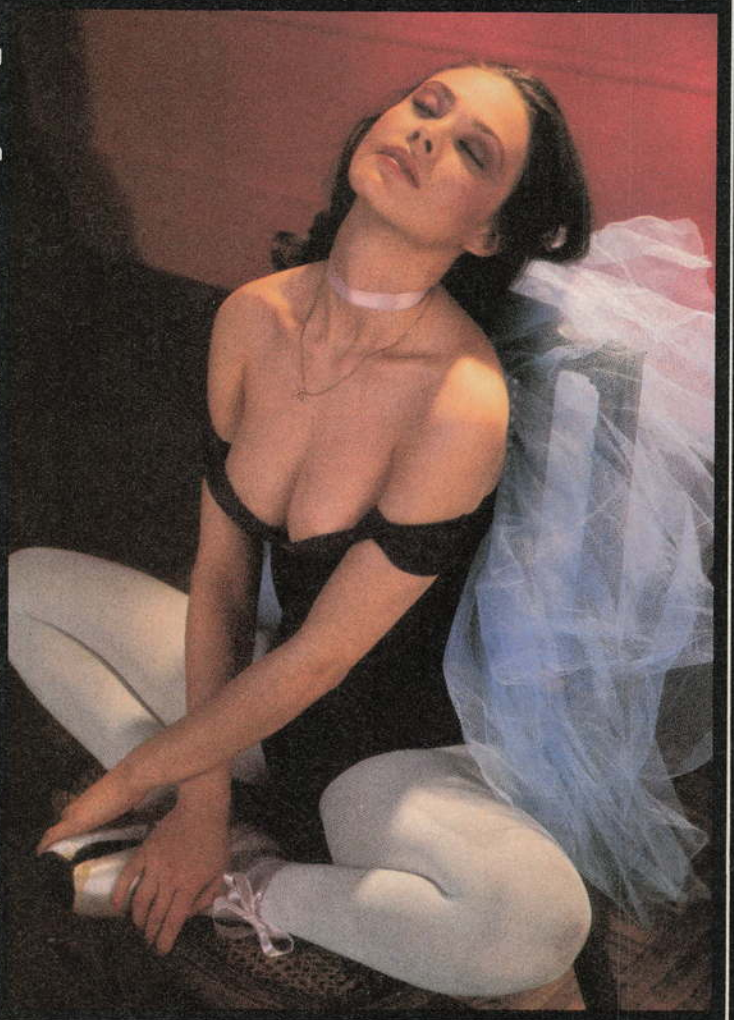
Well, Monica's passion for romance may not seem unusual, but it does reveal the essence of this extraordinary (34-24-35) woman. A mixture of Cherokee Indian and German, she exudes a gentle, mature femininity that belies her 21 years but befits her Juliet fantasy. Monica—who lives in Hollywood—has hopes of becoming an actress, but she's particular about the roles she wants to play.

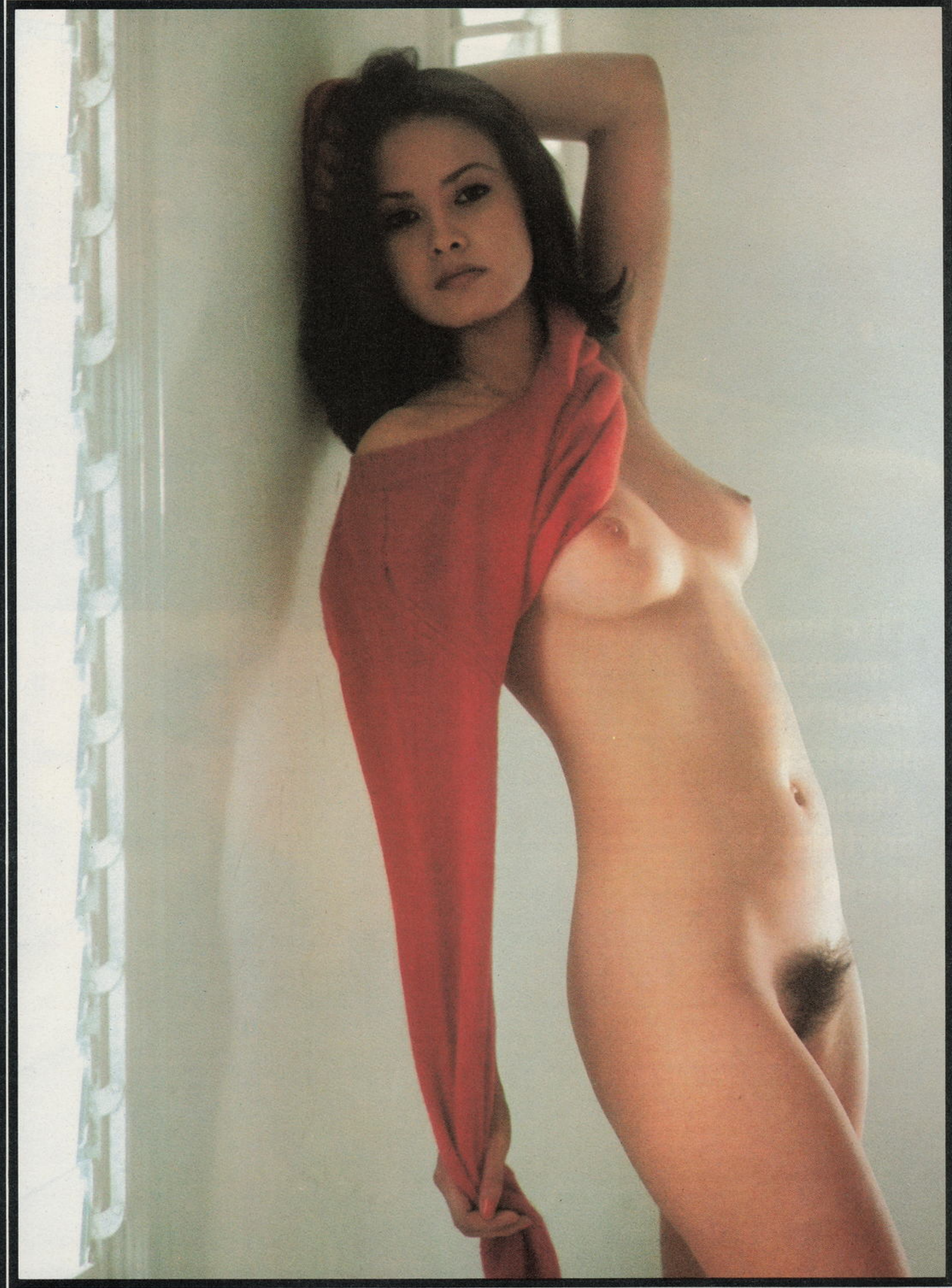
"I know as an actress I'll be expected to play all sorts of parts—from sex symbol to women's libber. But if I had my choice, I'd only play tragic heroines, like the women in *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights* or *Black Orpheus*." Hmmm. Do you live your life in that fashion, too? we ask. Monica laughs. "No, don't get me wrong. I have no masochistic tendencies. I don't feel that a woman has to be overtly aggressive and domineering to have a certain control over

"By being sensuous, seductive, perceptive and passive, a woman can be in control over a man."

a man. Take the Japanese geisha, for example. By being sensuous, seductive, perceptive *and* passive, they cater to men and still maintain control. Men and women are certainly equal, but I think most men enjoy the illusion of being dominant, don't you?" Well, there seems to be a trend toward the sensitive man . . . "Yes, but can't a man be sensitive and still be masculine? My ideal man would be like that. He would be someone I could trust and lean on."

Monica, who has traveled the world over, confides that she has met only one man in her life who lived up to her standards. "He was perfect—tall, slim and ruggedly handsome—and he taught me a lot." For instance? "Well, the most important thing was how to make love . . . what pleases a man. I wasn't a virgin when I met him, but I really didn't know what to do to en-





"If a man is concerned about what pleases me, then I'll do anything to please him."

hance a sexual relationship. Until I met Eric, my boyfriends would complain about how I didn't do things right, but they wouldn't show me what to do. They just assumed that since I was a woman, I should *know*. But Eric was very patient. He would come to my apartment and bring cheese and wine or champagne and caviar, and we would stay up all night. We would talk or he'd have me dress up for him—which, as an actress, I *loved*—and we'd touch and kiss until we couldn't stand it anymore. See, because he was caring and concerned about what pleased me, it was only natural that I wanted to experiment and find out what pleased him. Sex to him wasn't just getting off; it was almost a tribute to me, and what could be more exciting? Unfortunately, Eric was married." And you haven't found a man like him since?

"No, but I think that's partly my fault. I'm not a monogamous person. So when a guy gets serious about me and gets possessive, the relationship starts to fall apart. I don't have much tolerance for jealous men. That's another reason why Eric was good for me. Since he was already married, he didn't try to tie me down. We just appreciated the time we did have together."

Monica, with your intelligence and exotic looks, it's easy to see why a man would want you all for himself . . .

"Yes, that's flattering, I suppose. But I need time to myself. I enjoy being alone, surrounded by those things that I cherish—my apartment, my books, my music. When I'm by myself, I like to put on some music and play with clothes and makeup and become different people. I think it's good training for my career. Maybe it seems narcissistic to you, but it's necessary to me." At this point, Monica moves around

her bedroom, pulls off her pants and throws on a sweater. Seemingly unaware of our camera, she strikes different poses with ease. We feel like voyeurs, witnesses to her private play-acting rituals. Just when we start wondering whether we should interrupt her mesmerizing daydream, she says, "Posing like this is like a fantasy come true. I love the thought of being admired by many men and of giving my affections to them all. It's a real turn-on to me. I want your readers to understand that a woman is not impure just because she desires many men. I may find a man one day who will satisfy all my needs but, until then, I want to fully enjoy my life. I have to be free to do anything I want to do and to be anyone I choose to be. Say that Monica Mueller is many women. I cannot and will not be typecast."

"I have to be free to be anyone I choose to be. I am many women."

On the set with the BLUES BROTHERS

Saturday Night Live Refugees Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi Star in the Most Expensive Comedy Film Ever Made. Which is No Laughing Matter.

Article by David Standish

I park my old wounded Mustang at a meter on 47th Street, between Indiana and Prairie, in front of Queen of the Sea Fish: GUMBO—FILET—CHICKEN. Beyond the alley is the Welcome Day Care Center for retarded children. A few, their eyes sadly somewhere far away, are being directed aboard a double-parked school bus by a social worker. Across the street in a row are Sweetback's Cocktail Lounge, a dead, iron-gated storefront, Honey Wigs and Loans Palace, with an Aztec pyramid of fine, unclaimed watches agleam in its window. From an outdoor speaker from the record shop next to Queen of the Sea, disco gushes into the street.

I get out of my Mustang and lock it. No sane car thief would touch it with a stick, since it looks like it's been stolen and abandoned twice already. But I'm fond of it, and this is a tough neighborhood.

I feel like Kolchak the Night Stalker, a fellow Chicago reporter and pursuer of the bizarre and supernatural. And I am in these unfamiliar precincts on this clear Alpine October day because unreality has gripped 47th and Prairie.

It's known by many names, but most call it . . . *The Blues Brothers* movie.

It's been impossible to be in Chicago this autumn and not hear stray, horrible reports of the monster's movements. It's at Cooley High, breaking all the windows. It just dropped a Ford Pinto 200 feet into the Chicago River. At dawn, one Sunday morning, it had all the cop cars in the world chasing a beat-up ex-black and white around Lake Shore Drive. It's even gone marauding into the far "burbs," reportedly destroying an entire shopping mall out near Rockford.

And now it's striking again at 47th and Prairie.

Using their best S.W.A.T. tactics, the Chicago police have cordoned off the four square blocks surrounding the "event" and closed them to traffic. Squad cars sit in the middle of intersections, their blue bubble-gum lights silently bleep-bleeping. Closer in, a police line of sawhorses keeps the gathered crowd a safe 30 yards from the corner storefront, where the monster has momentarily stopped.

On the outside, beyond the police sawhorses, there are all these black people, local folk doing what comes naturally, which is to say, gawking like crazy.

Asks one guy of his buddies, rhetorically amazed: "They shootin' a *movie* here on Forty-seventh? What's the worl' comin' to? What's it *comin'* to?"

"Shit, I *grew up* on Forty-seventh! Why ain't I in no fuckin' *movie*?"

Boogieing in a C&W club and filming the finale in Chicago's Cook County Assessor's Office (opposite); down and dirty on Maxwell Street with John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters.

" 'Cause yo' face break the fuckin' lens, that's why!"

Short Fat Fannie in an acre of polka dots: "I've *got* to see Robert Redford!"

•

What's curious about this is that all these Chicago black people have gathered to gawk at all these white people from California who, inside their charmed sawhorse circle, are running around hollering at each other, talking urgently into two-way radios, messing with all this outer-space equipment, making themselves a movie about . . . black Chicago music.

You tell me.

In the changing light, cameramen's assistants in Sassoon jeans keep putting thick monocles to their eyes and squinting into the sun. Says one to another, passing the time, "D'ya know what a Pygmy whore is?"

Other guy shakes his head no.

Belushi: "Cheesh! Lotsa good-looking girls here! How many from Chicago?"

MELINDA WICKMAN AND PETER SOREL/GAMMA-LIAISON

"A little fucker about *this* tall!" His hand measures off knee-height as he waits for his friend's laugh.

Instead, the other guy looks around nervously and pops right back: "Y' know, this isn't exactly the neighborhood for that."

"Whaddaya mean? It's like a block party!"

Over on the corner, where the real people are standing, there's a fading, monochromatic street mural painted on the brick wall—stylized WPA people standing around a large, curled *2001* fetus floating in the middle of things. Not bad, but mere reality.

Across the street where the cameras are pointing—zowee! The corner storefront has become a Chicago pawnshop, Hollywood style. Ray's Music Exchange. Ray Charles, proprietor.

The mural on its wall fairly leaps out and feels up your eyes. Portraits of R&B greats colorfully ablaze on a psychedelic background. The very best street art money can buy.

•

Two director's chairs sit in the middle of the street. JOHN LANDIS and ROBERT K. WEISS are stenciled on their backs. Weiss is the producer. He's the bearlike fellow wandering about in the fatigue cap, elaborately tooled cowboy boots and a Chicago cop's leather jacket with the patch that says CHICAGO POLICE still on it. New Hollywood.

Landis is the one who's leaping about and shouting a lot. Still not even 30; yet, with the enormous success of *Animal House,* he's already something of a Wunderkind. But he looks less like a hotshit young director than a grad student in Paper & Pulp Technology. With dark horn-rims, a full beard, blue down vest, saggy-ass Levi's and long-haul hiking boots, he suggests Buddy Holly newly returned from a backpacking trip—not the head honcho on what, at $30 million-plus, is one of the highest-budgeted comedies in history.

Finally, between takes, when publicist Saul Kahan tells him I'm here, Landis comes bounding over to say hello. He is probably the most pleasantly manic individual I've ever met; my guess is that there's a little Labrador retriever in him. My simple corny question, "How do you like Chicago?" launches him into an unsolicited testimonial on the visual wonders of the city. He tends to talk in machine-gun bursts of !!!!

"It's a great city!" he says. "Beautiful! But nobody knows it! Do you know why? It's because Mayor Daley never let anybody make movies here! Back in the Fifties, they shot an *Untouchables* segment here, and it showed a cop taking a bribe. Daley saw it, and after that, he wouldn't let anybody in! But Chicago's great! And this movie's gonna let people know that!!"

•

The scene I've been invited to watch them shoot isn't the usual felony-level mayhem. It doesn't even involve Belushi and Aykroyd, the actual Blues Brothers. And it isn't even funny—well, not ha-ha funny.

But it *is* fairly strange, at least if you've lived in Chicago as long as I have.

This neighborhood is presently part of the South and West Side black ghettos, Chicago boasting the distinction of having several. It's knifepoint poor and gritty—the very stuff of horrible suburban nightmares about the lurking terrors of the city. It's turf that even North Side white trash such as myself generally, and wisely, avoid, except for occasional expeditions to the blues clubs—excursions regarded by nonbeliever friends *not* as necessary religious pilgrimages to the source, the fountain, but rather as wantonly unhinged exercises in courting death. In Chicago mythology, these are some of the original mean streets.

So, it is both wonderful and weird to hear playback speakers crank up a Ray Charles original that could have been yanked out of his *Hit the Road Jack* period in the early Sixties, to hear that music fill the street, and then to see, pouring exuberantly from Ray's Music Exchange, dancers,

dozens of them, spilling into the street, filling this rough intersection with joy unconfined and well choreographed.

Dear Lord, it's just as Martha and the Vandellas prophesized! People actually dancing in the streets! Life as it ought to be!

Pardon my exuberance; I know these people are getting paid to do this. And between takes, these spontaneous, happy-go-lucky creatures all stand around checking their watches, sipping coffee and shivering their asses off, since the temperature's been dropping all day and white poofs of clouds increasingly interrupt the bright sunshine. I mean, on film this may look like just another Busby Berkeley *Strike Up the Band* production-number extravaganza. But live on the spot, it's terrific. People actually dancing in the streets! Regular grim reality has been put on hold, suspended, while an alternate reality takes over, if only for moments on a single afternoon.

•

Many weeks later, I conduct a much-postponed interview with Dan Aykroyd and ask him to supply his version of how this fantasy world came about. He tells me, with very little prompting: "John and I used to warm the audience up at *Saturday Night Live* with it. He used to sing rock stuff, and he introduced me to the Allman Brothers and Led Zeppelin. I introduced him to James Cotton and some of the white blues bands that were working up North, like the Lamont Cranston Band. He picked up on the blues thing, and I picked up on the rock thing, and we decided to put an act together.

"We just decided we'd go out and sing a couple of old blues numbers—and why don't we wear the suits that you wore when you were doing Roy Orbison? That was the discussion. John did Roy Orbison once. He wore the thin tie and white shirt and black suit. And then the shades, you know? And we just added the hat to it and digital watches and the locked briefcase . . .

"And from there it was just kind of obvious. A sort of myth began to evolve about these characters. We talked about where they'd come from in Chicago, everything. And I went away and thought about it; John went away and put together the band. I started to write it up, and afterward we both came back to the city.

"He had a rough idea of who we wanted in the band, although the band wasn't set yet. At the time we sold the story to the movies, we didn't know who was gonna be in the band at all. It was just all sort of conceptual. So we sold it on the phone. They said, fine, we'll do it. Then Landis came in and talked to me at *Saturday Night* one night, and said, I want this, this and this in the movie. I took some notes, and said, fine, you'll have it. And I sort of cut the script to what he wanted—including, of course, the thought and the myth that we knew.

"So, from the beginning, it was like Landis and I putting it together. Landis saying, I want the biggest car chase *ever* at the end of the movie, and I went, *o-kay!* And I said, well, I want to jump a swing bridge. And he said, fine. And I wrote it down. And you know, I turned in a three-hundred-plus-page script."

OUI: They must have shit.

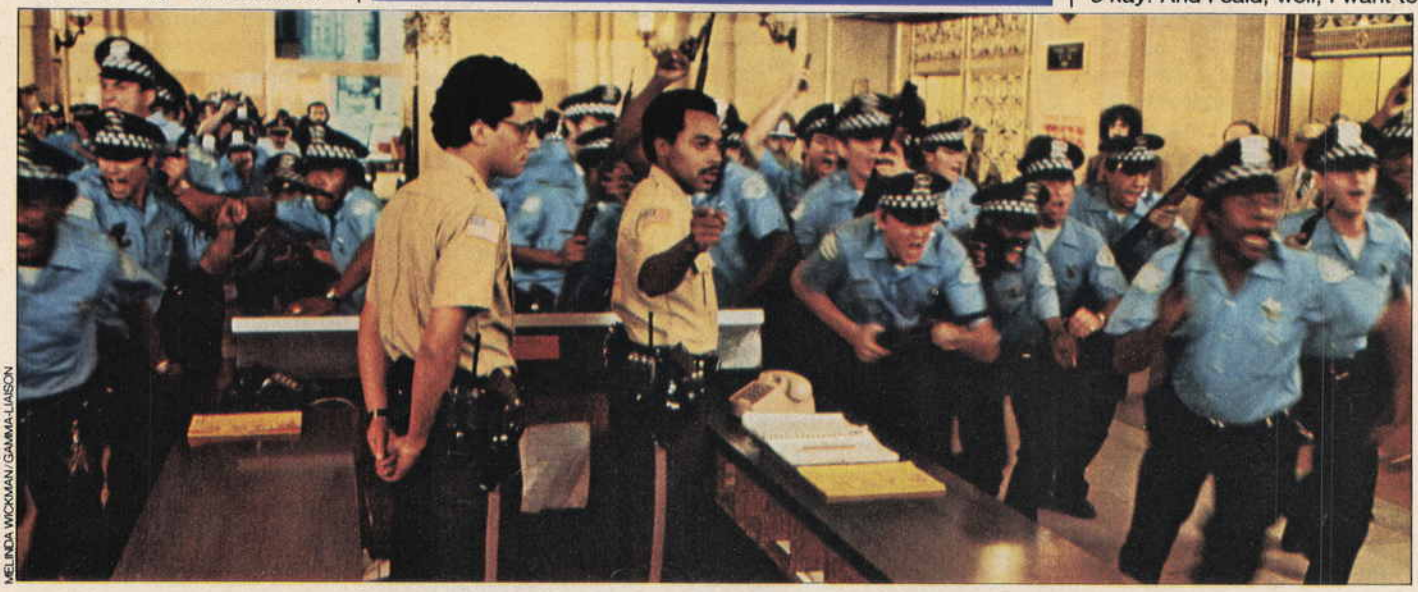
AYKROYD: Yeah. I said, I'm gonna give you guys a movie here that's gonna be four hours. So they were ready for a monster. And what Landis did was distill it.

OUI: What kind of qualities did he bring to it?

AYKROYD: All kinds of things. I wrote a heavy, urban experience that was a little . . . gritty. What he did was to put a little Disney flash into it—you know what I mean?

And the blend worked really well. He loved the stuff I did, and I loved the stuff he did. Originally in the script, every band member had a story, and we went and searched them out. What he did was distill them down so that four were lumped together—and we could deal with that. Now only three of them have their own . . .

Landis: "I don't trust police. Except when I'm suing people. Then, who can you trust?"



MELINDA WICKMAN/GAMMA-LIAISON

PETER SOREL/GAMMA-LIAISON

Chicago's finest (top and bottom) acting the parts of Chicago's finest; "Mystery Woman" Carrie Fisher (opposite) opens up on a fleeing Jake and Elwood.

quest that we go on.

OUI: What would you say the movie is about? If, even by accident, it makes a point or has a theme, what would you say it is?

AYKROYD: It's about two guys who want to go straight, who really want to straighten out and want to get redeemed and get saved—but don't quite have it together. And so, they end up being criminal recidivists.

It's about good and evil, it's about black and white, devils and angels. . . . It's kind of a Christian crusader's tale, because they try to pull the orphanage where they grew up out of financial trouble. They go to great, extensive, even vandalistic lengths to get the money together to pull a nun, who is their surrogate mother, out of trouble.

It's got a Christian theme in it. It really does have a Christian moral and theme running through it. But it's a real simple story. There's nothing complex about it. Your nose is taken right from the top of the film to the bottom.

We don't have any hidden messages or meanings. There's a certain style and symbolism to it. People are good and bad. And these guys are good some of the time—striving for salvation or trying to straighten out. But they kind of stray from the path a little bit and cause a lot of damage. And they receive their just rewards in the end—which is incarceration and correction.

•

It is early December before I next encounter the *Blues Brothers* monster. Like nearly everyone else I know, it has moved to Los Angeles.

I get on the plane and fly for four hours through dismal slate skies over a continent frozen solid and frosted with snow, until reaching the final western mountains, covered with a fuzz of evergreens resembling a three-day beard on a pioneer's cheeks, and into . . . sunshine. That peculiar, alien L.A. *white,* like spoiled mayonnaise.

Flowering begonias and rampant ivy beds border the freeway, and there are blond people with good cheekbones everywhere, strolling along at sweatpoint in cutoffs and T-shirts—proof of a friend's theory that L.A. is populated by the descendents of generations of dumb, beautiful hillbillies who came to Hollywood to be stars and wound up as re-

Aykroyd: "Everybody should look like Secret Service men—a little menace, kinda hostile."

born dog groomers, gas-station attendants and car-battery salesmen.

I know it's corny to pick on L.A., but it really is a lot of fun. On the Budget Rent-A-Car radio—which, here on the rim of the future, is AM/FM stereo inside a stick-shift Toyota Liftback wagon—the two pick-hit FM stations seem to have melded into one. The one at the left is into Terminal Mellow—when they really want to tear things up, they put on a J.J. Cale cut. Another, at the far right, among the other minorities, has a format that seems to be an all New New Wave nonstop marathon—the squarest they get is a Blondie cut.

Welcome to Southern California.

They're shooting the climactic concert sequence at the venerable Hollywood Palladium on Sunset. Among landmarks, it forms a triangle with the round Capitol Records tower and the low, brown theater that's home to *The Merv Griffin Show*, in front of which I park my Rent-A-Toyota.

I walk toward the Palladium lobby and notice that much of the crowd seems to be splitting, drifting outside. Many end up in an accidental line, which sparks the interest of a blond surfer type. He asks, "They gettin' paid?"

This being Hollywood, the crowd, you see, isn't actually people—it's paid extras. Someone tells me, with great pride, that while half the audience were winners of a listeners' contest on KMET, the other half were recruited from a local unemployment office. Whispers my source, looking around first: "We wanted, you know, *black* people."

Once Saul the publicist designates me a real person to a persistent security guard who has detained me, I go inside and much happens. They're taking a long break in shooting to relight the stage.

Landis, rising, manic, comes bopping over. He's in the same saggy jeans, but is now sporting a complementary saggy blue blazer. He's all over the place, explaining, with a dropping-arm gesture, how Cab Calloway was terrific yesterday: "Fifty years, right on the floor!"

I take this to be high, if some-

MELINDA WICKMAN/GAMMA-LIAISON

what obscure, showbiz praise, and don't find out until seeing rushes the next day that he's referring to a low twirl during *Minnie the Moocher*, which C.C. patented an easy 50 years ago, and which he still athletically executes.

"Even the crowd loved him," he tells me. "I thought they'd be disappointed."

He then relates that he's fooling them at the moment. The Blues Brothers are due to come out shortly. Indicating the audience, he says, "They don't know it, but I've got every camera trained on them! John and Danny are going to do *Soul Man*—the least favorite of their songs—and I'm going to shoot reaction shots!"

Still lots of !!!! in Landis' vicinity.

•

But first, the door prizes.

Since the rare reward of this experience for the members of the crowd is about $25 for the day and a lot of dull hanging out, the potential restless beast must be appeased. So they will be fed some door prizes during this one of many glacial lulls—and then there will be a song from the very BBs . . .

•

Saul, meanwhile, is introducing me to everyone in sight.

I am confronted with a white-haired gent with huge bony hands.

"This is Shotgun Britton. He did *Citizen Kane*, Grable, you name it."

Shotgun rips off a couple of opening blasts about how great Cab Calloway is, how he used to see C.C. right here in the Palladium, years ago. Then he tells me, "Shit, I been doin' this fuckin' thing for fifty years. I'm comin' out with a fuckin' book. It's called *Quarterback with a Powderpuff*!"

Shotgun is a veteran makeup man and what we call an easy interview.

"I was a football player. Hardin-Simmons in Abilene, Texas. Joan Crawford got me in this business. I knew her father. He used to live across the street from me in Abilene, Texas. Tom LeSeur. Fuckin' Tom. He never left Texas in his life. I called up his wife when he died. And she said, 'Shotgun, he never left. He never *saw* his daughter.' And these people are writin' about that. I'm one of the sons of a bitches who signed the goddamn adoption papers for Christina—and that cunt writin' that book. I didn't even read it. I don't need anybody to tell me what Joan Crawford did. She did more for the poor goddamned working stiffs like me—cameramen and electricians and gardners and grips and sound . . . than any son of a bitch in this motion-picture business."

This I take as criticism of *Mommie Dearest*, which I haven't read. I try to get his considered assessment of how things are going on this one.

"These two guys are a rare breed," he says of Aykroyd and Belushi, "the bright people. They're bright, you know. They can perform if they're bright." He speaks highly of John Landis, too. I ask him if there have been any problems, fuck-ups, feuds, whatever, but Shotgun knows better than to piss in the tent. He does, however, say cryptically of Landis, "John's gonna step on his cock if he ain't careful. It's a jungle out there." Then he adds, "They're rookies, you understand. There's not a two-hundred hitter on the ball club. I'm very flattered that they call me the Stargell—in this league, if you know what I mean."

As a closer, Shotgun says, "I was under contract to Jane Russell for ten years. And so I say, I've had ten years with Jane, ten years with Bob Hope and ten years with Frank Sinatra. That's thirty years of my life, and I've got about forty more. Somebody says, 'When you gonna retire?' I say, 'When I get *your* age—if you want to try me, well, let's go to Fist City.' "

Colorful.

•

Through the tall curtains at the back, separating the lobby from the hall, come uniformed troopers with bayoneted rifles at the ready, a mix of Illinois State Patrolmen and the National Guard.

The crowd, like a good crowd, whistles and boos as they file in.

Onstage, Landis explains through a bullhorn, "These are real people, like yourselves—not the police! You don't really see 'em—they're just here to be scary!"

•

Suddenly, the Blues Brothers hit the stage. As happens sometimes at rock concerts, a tangible rush fills the air as they make their appearance in full sinister regalia—cheap, black K mart parolee suits, shades and hats . . .

All seriousness, Elwood offers up the locked briefcase chained to his arm. While the band vamps, Jake produces the key, and Elwood's harp is ceremoniously produced from inside.

Jake briefly reverts to Belushi, who checks out the crowd and says through the microphone, "What an attractive crowd! They pass out those hash joints I rolled?" Cheers, shouts of "No, where are they?"

Aykroyd, finding a live mike and a captive audience before him, launches into spontaneous *SatNiteLive* shtick and begins auctioning off a Styrofoam coffee cup. "We got five hundred, who'll gimme six . . . ?"

Guy in audience: "How much do you go for?"

Aykroyd: [deadpan] "Seven dollars and ninety-eight cents' worth of chemicals. Just cut me open and see."

And Belushi can't help observing through his live mike, "Cheesh! Lotsa good-looking girls here!" Hands in pockets. "How many here from Chicago?" Scattered cheers. Belushi: "Hyde Park? Elmwood? South Side?"

Belushi and Aykroyd fill the dead time by introducing various luminaries, beginning with Landis. Then Shotgun is brought onstage and Aykroyd announces, all seriousness: "*Citizen Kane* . . . *Notorious* . . . Jane Russell's personal makeup man for years . . ." Like he's reciting a pedigree.

Then Belushi does the honors for John Candy, the very large SCTV gourmet and playboy Johnny LaRue, playing Mercer the parole officer in this one.

For the third time, Belushi observes into the mike, "There's some *very* attractive women here. I can't believe it . . ."

I can't, either.

Standing by the stage when they finally begin shooting the crowd-reaction shots, I have a chance to check out the audience.

And something's wrong.

This is supposed to be an Illinois R&B show crowd. But they're all too cute, too clean. The vast majority even appear to be healthy.

This is a movie crowd. Pick your fantasy 19-year-old heartthrob, and somewhere among these 2500 people, there she/he/it is—gorgeous people of all genders and persuasions.

The first few rows are salted with 150 professional extras, so the people in them are especially beautiful. There's a busty young Grace Kelly in the second row and, near her, a tall, thin, heartbreaking girl with a Modigliani neck and lean model's arms and a pair of denim honey buns that won't quit.

Pick your fantasy, like I said.

I especially like the girls dressed in what look like spray-on iridescent slacks. They look like sexy dragonflies and glow-in-the-dark green beetles in Forties wraparound heels. One with, well, *tits*, is identified to me as a recent OUI model who, in the absolutely factual story accompanying her pictures, was definitely described as a bona-fide Israeli but, today, at least, appears to be a would-be actress in Hollywood with a not so would-be chest.

•

More waiting and milling.

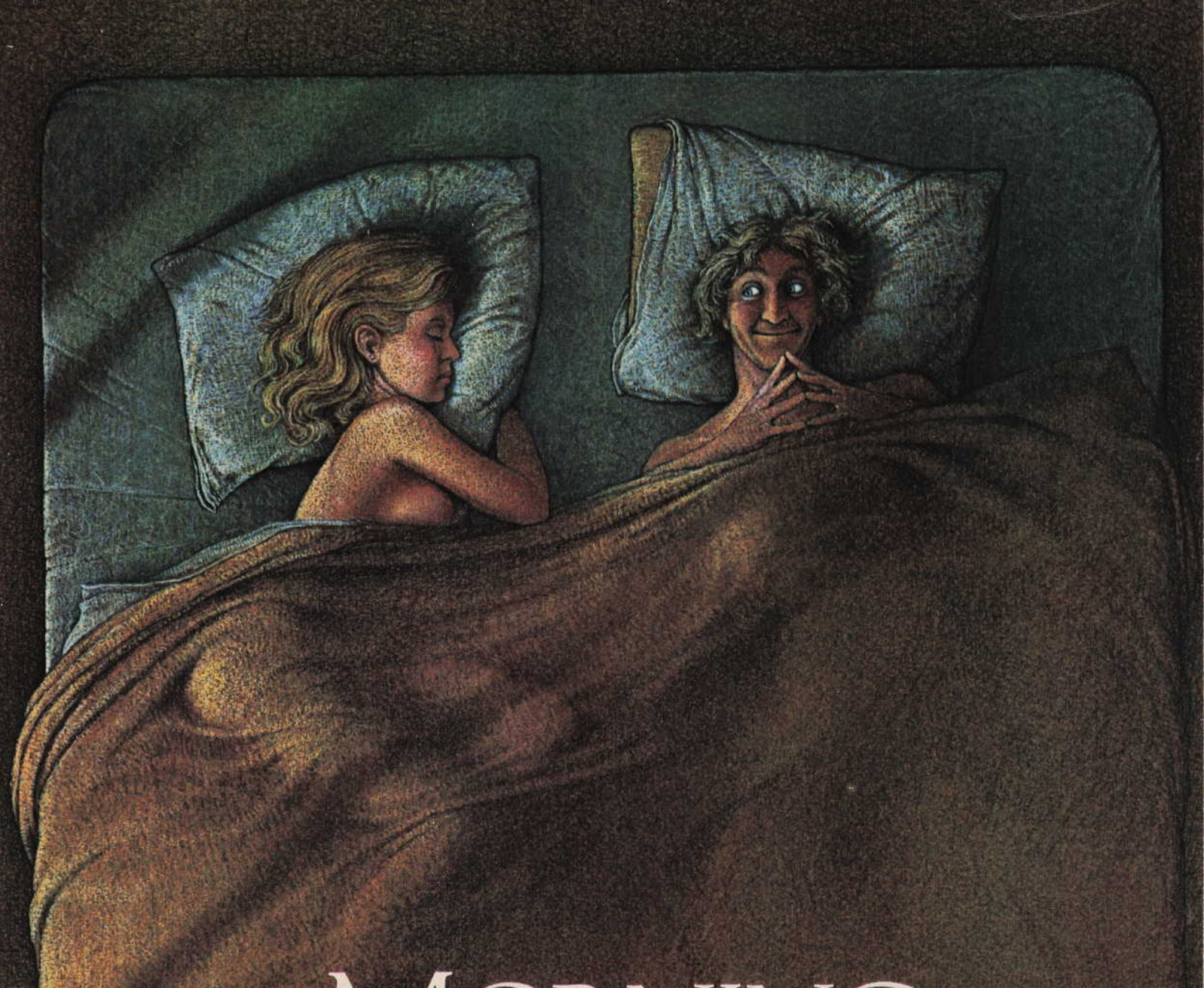
Then it's door-prize time, with Belushi and Aykroyd pulling slips of paper from a clear-plastic globe, announcing the numbers and waiting for the lucky winners to come up and claim their prizes, just like at Bank Nite.

Announces Aykroyd, "Mitch Bell will take home the stereo. He says he's going to burn it in celebration of the Eighties. And now, we have a . . . *live goat* . . ."

Instead, they give away headphones.

I especially like the girls dressed in spray-on iridescent slacks. They look like sexy dragonflies.

(Continued on page 118)



MORNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

The secrets of seduction in dawn's early light

Article by Katharine Lowry

"I know after a good night's sleep
I can get it on all right..."
—Genya Ravan, from
I Usually Like It in the Morning Much Better

As one who's been roused from sweet dreams by jangling alarm clocks, kneading kitten paws, dueling jackhammers, a knife-wielding burglar and a drunken lover bringing home a street-corner blonde instead of the bacon, I have to say I'd rather wake up making love.

To satisfy my own curiosity, however, I recently conducted an impromptu telephone poll among friends and acquaintances to see how many other people share my preference. The results were a little surprising. Of the men, nearly all agreed that morning was the ideal time for making love. The only dissidents were a stockbroker who claimed he was

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS INGHAM

The single biggest complaint that women have about sex at that obscenely early hour is that it tends to be mechanical, hurried and impersonal.

hotter for his *Wall Street Journal*, an amiable alcoholic who professed astonishment that "morning" still existed and a reporter who confided that the only female he could relate to before noon was Jane Pauley.

When I called the women on my list, though, I discovered that Genya and I are part of a small, if oversexed, splinter group. The collective gut reaction of the vast majority of my female friends can be summed up in three letters: Ugh! It seems the matinal nudgings of a wide-eyed, bushy-tailed pecker make most of us feel like shooting its owner for trespassing.

With so many women loath to greet the day with a quickie, and with so many men liking nothing better, the situation may seem futile. It's not. I know, because I was once a morning grump—until an enterprising string of male morning larks taught me to warble happily along with them. If you can bear to swallow your pride and pay heed to my vast experience, you, too, can turn a bat who curses the dawn into an early bird of paradise.

Given the perverse way men and women deal with each other, it's not surprising that men's reasons for loving morning sex are often the very same reasons that women give for hating it. As one overworked intern friend declared, "Morning sex is great because you can get your rocks off without wasting time sweet-talking your partner. Since you're automatically in a hurry to get to work, you've got the perfect excuse for just sidling up and firing off the ol' torpedo while she's still rubbing the sleep out of her eyes." This would-be doctor, understandably twice divorced, unwittingly articulated the single biggest complaint women have about sex at that obscenely early hour: It tends to be mechanical, hurried and impersonal.

"Exactly," agreed my male co-worker over lunch. "You're right there. You don't have to struggle with their clothes or spend time kissing and getting them in the mood."

In other words, sex in the morning is devoid of the usual seduction, which is, of course, the one thing women like best. As a close girlfriend of mine confirmed, "There's no mental turn-on and no real emotional coming together. I feel as if his desire has nothing to do with me. He just wakes up with a big hard-on and needs a warm place to bury it."

She has a point. Most of the men I talked to volunteered (in fact, bragged) that they tend to wake up with a morning erection, whether it's a piss-boner or the tangible result of some dimly remembered erotic dream. If that's the case, and you'd like to put some zip back into these zipless fucks, you'd better assure her that the girl of your dreams and the sleep-mussed girl in your arms are one and the same.

The following romantic gestures can help you redeem yourself. They might seem too elaborate or time-consuming at first, but you have to remember that your sex life, like any other thriving enterprise, depends on repeat business. Once you've gotten her hooked on your morning-sex habit, most of these ploys won't be necessary: The dividends will flow in automatically.

1. If you brought her flowers the night before, don't be above calling in the debt. Thoughtful guys like you aren't a dime a dozen anymore—and neither are the flowers. Slip a rose under her nostrils and let the fragrance gradually bring her around, or even shower her with petals. She'll wake up swooning. How could a woman turn her back on anyone so romantic and sensitive? Unless, of course, that's the position you request.

2. When you do have a hot dream, take full advantage of it. Whisper the entire scenario in her ear in breathy, X-rated detail, until she's sighing and making signs that she'll forgive any trespass—even breaking and entering. Needless to say, you should always claim that the dream was about her. While you might be dying to report that Bo Derek draped her perfect dream body over the trunk of her silver Rolls, gave you a sultry come-hither look and crooned, "Hey, Hot Stuff, can I have a push?" I promise this will very rarely impress the rest of us.

3. Try mood music. Girls are delicate, right up to their pink little ear drums. We don't like being blasted awake to the radio-alarm sounds of the Clash. If you want to put her into a more sensually receptive mood, set your radio dial to a classical-music station. When the music features a guy who jiggles a baton instead of his hips, then you might get to jiggle yours.

4. It's not a bad time to revert, shall we say, to instinct. Personally, waking to the sight and sensation of a man gently nursing my favorite nipple makes me feel like I've died in my sleep and gone to heaven—especially since a man's face with eyes sweetly closed always looks angelic. It's a surefire way to bring out a woman's erotic, loving and maternal instincts all at once.

5. Croon "I love you" into her ear just as her eyes are fluttering open. This has never once failed to work with me, even if I hated the guy. A little romance goes a long way.

Any of the above should assure her that she's loved or wanted or both, but you'll still have to put in several minutes doing the usual magic tricks with your hands. After all, just because you wake up hard doesn't mean she wakes up wet. And if you don't know what foreplay is, take another look at this month's *Speak Easy*.

Since men and women still don't bother to communicate much about the things that really matter, ask yourself this: Have you ever really explained to her the physical/mental reasons why you're a better lover in the morning? Remember, women love underdogs—and often with their naked bodies. So admit to her, in a confiding, boyish voice, that men have this terrible performance anxiety hanging over their heads. Without being sarcastic or bitter, gently point out to her that, while it's just as easy for her to lie on her back moaning and groaning whether she's tired or rested, this isn't the case with you. A stiff erection—and the energy to push it up and down—is far more common to your mornings than your evenings. As one candid respondent to my survey put it, "Listen, I just about *have* to do it in the morning. That's when I have the most strength, and when my organ is the most sensitive. Unless you're the kind who always pops up as automatically as a toaster, you'd better get it while you can."

Even if you are Macho Man, an enormous erection is, understandably, something you don't want to keep to yourself. But explain this to her in terms she can relate to. Say something like: "Remember, babe, the last time your hair turned out great and you'd just bought a sensational outfit, but you didn't have a party to go to or even a date to show off for? Well, that's how I feel when I have the erection of the year and you tell me you're not in the mood." Not only will she let you have your way with her, she'll credit you with being incredibly insightful and liberated.

OK, let's assume you've done your best: You've tried tenderness, foreplay and candor, only to find that she still brushes past your distended nightstick as if it were a subway turnstile. Then I'd say you've got a girl with a bad attitude, otherwise known as a bitch. If that's the case, it's time to play hardball.

Go for greed. Next to love, the one thing women like best is money; so explain to her that going off to work with a good screw

under your belt automatically means you'll make *more* of it. The success of this approach is verified by my research. A lawyer of my acquaintance said, "Sex is the best warm-up exercise there is. It gets my circulation going, my heart pumping, my muscles relaxed—and it gives my ego an enormous boost. Knowing I just made my darlin' squirm for joy gives me more confidence for the rest of the day, whether I'm dealing with my boss or with clients." He added, "Assuming it is a jungle out there, I figure it doesn't hurt to face the day feeling like Tarzan." An ambitious young advertising copywriter claimed that morning sex was virtually compulsory for him. Without it, he was plagued with nagging sexual tension all day, which made it difficult for him to focus on maneuvering his way up the corporate ladder. As he put it, coining a catchy slogan, "The Peter Principle works best when my own peter isn't intruding."

Play on her fears. Next time you go off to work with nothing for breakfast but breakfast, say in an offhand, joking manner, "Well, suit yourself, honey—but remember, a swollen cock is the devil's playground." She may laugh good-naturedly, but women are born worriers. By the time she's taking her afternoon Bufferin break, she'll translate your message to mean "If you don't put out, somebody at work will."

If that's just not your style, then you might want to look into one other common cause for the cold-shoulder routine. It's so superficial and petty that I've hesitated to mention it: Put simply, many women are too vain to want to make love when they don't feel they look their best. (In fact, morning is usually when we look our worst.)

At least half the women I questioned called this their primary concern. "Who wants to make love when you know your man is staring down at your smeared mascara and stringy hair and sleep wrinkles?" asked one honest woman. Another agreed: "God! Without makeup, my face is the color of putty. I can't stand the thought of him seeing me—much less touching me—I feel so ugly!"

Even a chauvinist like Rod Stewart understands this, as he made clear in *Maggie May*: "The morning sun/ When it's in your eyes/ Really shows your age." Whether it's wrinkles or enlarged pores or whatever, we don't exactly want the sun highlighting our flaws. So be clever. And tactful. Get yourself some heavy curtains that shut out the morning sun completely. If that's a little too dark, you can always light a candle: This is one time she won't curse the darkness.

If she's a little more secure—or a little younger—go halfway. Buy cream- or yellow-colored window shades that cast a diffuse golden light on the room and make you feel like you're starring in a Claude Lelouch love scene.

Another thing a woman is always embarrassed about in the morning is the horrible taste in her mouth, which doesn't exactly compliment her sugar-and-spice image. As one frank New York career woman confessed, "When I wake up, my mouth feels like the Holland Tunnel. I wouldn't open it to kiss Prince Charming, much less Harold."

To brush or not to brush?—that is the question. If you can restrain your advances until the poor girl wakes up enough to stumble to the bathroom and tidy up a little, the problem is solved. Another easy solution—considerably subtler than a Binaca blast—is to surprise her with a nice hot cup of coffee. It will help wake her up and get rid of her mouth grungies at the same time. Make fresh, drip-filter coffee for the first few weeks. After that, if you're any good in bed at all, you can coast along on Maxim.

She might also be vain or shy about having to jump up to take care of any birth-control procedures—whether they involve inserting a diaphragm, foam or one of those innocent-looking capsule-shaped sperm killers they've just invented. One answer is to make this part of your erotic ritual, the way putting on a rubber was back in the days when men actually took some responsibility for preventing unwanted pregnancies.

My friend who conquered morning mouth reported to me that she also used to turn her husband down about half the time because she hated getting up to put in her diaphragm. Then one day, he offered to do it for her while she gave instructions. "We really found it to be sexy," she confided. "It was like playing doctor, only for real. We call it 'putting the trampoline into the playpen.' " Your bedside-

Buy yellow-colored window shades that cast a diffuse golden light on the room and make you feel like you're starring in a Claude Lelouch love scene.

table drawer should also contain K-Y jelly for her playpen, by the way—trampoline or not. Some women tend to be dehydrated in the morning, especially if they did a lot of drinking or dope smoking the night before.

Occasionally, a woman's early-morning sexual reluctance isn't a result of coyness, meanness or vanity. If she pleads that her spirit is willing but her flesh is weak, she could be telling the truth. She might be one of those unlucky women—and there are plenty of men like this, too—who are simply slow risers, afflicted with a sluggish circadian rhythm. People like this, when asked about sex in the morning, instantly shriek, "I don't like *anything* in the morning!" I once had a lover like this: At night, he was Jack the Raper but, in the morning, when I woke up ready for love, the only words he'd whisper in my ear were "Waffles and syrup, waffles and syrup" or "Eggies and bacon, eggies and bacon." I know this sounds cute—and he was—but I finally tired of being treated like a short-order cook instead of a tall sex object, and I left him.

If this is the crux of the problem, you obviously can't take her in and have her rewound so that your internal clocks synchronize: Compromise is the only answer. Even I, a submissive Southern female, have occasionally turned down a morning lay, simply because I couldn't pull out of my grogginess. In that condition, all my nerve endings are numb. Even in the hands of an expert, it often takes several minutes for a tantalizing touch to work its way through clogged neurons and give my brain the message: "Hey, we're horny down here!" If I'm awakened in mid-dream, it's even worse. I feel like I've just been dragged out of a wonderful 3-D Sensurround movie, only to be whittled down with a nail file.

One prematurely ardent lover finally learned to beat a circuitous path to my bed. After giving me a few tender caresses to begin the slow process of coaxing me gently from the arms of Morpheus, he wisely let me simmer. Jumping up, he'd shower, shave, brush his teeth, admire himself in the mirror and then—a blessed half hour later—he'd lean down to kiss me, in one place or another. I'd open my eyes to the sight of him smelling sweet and looking wonderful. With his shining face, baby-soft cheeks and damp, Greek-god curls. . . Who could resist?

Occasionally, I admit, I'm equally guilty of rushing things. I once woke up from a really nasty, smoldering dream, in which I was commanded to have kinky sex with each and every member of the *Saturday Night Live* writing team, both male and female, before they'd agree to look at my brilliant comedy sketch. Naturally, I woke up raging with desire. Finding a rigid organ attached to my sweetly dreaming partner, I grabbed it as if it were a log floating past a shipwreck victim. He woke up, rather perturbed, and protested, "Hey, stop it! That's a *piss*-boner!" "I don't care how you got it!" I commanded. "*Use* it!" And, much to my morning's glory, he did. ■

CONVERTIBLE

CONVERSIONS

The rag top is making a customized comeback in America. All you need is an open wallet and some open road.

ARTICLE BY DAVID BARRY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HARVEY

Time was when a shiny convertible—preferably a red one—was essential to the American Dream. Cruising around in a convertible was the ultimate ego trip. Even the rich looked richer with the top down. But when Detroit phased convertibles out in 1976, their passing went almost unnoticed. Peter Fonda ordered the very last Cadillac Eldorado rag top, and someone wrote a novel called *The Last Convertible*. But to most Americans, it was just one more endangered species sinking into history.

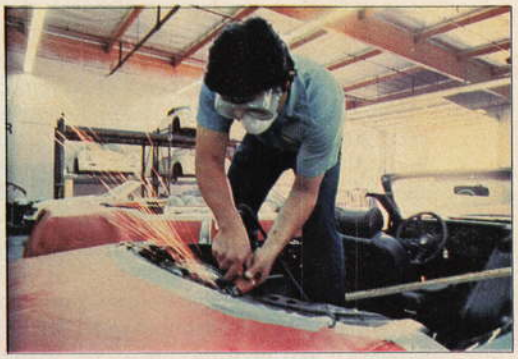
For all their glamour, convertibles never made a big dent in the auto market. Convertible sales hit their peak in the mid-Sixties when they totaled about 10 percent of all new-car sales. It was all downhill from there. Eventually, the economics of mass production said no—no more factory-made convertibles.

But if you really crave a rag top and you have some cash to spend, you can still drive the American Dream. Custom shops across the country have begun converting a wide variety of sedans into convertibles. Some are outrageously expensive, such as the convertible Ferrari Boxer that goes for $125,000.

For those of us who haven't been blessed with a substantial patrimony, several attractive soft-top conversions fall into the fair-to-middling-expense bracket. Starting with the Toyota Celica–based Sunchaser, priced in the low teens, the market includes: the Merlin Edition Datsun 220SX, $11,900; several Mustang conversions, selling at around $15,500; and convertibles based on GM's Camaro, $16,000, Trans Am, $17,500, and Corvette, about $20,000. For high rollers, the finely crafted San Remo Dorado convertible, based on the Cadillac Eldorado, ought to turn a few heads. Price: a cool $35,000.

New Mustang goes into Intermeccanica conversion shop as an $8000 Notchback coupe.

After structural bracing has been welded to the frame, the top is completely removed.



The rear-deck lid is hand contoured to receive the top-assembly structure.

If the prices seem high, remember that we're talking about custom cars. It costs to be different, and like diamonds and old wine, the charm of these cars lies in their scarcity. Buy a custom convertible and you can rest assured that whether you're winding down the laurel-lined boulevards of Beverly Hills or gliding through the gilded avenues of Sutton Place, you're not going to be passed on the right by some other schmuck driving your car. The total production planned by a dozen or so manufacturers amounts to only a few thousand convertibles. That's about 1 percent of U.S. auto production.

Before you start thinking about taking a blowtorch to your car's roof or sweet-talking your girlfriend into stitching you a canvas top, forget it. And forget about taking your car to a shop for a low-cost, quickie conversion—unless your idea of sporty includes a cracked windshield, sticking doors, a leaky top, stress cracks, and rattles and creaks galore. Convertible conversion, in most cases, requires skilled craftsmen, expensive sheet metal, die-casting equipment and a fully operative machine shop. Remember, Detroit quit making convertibles because there wasn't enough profit to cover the added production costs. Rag tops, like hardtop coupes, need considerable reinforcing to compensate the loss of the steel roof and side pillars. It's like a sealed cardboard box—a pretty sturdy structure until you slice the top off. Then it'll flex and bend easily. Same with a car. Detroit charged a few hundred dollars more for convertibles to pay for the extra several hundred pounds of chassis bracing.

The least expensive conversions are the Merlin Datsun 200SX (above) and the Griffith Toyota Sunchaser (below), both $11,900.

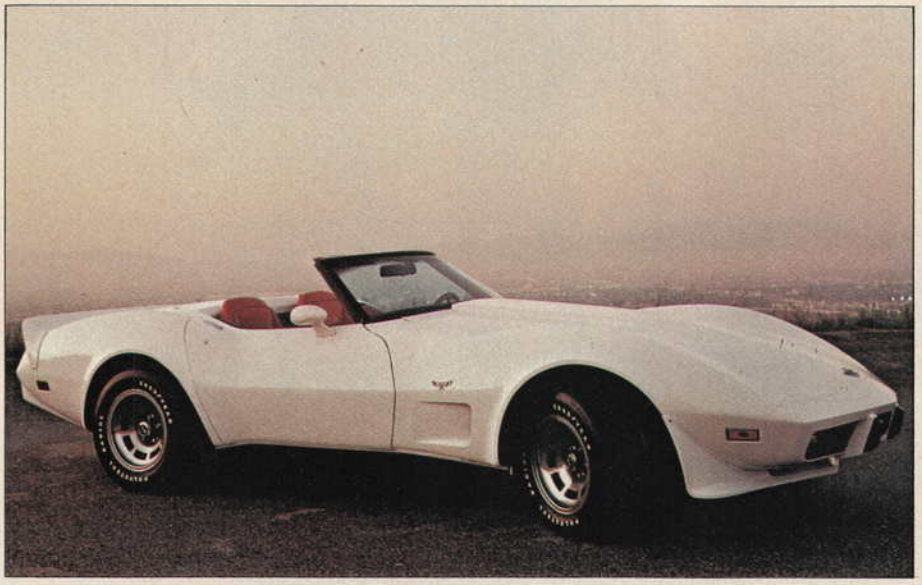
The nitty-gritty of convertible conversion is boxing in the passenger compartment with heavy-duty welded-steel tubing, reinforcing the doors and windshield posts and beefing up key sections of body sheet metal. The design and machining of this bracing is no job for the neighborhood body shop—or for the local dealer's service department. To see what a quality conversion involves, we visited the plant of Automobili Intermeccanica, whose past products include the limited production Apollo G.T., the Italia and the Porsche Speedster replica. Located in Fountain Valley, California, Intermeccanica is now in the convertible-conversion business with both feet, manufacturing its Mustang Cabrio and the Oldsmobile Cutlass–based Sunray convertible for Classic Marketing.

Mustang conversion starts with a new dealer-bought car rolling into the

An assembly-line view of the boot before installation of the new top.

Steel bracing is inserted in frame rails and welded in place for added structural strength.

Fiberglass rear-deck interior is readied and fitted for installation.



The Flint Corvette (above) at $20,000 and the Camaro (below) at $16,000 answer America's need for a Chevrolet convertible.

Intermeccanica shop—a large plant capable of handling more than a dozen cars at a time. The 12-man production staff begins by removing the fenders. Lengths of two-by-three-inch steel tubing are run from front- to rear-wheel wells and welded to the frame. A riser of the same tubing is welded to the base of the windshield posts, which are then reinforced with half-inch threaded-steel rods. The rear sub-frame is bolstered with a half-inch section of sheet steel welded to the horizontal tube brace. After the bracing is completed, the top is cut off. Then the rear-deck sheet metal is pounded back with an electric air hammer. Meanwhile, top bows and fiberglass tonneau covers and deck lids are fabricated in other parts of the shop.

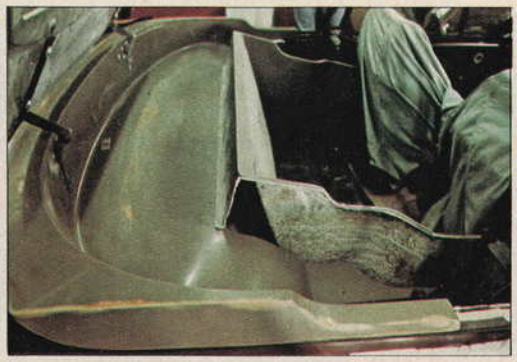
The steel bracing forms a rigid cradle around the passenger compartment and reinforces the doors. Additional strength is added by the cast-aluminum windshield top bar. Once the structural work is finished, the Intermeccanica-built Mustangs get new rear ends—which resemble the Mercedes 450SL—and a whole slew of luxury touches, including a burled-elm dash, black-painted top bows, a carpeted top compartment, custom interior lights and special side trim.

"We're doing more than simply making a coupe into a convertible," says Intermeccanica president, Tony Baumgartner. "We're adding quality to the car as we build it." Fair enough, considering the $15,000 to $16,000 most dealers are asking for the Cabrio convertible, which, soft top, luxury trim and all, is still a Mustang.

Similar structural reinforcement goes into the GM Sunray convertibles, the Toyota Sunchaser conversion, the Datsun 200SX–based Merlin convertible, as well as the American Convertible Corporation–built Trans Am and Camaro convertibles. The San Remo Dorado, built by Coach Design Group, Inc., in Westlake Village, California, offers similar structural strengthening, but goes several quantum leaps farther in luxury remanufacturing. Coach Design claims that 600 hours of labor go into each Dorado conversion, including a 30-coat hand-rubbed lacquer-paint job, custom mouton upholstery, a carpeted trunk, a 220-watt stereo system and much more. The Dorado, with its $35,000 sticker price, is one of the few conversions boasting a power top.

The Corvette convertible, produced by Flint Corvette of Los Angeles, is another story. The job is done wholly with parts

Complete rear-deck unit with distinctive Mercedes 450SL styling is prepared for installation.



Fiberglass container for top is fitted to rear-seat supports.

Solid rear-deck lid and top-mechanism unit are fitted to boot area.

made by the factory for the convertible discontinued in 1975. Flint says that Corvette convertibles and hardtops (structurally unchanged since 1975) both went through the same assembly lineup to the installation of the rear deck. At that point, the convertibles got soft tops, the convertible assembly and several hundred other assorted parts. No structural changes are required, Flint says. So his finished product is pretty close to a factory convertible. Because the Flint conversions need no manufactured parts, the price is comparatively much lower than other convertible conversions. (At a suggested list price of $20,000, the Flint conversion is only 25 percent more expensive than a well-equipped Corvette, which stickers for around $15,000.)

Now that you know what should go into a convertible conversion, shop carefully. Take a close look at the quality of the bodywork and interior trim. Check the windshield for strength by flexing it with your hand—if it isn't as solid as a fire hydrant, pass it by. Remember, the top should look clean and snug, both up and down. Those are things you can check out in the dealer's showroom. Since you may not be able to persuade the dealer to let you test drive a conversion, write the manufacturer: Company brochures should include renderings of the structural bracing. You might even give them a call: Ask them about their manufacturing procedures. They may be much more anxious to help than the dealer that's selling the car.

If you get a test drive, gently run the car up on a curb so that one wheel is higher than the others. Then open and close the doors. If they bind or do anything but open and shut smoothly, the car is bad merchandise. The windshield top bar and posts should be rock-steady on all road surfaces. If the car creaks unduly over rough pavement, be assured that the problem will get worse—pass on the car.

The $35,000 San Remo (above) is a soft top for high rollers. The Mustang Cabrio (below) offers European elegance for $15,500.

And lastly, check the top for smoothness of operation—easy up, fastening, unfastening, takedown and storage. A thorough check *before* purchase will save a lot of weeping and gnashing of teeth later on.

All things considered, custom convertibles are the smart shopper's route to driving distinction. In a city like Los Angeles, where Porsches and Rolls-Royces outnumber the taxicabs, a $15,000 convertible will turn more heads than gas at 50 cents a gallon. Besides, somebody's got to keep the American Dream rolling. ■

Final stages of welding top mechanism before mounting of new soft top.

Haartz-cloth top is sewn and attached to steel top mechanism.

The Mustang Cabrio ready for sale at $15,500 after a 48-hour top-to bottom transformation.

GROUP RATE

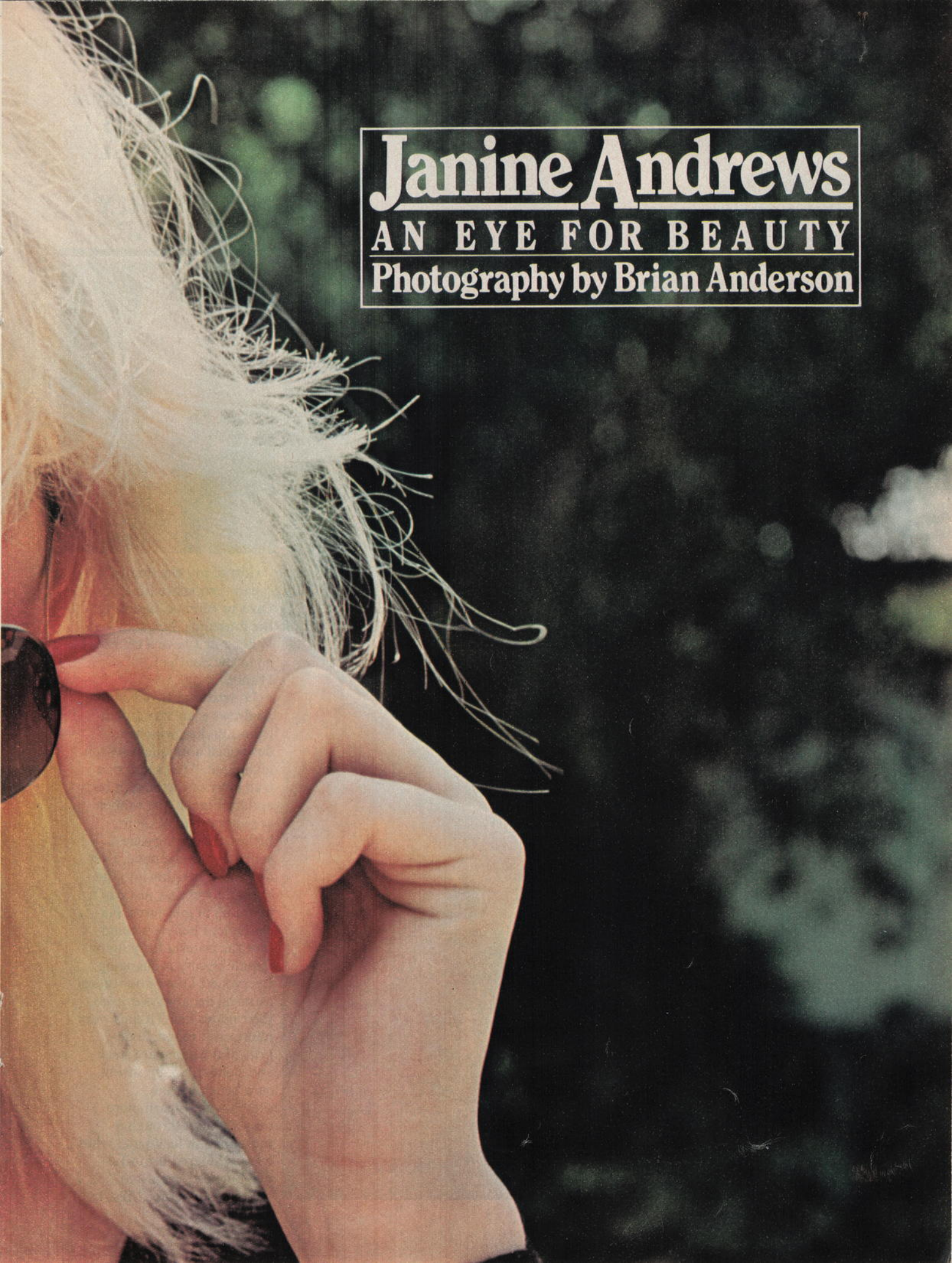
A Consumer's Guide to Consciousness Raising

Research by Mark Hunter

	est	Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh	Hippocrates Health Institute	Loving Relationships Training	Transcendental Meditation
Message	You are perfect the way you are; you can master your life. You are responsible for your own experience, and you're fucking up or you wouldn't be here.	Surrender completely to Bhagwan Rajneesh and he'll liberate you by destroying your ego. Get rid of your desires by experiencing them fully.	The degeneration of Western society has biological roots and can be reversed by God and living foods: The body can heal itself, given wheatgrass juice and sprouts.	Based on the idea that thoughts are creative: what you think is what you get. So be careful what you think; it may actually happen to you.	Aims to create an ideal society by relieving the stress in each individual through TM—a meditation "technology."
Rituals	The main ritual here is keeping up with 250 people who are sharing, agreeing and clarifying themselves into a cathartic experience they don't understand.	Daily meditation involves violent shaking, dancing and cathartic release of emotions. Devotees also listen to Bhagwan's taped discourses and quote him endlessly.	Yoga every morning; prayer before meals; enemas are common. Each student grows and harvests his own sprouts and juices.	Affirmations, rebirthing (a breathing process), sharing, clearing out the five biggies: birth trauma, death urge, parental disapproval, specific negatives, other lifetimes.	Close your eyes and meditate using TM for 20 minutes twice a day. After that, everything in your life will take care of itself.
Humiliation Techniques	They may call you an asshole, but that's not humiliating as long as you take responsibility for it.	Bhagwan regularly uses humiliation to break down the ego. Besides, if you want humiliation, do it!	No technique; living the lifestyle is hard enough as it is.	A very safe environment; but if you believe and still don't get what you deserve, that might be humiliating indeed.	They regard going through life without TM as cause for embarrassment.
Attitude Toward Sex	None prescribed, but remember: If it happens, you wanted it.	Famed in New Age movement for sexual freedom. To shed sexual desire, you must—ahh! ohh!—experience it.	Founder Ann Wigmore encourages celibacy; one may, however, encourage sprouts to reproduce.	The basic motto is: More fun per hour, as you tell the truth faster.	No set code; however, promiscuity or homosexuality is considered "stressed-up behavior."
What They Look Like	Average; mostly upper-middle class.	Average looks, befuddled expressions.	Some of the healthiest-looking people you'll ever see.	Better than average.	Attractive: few are fat or skinny; very bright eyes.
Attitude Toward Drugs	What you want to do with your body is your own responsibility.	Believers equate spirituality with getting high. Meditation will get you stoned, anyway, so who needs drugs?	Forget it. They use herbs for spicing only.	Just don't get so 'luded out that you can't tell the truth faster.	Discourages use of drugs, alcohol and tobacco, but TM says you'll cut back easily once you get into it.
Food Served	Coffee is served at guest seminars. No dietary restrictions.	In general, eat what you like, and let it eat you if you like.	Nuts and seeds in sprouted or fermented form, plus wheat-grass juice. Period.	Eat anything and anyone that pleases you.	Teachers are vegetarians. No codes for students; devil's food cake with white icing is recalled fondly by some.
How to Advance	Be a trainer, tax lawyer or corporate officer; better yet, start your own est spin-off.	You can start your own center, but Bhagwan's inner circle is mostly women. A disorganized movement.	They'll train you to run a healing center of your own; opportunities within the center are stable but limited.	Center managers get a percentage of fees. Start one soon, for they're about to go big time.	Stick with it and you could end up running the world in the Age of Enlightenment.
Sales Techniques	Volunteers phone those who attend guest seminars; noted for hard-sell, encyclopedia style.	With their liberal sexual reputation, who needs to advertise?	Functions as a school; advertises in several health-oriented mags; has mailing list for publications and film.	Founder Sondra Ray has published two books; most new contacts by word of mouth.	Word of mouth, with some newspaper ads. And now there's TM-TV, station KSCI, Los Angeles (where else?).
Where to Find It	Training is given in 28 U.S. cities and three foreign countries; home office is in San Francisco.	Centers start and stop often. Info at 415 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025.	One house at 25 Exeter St., Boston, Mass.; another at 6970 Central Ave., Lemon Grove, Calif.	Centers now in ten U.S. cities, but they seem to move around. Call 805-969-7215 for info.	Over 6000 TM teachers in U.S. alone; headquarters in Pacific Palisades, Calif.
Length of Training and Cost	Sixty hours over two weekends. Cost: $350.	No set time, but they encourage an expensive trip to Poona, India. Meditation centers charge $1–$3 an hour.	Two weeks will help fix your latest excesses. Room and board is $525–$690.	Intensive three-day weekend; with time off for "relaxation." About $300.	Seven hours spread over several days for $200; no cost for further studies.
Celebrity Fans	John Denver, Valerie Harper, many more.	Terence Stamp, Bernard Gunther.	Dick Gregory, Mia Farrow, many others.	Colleen Camp, actress.	Merv Griffin, Burt Reynolds, Andy Kaufman.
Classic Remarks	"I asked him whether God drinks. He laughed again and said, 'Yes, God drinks. He also screws.'" —W.W. Bartley III of Werner Erhard	"Why is it you talk so much about Bhagwan and so little of God?" "Bhagwan *is* God." —conversation overheard in Paras Rajneesh Center, San Francisco	"When we live . . . in harmony with the laws of life, we are . . . healthy. When we live and act out of harmony . . . we invite pain and distress." —Ann Wigmore	"It's everything you ever needed to know about relationships. It took me about four years to put it together." —Sondra Ray	"A small number . . . developing higher consciousness through [TM] is sufficient to neutralize negativity and disorder in the whole society." —*World Government News*

The urge to join something appears to be right up there with all the other hard-to-shake primal urges, such as eating, making love and owning a Porsche. Let's assume that you were one of the handful who survived the Seventies un-Trained, un-Hari'd and outside the est-ablishment. But you're curious. What if enlightenment *is* lurking behind chi energy and carrots sliced on the diagonal? The only way to find out is to join a group or two—but which one? And where's the guide to the important things, such as which group has more women, better hors d'oeuvres or interesting humiliation techniques? OUI jumps in where *Consumer Reports* fears to tread.

Actualizations	Arica Institute	Rolfing	Eckankar	Siddha Yoga Dham America	
You can discover your wisdom, simplicity and humor by working on the relationships in your world, beginning with your relationship to yourself.	Claims to scientifically systematize every possibility of the "human process," with the aim of creating a "metasociety."	Series of ten sessions to restructure your body into a greater verticality, thus making friends with gravity.	Path of individual experience for persons who want to learn about "higher worlds." Living ECK master personally protects the faithful.	Teaches that divine consciousness is within and can be activated by guru Baba Muktananda through personal contact; a sort of spiritual Midas touch.	
Main ritual is "sharing"—spilling your guts to strangers. Meditation and lectures on that "old-debbil" Judeo-Christian ethic are also employed.	"Group process" is Arican for consensus, vital to their philosophy. Uses 400 different meditations, self-massage, psychocalisthenics, colorful symbols and mind games.	Getting Rolfed remains the prime experience in body work; it proves you're serious about reshaping yourself and somewhat brave.	Have their own wedding, funeral and initiation services and five levels of initiates. Basic rituals include speaking the secret name of God ("Hu") and reading texts aloud.	Daily meditation from 5–6 A.M. Repeated chanting of mantras before meals and in the evening. Devotion that would make Billy Graham envious.	
Different leaders have different styles; a participant who walked out says he was called a coward for doing so.	Organization insists that humiliation is not part of training. However, individual Aricans are aces at getting their way.	If you really want to feel humiliated, try resisting what happens in your body when you're Rolfed.	There's no sin, fear or guilt in ECK. Unfortunately, neither is there the deep erotic thrill of the occult.	Founder Baba Muktananda is strict about discipline, and arrogance on your part invites humbling.	
"Sex is about two bodies joyfully playing together. The mistake we make is inviting our minds to the party."	Sex is one of nine doors to desire, and it's the biggest. Aricans are rumored to be highly eroticized.	Sex with clients is grounds for decertifying a Rolfer. But verticality can't help but make you stand straighter.	"The individual . . . begins to possess the highest sense of ethics imaginable." Not exactly a fuck-a-thon.	The vital fluid lost during intercourse is needed for meditation. Even marrieds practice restraint.	
The executive look turns them on.	Dramatic; many intense eyes.	Changes *your* looks, usually for the better.	A certain lack of flash is discernible.	Healthy; all that discipline clears the skin.	
No drugs or alcohol allowed in training, because participants might doubt their own feelings if they were high.	No official position, but individual Aricans use various drugs.	No set code, but Rolfers imply that getting high and getting vertical aren't the same.	All use of nonprescription drugs should stop when you start to study ECK; so get tight with your M.D. first.	Baba demands a pure and disciplined life, free of drugs, alcohol, tobacco.	
Sparkling cider is served at graduation.	During training, a high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet is prescribed.	Hang out under an apple tree, and gravity will feed you; your Rolfer probably won't.	No dietary restrictions; you're not what you eat.	Some of the best vegetarian cuisine in the consciousness movement.	
Most paid staff start as volunteers. If you don't like it, start your own, like Stewart Emery did when he broke from est.	This family provides you with group support and self-mastery techniques, both of value to the ambitious.	Become a Rolfer and you can expect an income of $20,000–$40,000 a year.	There's just one slot at the top of this multimillion-dollar tax-exempt company. Teachers work for nothing.	Core group of 50–60 devotees runs show; would-be Siddha gurus need patience aplenty.	
People who take it want their friends to. If your lover does, you'll know about it.	Founder Ichazo's books draw interest; the institute has done national ads.	No official advertising; institute receives 20,000 inquiries a year. Rolfers may advertise locally.	"We don't advertise," says a spokesman. "But we do use newspapers to put out messages about the teachings."	Baba allows no advertising. If you want him, follow him around.	
Given in several cities around U.S.; home organization is in Tiburon, Calif. Call 415-435-5122 for info.	Available on both coasts and in between. Contact Arica at 235 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10003.	Two hundred and twenty-five Rolfers in U.S.; write Rolf Institute, P.O. Box 1868, Boulder, CO 80306.	There are 75,000 ECKists—a trainer in practically every town in the U.S. HQ: Menlo Park, Calif.	Two hundred and fifty centers worldwide; dozens in U.S.; contact SYDA Foundation in Oakland, Calif.	
Sixty hours over three and a half days. Cost: $350.	One-day to 40-day trainings. $400–$800 for 40 days; $200–$300 for two weeks; $60/yr. dues.	Ten sessions over six–ten weeks. Cost: $50 a session; varies per Rolfer.	Two years to the first initiation, $75 a year, plus cost of five turgid texts.	Offer two-day intensives for $75; practice is lifelong.	
Donovan Leitch, singer.	Jerry Rubin, Lindsay Wagner, John Lilly.	Adam Smith, author.	Plato, but he can't confirm.	Marsha Mason, Neil Simon, Jerry Brown.	
"If you are looking for the source of our problems, you might say that our first mistake was getting born." —STEWART EMERY	"The system of our sexuality produces in us the energy of eroticism. But eroticism is not grasped by our essential self . . ." —OSCAR ICHAZO	"Rolfing is not a therapy. If you have to use that word *therapy*, then gravity is the therapist." —IDA ROLF	"All living ECK masters have descended from the first ECK master, Gakko, who came into this world about six million years ago." —*What Is Eckankar?*	"When these so-called gurus are giving knowledge . . . see if they accept it themselves. See if a person is following what he teaches." —BABA MUKTANANDA	



Janine Andrews

AN EYE FOR BEAUTY

Photography by Brian Anderson

"THE ARTIST IN ME LOVES A MAN WHO IS WELL DEVELOPED, BUT NOT OVERLY MUSCULAR."

"Most of my classmates spend their spare time in Paris or Firenze, haunting the museums. Not me. Whenever I have a chance, I go to the South of France."

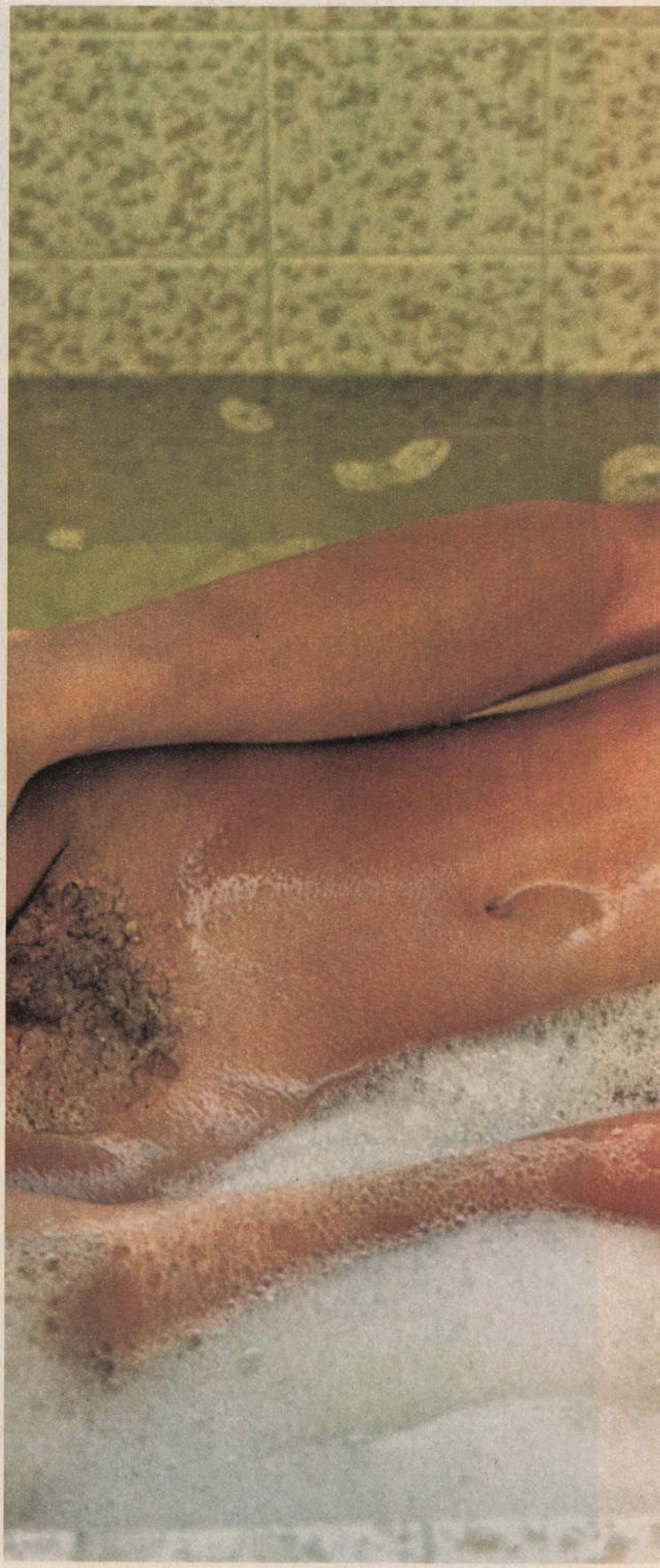
Nineteen-year-old Janine Andrews is an art student from London, who has developed a unique research technique. "You see, I'm a true lover of the human body and, in France, the women are very proud of their bodies. Since everyone sunbathes in the nude, I've developed insights into the human form that just can't be found in museums. For example, I believe strongly that the criteria for judging female beauty is changing. Everyone I know who studies classical art always draws their nudes like Titian's, very plump and round. Today, beautiful women are sleek and slender. So, by sitting on a beach with a sketchbook, I learn more than walking through a museum and looking at what was considered beautiful two hundred years ago."

Sounds like fun. "Yes, I

"THE FEMALE BODY IS BEAUTIFUL, AND I APPRECIATE MY OWN BODY THAT MUCH MORE."

thought you might like that," she replied. "Besides, this also gives me an opportunity to check out the competition." Ah ha! We knew that you couldn't be all that serious. "Oh, I am. I think the female body is a beautiful thing, and all this work makes me appreciate my body all that much more."

What about the male body? we asked. "My research in male anatomy is much more intense," she said with a wry smile. And what, exactly, does that mean? "When I'm out on the beach, my sketchbook always attracts men like a magnet. It's amazing. Men are interested in female artists. If I see a particularly attractive specimen, I always seem to be able to talk him into modeling for me." By this time, Janine was blushing, and we wondered if maybe this



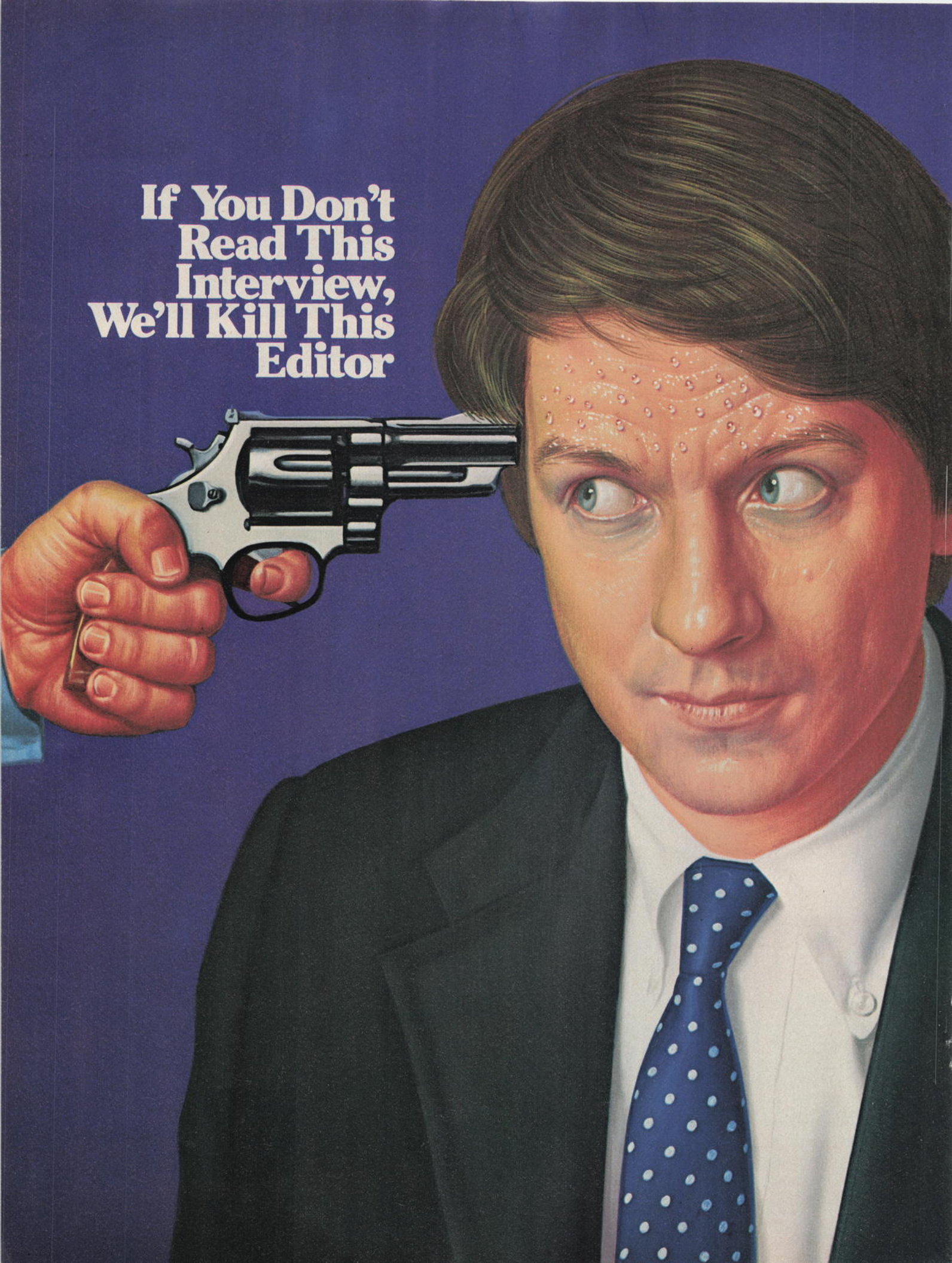
"WHEN I'M OUT ON THE BEACH, MY SKETCHBOOK ATTRACTS MEN LIKE A MAGNET. IT'S AMAZING."

wasn't just a ploy to meet men. "Oh, no—that's not my intent . . . but somehow, that's the end result. I spend my days on the beach sketching women; then I spend my evenings working with the male models."

What sort of man is she attracted to? we asked. "Well, it depends on which of my personas is involved. The artist in me loves a man who is well developed and in good condition—but not overly muscular. However, romantically it's a different story. I like men who share my interest in art but who are not artists themselves. Somehow, male artists are always cranky. Besides, they usually want me to pose for them, and I don't have the patience."

Why, then, did she agree to pose for OUI? "That's a good question. Photography is such a different discipline, and I've always admired the work in OUI. It has genuine artistic merit. Besides, after seeing so many beautiful women—I'm flattered that I was asked."

oui
AUGUST 1980


If You Don't
Read This
Interview,
We'll Kill This
Editor

A CONVERSATION WITH

P.J. O'ROURKE

The editor of the *National Lampoon* may have swapped dope for Scotch and Nixon for Carter, but he still knows how to drive fast while getting his wing-wang squeezed and not spill his drink.

Out of the echt-Hibernian hinterlands of Ohio comes one Patrick Jake O'Rourke, a descendant of horse thieves and the missing link between the *National Lampoon*—founded by Doug Kenney and *Saturday Night Live*'s Michael O'Donoghue—and NatLampCo as it stands today, a colossus of the publishing, motion-picture (*Animal House*) and T-shirt-merchandising worlds. As editor-in-chief of this mighty satiric empire, O'Rourke was 50 percent responsible for the best-selling one-shot magazine of all time, the *National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody*. And he was 100 percent responsible for the highly acclaimed *National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody*, which, as a certain New York media critic put it, "buried the long-dead American newspaper."

A graduate of both Johns Hopkins University's Creative Writing School and the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving, O'Rourke first wrote for such Sixties underground rags as the *New York Ace*, the *East Village Other* and Baltimore's *Harry*, which boosted its circulation with a Win a Date with P.J. O'Rourke contest. O'Rourke gained further renown by being the only representative of the underground press to accompany President Nixon on his historic 1972 visit to Red China—a visit, however, that was later shown to be a hoax. The photos of O'Rourke purported to have been taken on Beijing's Street of the Donkeys were exposed as having actually been taken in front of a Chinese restaurant at 19 Mott Street in New York's Chinatown. Even so, O'Rourke's dispatches from the People's Republic will probably be quoted as authoritative, firsthand accounts for years to come (as with the book *Men's Liberation* by Jack Nichols, Penguin, 1975).

O'Rourke now lives in a modest, book-lined *pied-à-terre*, just south of New York's Upper East Side and within hailing distance of Jackie O. and Truman Capote. He continues to dress in faded jeans or conservative suits—the latter make a better impression when he says "Fuck you" to his rafter-packed college-lecture audiences.

"Whether they know it or not, every time an American laughs, he or she is being indirectly amused by P.J. O'Rourke," says interviewer Robert Singer, who is currently the publisher of a new magazine, *Pick-Up Times*. "This awesome satirist, who combines in one thirtyish mind and body the best of Swift, Wilde, Shaw, Mencken and both Waughs, is, beneath his gruff exterior, an awfully nice guy. O'Rourke is a better man than God; the sun shines out of his asshole and, when he lays it down, by Ned, it stays there." As you may have noticed, Singer is a man of some wit himself, although he may owe his inspiration to the tankful of nitrous oxide he took to the interview.

OUI: What drugs do *National Lampoon* editors prefer?

O'ROURKE: Scotch. We seem to be a pretty sedate bunch of people at the moment. I don't think any of us smoke grass to any extent. We do an occasional hit. I think most of us will take a little snort of coke if it's around. But I don't know anybody on the staff who's really devoted to it. Mostly, we drink too much.

OUI: Doesn't fit my image of you guys at all.

O'ROURKE: The fact is, we're too busy for drugs. It's the business that keeps us from acting up, not any innate virtue.

OUI: Still, there must be times . . .

O'ROURKE: No, Scotch is it. You get close to thirty and you can't drink that much beer—you just bloat up like a balloon. It's like drinking a loaf of bread. But Scotch. . . . Well, it's like this: You work all day here in the office, and you're really exhausted. And yet you've had absolutely no physical exercise. Your body feels like it just got out of bed, and your mind is useless. The only way to get Mr. Body to quiet down is to pour some Scotch into him. I think that's really the heart of the problem of why writers drink so much—it's the utter lack of physicality in the work they do.

OUI: What do you think of this nitrous oxide we're doing?

O'ROURKE: It's kind of fun. It's the essence of a "nice drug" because it leaves no after-effects, doesn't last very long and doesn't incapacitate you afterwards—unlike, say, amyl nitrite. Jesus Christ, talk about dangerous! You do three or four of those in a row, and you really feel like you're standing next to death.

OUI: How do you feel about LSD?

O'ROURKE: You wouldn't want to take it after a day full of worrying about stuff at the office, that's for sure. You'd have a trip full of images of balance sheets.

OUI: Lots of writers say that cocaine helps them to concentrate while at the typewriter.

O'ROURKE: It just makes me want to drink

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

more to calm down. I have never found anything that helped me write, with the exception of coffee and cigarettes.

OUI: How did you become editor of the *Lampoon* in the first place?

O'ROURKE: Well, I was born in 1947 in Toledo, Ohio, to a car salesman and his wife. Nothing much happened for a few years. I went to college at Miami of Ohio—one of several colleges whose students claim to be the inspiration for *Animal House*. Actually, Dartmouth was the real model for the movie. Anyway, then I went to graduate school at Johns Hopkins and worked for an underground newspaper in Baltimore and wrote some poetry and . . .

OUI: Uh, mind speeding this up?

O'ROURKE: Sure. Come to think of it, it was about that time that you asked me to come up to New York to help put out something called *Speed*, the magazine of fast reading.

OUI: Ah, yes, that one disappeared faster than a line of cocaine at Studio 54.

O'ROURKE: And then there was the short-lived *East Village Other*—who thought that one up?—a kind of Upper East Side *Village Voice* for which there could not have been less need. That brings us up to 1971, when I started to freelance for the *Lampoon*.

OUI: Let's go back to the late Sixties for a moment. That was a real seminal time to be coming of age.

O'ROURKE: Yes, I belonged to the famous Class of '65, the postwar baby-boom generation that kind of went nuts for a while.

OUI: How did you stay out of the army?

O'ROURKE: By being a Communist homosexual dope addict with a bad back. I had a friend in Baltimore who was a doctor, and he gave me a letter detailing my history of drug abuse. No, wait—I was first called up for the draft in 1969, the year my mother was dying of cancer. I didn't know whether to run off to Canada or join the Viet Cong, but I was certainly going to make a big fuss and maybe go to jail. I didn't really want to do that, though, because, although I'm not exactly great-looking, I was a little too cute for jail. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me, my mother wrote the draft board about how she was dying of cancer and I was her only son and nobody in the family had ever gone to college before and couldn't I please be allowed to finish graduate school before I was drafted? They said yes, so I got out for a year on the basis of a note from my mom.

OUI: And the next year?

O'ROURKE: They were after me again, in what turned out to be my only astrological experience. Almost the entire Scorpio run that year was wiped out in the draft lottery. So that was when I had my doctor friend write this not-unexaggerated letter about my history of drug abuse. The army was very paranoid about drug users at the time,

THE MAGAZINE PARODY

REPENTHOUSE
PHOTO FEATURE—THE GIRLS OF THE VATICAN
NUDE MOONIES AT PRAYER
FEELING GOOD ABOUT FEELING BAD ABOUT FEELING GOOD
MOTHER MAYBELLE CARTER BARES THAT OLD RUGGED CROTCH
psychology today
You Can't Spell Analysis without A-N-A-L
Eric Berne on the Short Club and Weak No-Trump
Homosexuality: Vice or Illness?
Our Brains: What Is All That Grey Goo In There, Anyway?
What's the Matter with Us: Are We Sick, or What?
The Case for Lobotomy on Demand
Sports Illustrated
THE CALL IS COURAGE
BLIND UMPIRE CAL TINSLEY

"The secret is to use better art and copy than the magazine we're parodying," says O'Rourke, "which is why we'd never take on something like 'Scientific American'."

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER PARODY

P.J.'s fascination with his own small-town origins inspired not only this parody, but also his new screenplay, "The History of Ohio from the Dawn of Time until the End of the Universe."

so that was enough to get me out.

OUI: Would you do it the same way today?

O'ROURKE: That's a tough one. If I were the age I am now and the Sixties materialized all over again, I suppose I'd have the same opinion of college kids that my folks did—which is that they talk like stevedores and they look like they just got off a freight train. They're dirty, stupid and their music is loud and it doesn't make any sense. The only difference is not having the Vietnam War anymore.

OUI: Unless you live in Vietnam.

O'ROURKE: Yes, isn't it interesting how the Vietnamese, as it turns out, are every bit as evil as Lyndon Johnson said they were? I believe that what they're doing to the ethnic Chinese is very close to what the Germans did to the Jews, both in intent and execution. I still don't think that excuses the strange, semi-colonial, anachronistic war we fought. But let's face it; the Sixties were really a mess.

OUI: I do recall that you once said that given the present drift of American foreign policy, going to Vietnam was probably the last chance a country boy like yourself would've had to go to a foreign country, shiv a lot of people and have a lot of strange sex.

O'ROURKE: I have absolutely no doubt that I said that. Probably dead right, too.

OUI: Getting back to kids today . . . I take it you're not crazy about them.

O'ROURKE: I was down at CBGB last night thinking about just that. The place is full of adolescents and, as is natural with all adolescents, they want to act weird. Trouble is, my generation—the one that's around thirty—used up all the weird in the Sixties. So these kids are stuck with *used* weird; it's kind of strange. I think they're a sad generation—there isn't really any road for their adolescent rebellion to take, not like there was for us in the Sixties and early Seventies. Besides, I think America is just kind of tired of kids. We really overdosed on them for a while there. I heard someone once say that every time a teenager sneezed, the youth desk over at *Time* came down with the flu. I think this is going to be the decade of adulthood.

OUI: Do you have any advice for the youth of today?

O'ROURKE: I don't know. . . . Just don't drink so much that you have to throw up more often than is absolutely necessary.

OUI: How do you feel about being asked a question about what sort of advice you have for young people?

O'ROURKE: It is sort of mystifying. First time I've ever been asked.

OUI: Well, here's one you've probably been asked more than once. What did you have in mind when you told *Time* magazine that the *Lampoon* was "the magazine of ruling-class humor"?

O'ROURKE: I had actually put a lot of analysis into that remark. The *Lampoon*'s roots are in the upper-middle-class educated-Irish school of humor. Not quite upper-class, because the Irish are not WASPS. If, say, any of the Kennedys wrote humor, the humor that they'd write would be *National Lampoon* humor. Part of this has to do with the Irish being somewhat on the outside of society, like the Jews.

OUI: I always thought the *Lampoon* is as far removed from Jews as it is from blacks.

O'ROURKE: Yes, well, feeling outside *is* the only similarity, except for a love of poetry. The Irish have a long tradition of using humor as a weapon in the form of ridicule and satire. The ancient Irish had satirists who wandered from town to town demanding women and drugs—or whatever it was you demanded in those days. And if the satirist was refused, he'd go out and ridicule your house and field and sheep or whatever, and these things would wither and die, according to legend. We have a strong sense of that sort of thing at the *Lampoon*. What makes Irish humor ruling class is the influence it had on British humor, which is, of course, the humor of the upper class. All of this makes perfect sense when you realize that the *Harvard Lampoon* is at the root of the *National Lampoon*—even though there's only one Harvard graduate left.

OUI: I wouldn't exactly call you guys upper crust . . .

O'ROURKE: Members of the *Harvard Lampoon* were never, shall we say, of the first water. They were the clowns, the brats, the nagging gadflies. But it would be very bogus if the *Lampoon* were to adopt a sort of

(Continued on page 92)

UNDER THE COVERS

"My theory about covers," explains O'Rourke, "is to use realistic art. At least one person the reader can identify with, expressing a strong emotion. The July '77 cover is the only bad-selling sex issue we've ever had. Whereas, the dog—well, anybody can identify with a dog. It did great."

IN PRAISE OF PRAISE

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE

ARTICLE BY GERALD CARPENTER

She was, I would say, older than 25 but younger than 30. I was a 21-year-old vagrant with my thumb out, trying to get from San Jose to San Francisco, and she happened along in her Toyota, heading in the same direction. She pulled off onto the shoulder, we discovered our mutual destination, and I got in.

Hitchhiking offers many promises of adventure, erotic and otherwise (what normal hitcher hasn't had the fantasy of catching the big one, the ride to luxury and orgasm?), and she seemed well within accepted standards of gender (female) and age (15–62). I thought I might, in the words of an English friend, "Chat her up a bit." She was pretty, if somewhat on the tiny side, and I asked her name and what she did for a living.

"I'm a teacher," she said, passing me one of her cards. I glanced at it quickly, learning nothing, and put it into my wallet. She was anxious about something, very anxious. Her knuckles were squeezed white on the wheel. It could have been me ("I've never picked up a hitchhiker before . . ."), but I doubted it. I asked her what her husband did. It was a hunch but, if there *were* a husband, it'd be best to bring him up right away.

"My husband," she said in a dazed tone, "is divorcing me." She just couldn't believe it was happening.

I was younger then, with quicker reflexes. I said, "That's a real break for the rest of us men in the world."

"Oh!" she gasped, and took her eyes off the road long enough to give me a look of intense gratitude. She almost seemed to start purring. And I watched in wonder as she opened herself to me, unfolding like a flower after a long, dark night. That was something to see, something to remember; I saw, I remembered, and we both thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

This anecdote, reasonably factual, illustrates several points of instruction for the journeyman lover. The lesson itself is simple: Offer her the right compliment, and the veil of the temple shall be rent asunder—the secret woman shall be set free. Sounds pretty dramatic, I know, but I think you'll find that if you *really* pay attention to a woman, you will discover in her a much higher tolerance for brave words than you might have believed possible. A woman might doubt that she really deserves your extravagant praise, but she will rarely (if ever) suspect that your florid language be-

PHOTOILLUSTRATION BY TAKI ONO AND LISA POWERS

tokens insincerity. And, anyway, since love is an exalted state, lovers are not *supposed* to talk like other people.

So, lesson number one in the art of flattery: Never refrain from paying a compliment merely because you think it'll sound silly.

You need not be James Bond or some similarly silver-tongued devil to praise women effectively. Glibness is not a prerequisite, and you needn't possess an enormous vocabulary or a Ph.D. All you really need are an I.Q. somewhere above 80 and the proper state of mind. This state of mind requires that you be able to listen to a woman talk without dismissing it as chatter, and that you be able to really, truly and sincerely enjoy the company of a woman—not just endure it because you're horny.

After all, women are not all the same: Like water molecules, each woman has a different boiling point, a different melting point and a different reaction to pressure.

NEVER REFRAIN FROM PAYING HER A COMPLIMENT BECAUSE YOU THINK IT'LL SOUND SILLY

For example, the teacher in my story was suffering from a case of near terminal insecurity—she felt rejected as a wife, as a woman, as a *person*. I could have told her that her husband was a bastard, even though I'd never laid eyes on him, but I doubt if that would have been news to her. What *was* news—front-page news, in fact—was that I, speaking for all other men in the world, found her attractive and was glad to have a chance to be with her. I was lucky. I had my wits about me, and I was moved by kindness. She got exactly the kind of boost she needed, and I was blessed with the full benefit of her gratitude. Like the song says, "It's nice work if you can get it, and you can get it if you try."

The tips on flattery presented below are not rules, just suggestions. The specific application of each will be up to you and your situation.

Flattery without words. Believe me, it is very flattering to a woman that you make sure you're alone with her a lot. Avoid double dates and parties. Instead, take her out for coffee, for a walk, for dinner. The compliment is—and she'll see it—that you want to talk to and be with only her. In the words of a 17th-Century female writer, "Attention is a silent and perpetual flattery." If you go out to public events, try to make your choice of them flattering to her, as if your choice represents an expense she is worth or a quality she can appreciate. Don't be obsessive about this, like splurging on a weekend in Paris, because you'll probably freak her out or make her doubt your motives. But keep her to yourself—if you can.

Get her talking. Everybody likes to talk about themselves, and the look that will come over her face when she realizes that you're really interested in what she has to say is something to see. You could ask her about her job, her classes or her family. She'll be sitting there, across the table, perhaps wondering how soon you're going to want her to spread her legs and when you're going to start telling her what a hotshot you are. So surprise her. Ask her something like: "Did you have a happy childhood?" or "What's it like working with . . .?" Listen to her, and remember what she says. Your first one-to-one conversation can be a perfect gold mine of possible compliments and also a source of future questions. The more you know about her, the better your questions will be, and asking her the right questions can be the most effective compliment of all.

Public praise vs. private praise. Because it's easier to prove that you're on her side when the "other side" is visible and definite, public praise is simple. Just wait for an opening in a public conversation or discussion, and then come out rooting for her. Never hesitate to be emphatic in your support of her. Since all that really matters is that you side with her, the content of your comment is of secondary importance. In private, however, you'll be addressing yourself to all sorts of vague and subconscious anxieties. Your first job is to get them out into the open and then to go to work on getting them out of her system.

A case in point: If you're at a party and one of her girlfriends is waxing bitchy, making your lady the center of a lot of negative attention, you ought to casually assume a place at her side, maybe even take her hand, and defend your lady's point of view. When you're alone together, you should be more intimate and more openly reassuring, as in: "You know, you have a lot of good thoughts—you ought to share them more often."

Gifts as compliments. Once you've gotten her comfortable and talking about herself, she may mention wanting this or that—not fishing, you know, just talking about her general desires. For instance, if during your conversation she sighs and says, "I think a single red rose is really romantic," wait a few days, or longer, and then surprise her with—guess what?—a single red rose. If she's forgotten that she ever mentioned it, she'll think you're a mind reader or, at least, that you know her better than you really do. A much trickier but even more flattering gambit is to buy her something that you have deduced she would like. Did you notice that she has French cookbooks in her kitchen? Then take her to the most exclusive French restaurant you can think of.

Superexpensive gifts are always a hit, of course, but you don't even have to know her name to be sure she'll like them. Anyway, gifts of diamonds, furs, Jaguars and the like will put your relationship immediately on a mercenary basis from which it will never recover.

First and lasting. The best and most effective compliment you can pay her is to continually demonstrate your interest in, and growing affection for, her as a person. One good way to do this is to give up something—a game, a party, a Nobel Prize—to be with her.

Suppose you ask her out for Saturday night. She says she'll get back to you but, while you wait for her return call, you suddenly score tickets to a championship bout. She calls you back and says, "Sure, Saturday's fine." At this point, without hesitation, remark, "Great! I just got these tickets to a fight but—what the hell?—it'll be easy to give them away." Give her the impression that the only reason you thought about going wherever you were going was that you didn't think you would be able to be with her at that time. Don't mope about your loss, or ever refer to it again. She will remember, even if you profess not to. Besides, she just may ask "Who's fighting?"

EMPHASIZE THOSE THINGS ABOUT HER THAT SHE ADMIRES IN HERSELF

Absolutely and in particular. Praise must never be comparative. If you don't want to hear about her former boyfriends, don't tell her about your former girlfriends. The chances are that neither of you is a virgin, either sexually or emotionally, but you should both speak and act as if this were your first real shot at true love. Never say: "You're the best piece of ass I've ever had," or worse, "You're much better in bed than she was." Say something like: "I think you must have invented lovemaking." Sounds corny but, believe me, that comment will make her feel like she did.

The "I'm so . . ." syndrome. This is a warning: There will come a time when it looks like she is handing you an opportunity to compliment her on a silver platter, but leaping without looking will land you right in trouble. She may say something like: "I'm so dumb!" or "I'm so fat!" or "I'm so ugly!" And you will, naturally, think that all you have to do to make her feel good is to say, "No, you're not," or otherwise gently contradict her. Don't do it. It's some kind of weird game that women like to play. It has something to do with their self-image, but never mind. The best thing to say in these situations is nothing at all. Change the subject. Give her a little smile and cock one eyebrow. If she persists, tell her that every woman you've ever known talked herself down like that, and that you had hoped she would be different.

Don't lie. Except maybe to spare her feelings, and only then by omission of the damaging information. If you start out bullshitting her, you're going to have too much to remember later on, and you'll step in it, sooner or later. Anyway, it's bad policy to lie to anybody you're going to be seeing again.

Praise through criticism. Unless you're a master, forget it. No matter what you might have heard, criticism, however "constructive," is not proof of your love; it's a test of hers. There is a place for it, even a need, but don't fool yourself into thinking that by telling her the changes you think she ought to make in herself you're strengthening the bond between you.

When you seek to praise her, emphasize those things about her that she admires in herself: Compliment her on what she is proud of being or of having done. If she has some mannerism or figure of speech that really bugs you—but not enough to stop seeing her—let it ride. Hopefully, she'll correct those things herself through prolonged exposure to you. Take this example: She has a slightly annoying habit of continually checking herself out in every mirror or window she passes. One day, over drinks, she confides that someone told her that she's one of the vainest people they've ever known. This bothers her greatly. She puts down her drink, looks you in the eye and says, "What do *you* think?" At all costs, avoid saying, "Well, you know, I've been meaning to tell you . . ." Simply say that it's too early to form an opinion. Besides, put yourself in her place: Would you rather hear a complaint or a compliment?

Say what you really mean. Spontaneity works better than memorization, and sincerity works better than hypocrisy. Flattery works on her vanity, which may or may not be based on reality, but a compliment spotlights a real virtue, and is therefore more likely to produce a profound response. Go for the permanent things: Don't praise her for holding an opinion that she's likely to be ashamed of somewhere down the line. And don't let your compliments become automatic; don't start repeating yourself blatantly. Most compliments only work once; so if you've got a line that's just too good to throw away, save it.

A final word. You may have noticed in all of our tips that the key to flattery is spontaneity and sincerity—those things that you yourself would like to hear in a compliment, right? As Victor Hugo discovered: "To pay compliments to the woman we love is the first way of caressing her. A compliment is like kissing through a veil." ■

If the Grateful Dead do have the world's most loyal fans, it must be the power of the Pyramids . . .

Article by Burr Snider

A Dead Head will swim backward six miles underwater to get to a show.
—Bill Graham

Dead Heads, of course, are Grateful Dead fans, if that puny word can encompass the intensity these people feel toward their musical heroes. They are loyal members of a weird and far-flung *karass* of rock-'n'-roll addicts, constructed around the nucleus of one of the last surviving seminal acid-rock bands. Dead Heads—well, Dead Heads are . . . *different*. They are not only terminally hooked on the intoxicating Dead music; they actually feel themselves to be integral, functioning cogs in the ambience of kinship that has grown up around the band in the last decade or so. In the age of New Wave, disco and severe rock-'n'-roll decline, the Dead, if you will, live on—and so do the Dead Heads. Bill Walton, the colossus of the N.B.A., is a Dead Head, as are Jane Fonda, Ken Kesey, Bill Graham, Francis Coppola (Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh and Billy Kreutzmann of the Dead worked on the score for *Apocalypse Now*), Connie Conehead (of *Saturday Night Live*) and Hamza El-Din, living master of a Middle Eastern stringed instrument called the oud and one of the most widely celebrated musicians in the Moslem world.

MICHAEL ZAGARIS

Tuning up before the show: Dead Heads live on air, music, beer and pharmaceuticals.

Me, I'm a Dead Head, too. I've been a Grateful Dead junkie since the night in 1971 when I was dragged reluctantly to a Dead concert in Frankfurt, Germany. The band arrived two hours late and proceeded to play a six-hour set that lasted, with intermissions, until nearly four in the morning. They could have played until noon as far as I was concerned. I've probably seen the Dead 20 times since then and, like any other Dead Head, I'll flat out say it: THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT. My friends tell me I seem to go into a trance at the first note of the first song and don't come out of it until the stage is cleared. One memorable sun-kissed afternoon at the Oakland Coliseum, I danced a solid five hours near second

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY ENGEL

base as, the Dead totally mesmerized a crowd of over 50,000 screaming fanatics.

Even at that, I'm not what you might call a 32nd Degree Dead Head. There are people who just *do not* miss a Dead concert, no matter where it is played, no matter under what adverse conditions. When the band used to book into San Francisco's now-defunct Winterland for a six-night stand, you could bet the real Dead Heads would be there for every single performance, straining to get at some more of that hot music, lapping it up down to the last lingering notes of *Dark Star*. There was a special corner I used to go to in that dilapidated old ice rink—a little nook where the confluence of the speakers made it perfect for dancing—and there I'd see the same dancing Dead Head faces time after time, concert after concert, some of them so spaced I wondered what in the world they did for survival between Dead appearances. How did they get along? They lived on air and the music, I finally decided, and they probably lived well at that—for, as every Dead Head knows, the music never stops. Once, I ran into a familiar-looking kid there, a skinny superhippie who seemed always to be smiling. As he floated past me, I noticed that his face glowed with a luster beyond pharmaceuticals. "Hey, you look different," I said to him. "What happened?" His grin grew even wider as he leaned toward me and whispered conspiratorially, "Egypt, man."

Ah, yes . . . Egypt. The Dead's crowning expedition to date, a full-scale series of concerts at the foot of the Pyramids and, not incidentally, the greatest challenge any Dead Head ever faced.

"I know people who actually mortgaged their homes and sold their cars to get to Egypt when the Dead played at the Pyramids two years ago," says Jan Rasmussen, secretary to Bill Graham, the rock impresario nonpareil and *numero uno* Dead Head. "My husband and I almost took out a loan, even though we weren't that well-off at the time," Jan told me. "Even now, we're sorry we didn't."

ED PERLSTEIN

Fifty thousand sunburnt fans can't be all wrong: enough watts to raise the Dead.

MICHAEL ZAGARIS

True believers camping out with Bill Graham before a five-night stand in San Francisco.

STEVE SMITH

The Dead, 1980 (clockwise from right): Jerry Garcia, guitar; Phil Lesh, bass; Bill Kreutzmann, drums; Brent Mydland, keyboards; Mickey Hart, percussion; Bob Weir, guitar.

What engenders this kind of fanaticism? Well, of course, it's mostly the music itself—that extraordinary, emotionally overpowering and certainly most danceable brand of boogie that the Dead consistently puts across like no other rock-'n'-roll band. Nobody has mastered the logistics of playing to large groups of people better than the Dead—no, not even the Rolling Stones—because for years, the band has pumped much of its income back into

ED PERLSTEIN

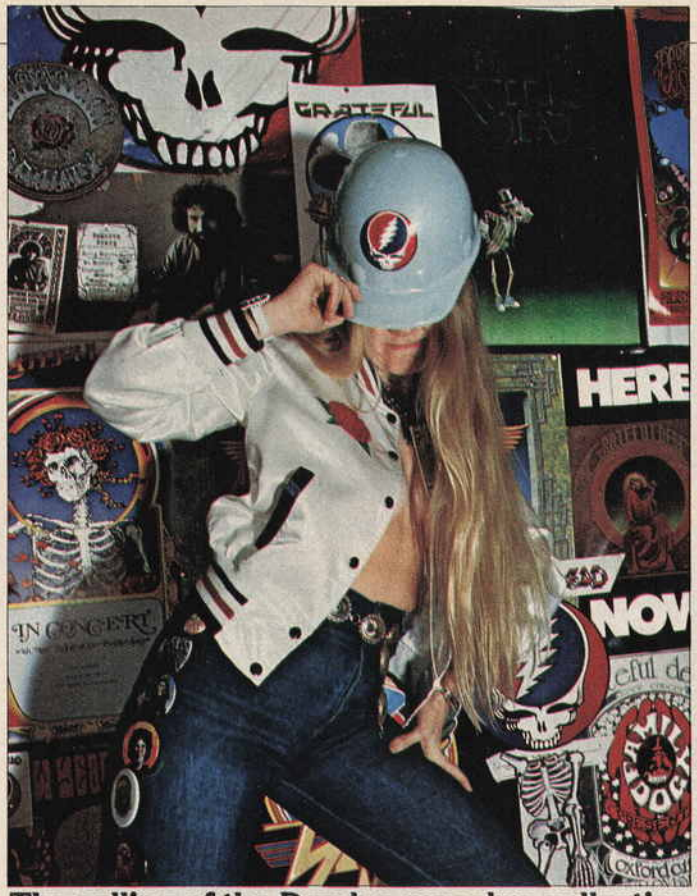
improving its show. The Dead sound system is state-of-the-art, and their stage presentation is as tight as a railroad watch.

Fans tend to appreciate this all-consuming drive toward perfection, and they further appreciate the fact that for all their years as a major headlining rock-'n'-roll act, the Dead have not retreated into the frosty and remote alienation common to superstars. Dead Heads, for all their adulation, are quick to criticize when they feel the band has

slipped from its pinnacle of excellence, and the Dead themselves count on this feedback to keep them in the groove. The band actually cultivates a strong relationship with its fans and, somehow, even after all these years of being pestered by legions of

acid-eyed space rangers, there is a palpable genuineness in the connection between the Dead and Dead Heads. At a Dead concert, which is really more like a carnival or a gathering of the clans, the audience is as much a part of the show as the band, and Garcia and Company seem to always make an effort to keep this in mind. They don't indulge in a lot of onstage byplay to ingratiate themselves with an audience, because they know that the music is the thing. In fact, aside from a rare laconic comment from Bob Weir or Phil Lesh during a tune-up pause, the music is the *only* thing. "They just make you feel like you're out in somebody's barn for a Saturday-night ruckus," a young woman told me at my last Dead concert.

If there were a standard Dead Head profile, it would probably be that of a laid-back country hippie with an old lady, a hound dawg, a dusty pickup and a backyard full of *sinsemilla*. Certainly, this type and its urban counterpart abound at concerts. But Dead Heads come in all stripes: There are old Dead Heads, baby Dead Heads, gay Dead Heads, disabled Dead Heads (always plenty of wheelchairs at a Dead performance), black Dead Heads



ED PERLSTEIN

The selling of the Dead: a macabre collection of posters, buttons, hats and T-shirts.

STEVE SMITH

There are enough Dead threads to last the well-dressed Head until the apocalypse.

DAVE PATRICK

Living Dead: What does a die-hard fan do between shows? Redecorate the house . . .

(although not too many) and even, unfortunately, dead Dead Heads, like the one who took a fatal fall from a bank of speakers at a Colorado concert a few years back.

Dead Head–ism is a global phenomenon. Take Tony Ziemba, who writes a column for a Dead-oriented English fanzine called *Dark Star* (modeled after a successful American publication called *Relix*), which has been publishing for about four years now. "In Europe, the Dead Head concept is a pretty informal one," Ziemba says. "There's not so much a network per se, as in America; it's just that you know a lot of the people and run into them a lot. Being a Dead Head can consume a large part of your time, but it isn't the only thing in these people's lives. Going to a Dead concert is sort of like going on a vacation. Over there, they're mostly older, late twenties and thirties. You may slow down after a while, but you don't outgrow the Dead, because they're always growing themselves. The Dead grab hold of what is going by and push it a little farther."

There's a kind of love that surrounds the band, and I'd go anywhere for that love," says Allison Shanklin, a voluble 19-year-old woman from Bonny Doon, California. She has been a Dead Head for as long as she can remember. She went at least as far as the Pyramids in Egypt for the band's aforementioned epochal desert appearance (where, for added resonance, the music was piped through the king's chambers in the Great Pyramid before being channeled into the stage speakers). "That was an experience that's hard to talk about," Allison says. "On the third night, there was a lunar eclipse, and all the nomads came across the desert on their camels. There were a bunch of

rich discoers out from Cairo, and somebody from the Merry Pranksters made sure they all got dosed."

The band has inspired this kind of fervency since back in the initial days of San Francisco rock when they were evolving out of what Tom Wolfe called the "ordered chaos" of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. But what really cemented the bond between band and fans was a small note that appeared in the liner copy of the Dead's 1971 live album called, simply, *Grateful Dead* (known to the hard-core as *Skullfuck*). "Dead freaks unite," it said. "Who are you? Where are you? How are you? Send us your name and address and we'll keep you informed." About 350 people responded and the then-cult band promptly established a Dead Head office to handle correspondence. This was no P.R. ploy to whip up a fan club, but a genuine desire to make contact with the people who made the Dead thing so special. The office still exists in an exquisite Victorian building in San Rafael, California. I spent an afternoon there with Eileen Law, the unsurpassingly nice woman who runs the Dead Head department. I browsed through boxes of letters, poems, artwork, birthday and get-well cards and long reminiscences about Dead-related transcendent experiences. Much of the mail makes knowing reference to such Dead arcana as the concept of "hypnocracy" (formulated by Robert Hunter, the Dead's lyricist) and its foremost proponent, a mythical duck named St. Dilbert, who utters such pronouncements as: "In the ocean of hypnocracy, the shore is just another wave." The Dead Heads refer familiarly to family members by their first names and inquire after such gossip as which new liaisons have sprung up within the group.

"I am into the Grateful Dead *totally*," reads a typical letter. "My first Dead concert was at Roosevelt Stadium. I was fucked up on crystal, tequilla, hash, and, of course, pot."

"I was really impressed with the new organ player," writes another. "I bet Pig Pen [the late Ron McKernan, the band's original keyboard player, who died after a long illness several years ago] is rolling over in his grave."

"I was in jail at the time," begins another Dead Head, "but Takel complained of the great effort he went to smuggling himself across the Sinai disguised as a shepherd and into Egypt, only to not find out where you were performing. Takel complains about everything, of course, but immediately went north to Beirut and arranged a cease-fire so as to permit him peace and quiet whilst jamming Dead with Feiruz . . . But the question remains: Why didn't you come to Israel to perform? At the very least, I could have traded my guards some hash and heard the radio broadcast. Incidentally, the Hebrew translation of *Friend of the Devil* was a big hit in the cell." ■

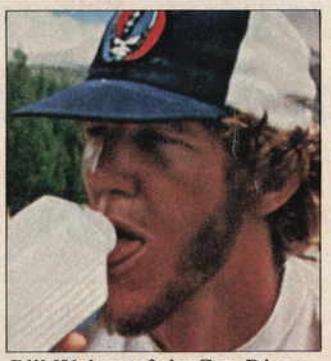
MICHAEL MAHLER

Mecca for Dead Heads: San Francisco's Winterland, razed in 1979.

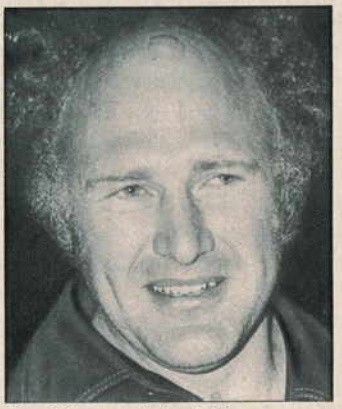
CELEBRITY DEAD HEADS

The Dead have always had their share of famous fans. Director Nicolas Roeg (*Performance*, *The Man Who Fell to Earth*) featured Garcia and Co. in his 1968 cult classic *Petulia*. A decade later, sharp-eyed *Saturday Night Live* fans spotted Connie Conehead wearing a Dead T-shirt. What kind of celebrity listens to the Dead? You might be surprised . . .

Backstage at this year's Bay Area Music Awards (left to right): Howard Hesseman (of *WKRP in Cincinnati*), platinum crooner Boz Scaggs, Bay Area Musician of the Year Jerry Garcia and Francis Coppola. Coppola's the one with the bushy black beard and the funny glasses. Garcia, on the other hand, is the one with the glasses and the bushy black beard.



Bill Walton of the San Diego Clippers during his long N.B.A. career has missed scores of basketball games because of injuries. He has rarely missed a Dead concert.



Ken Kesey, original Merry Prankster, Dead bus driver, novelist and now a retired dairyman in Oregon. The Dead were the house band at the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests (immortalized by Tom Wolfe), and Kesey and the Pranksters passed with flying colors.

San Francisco, 1980. Bewildered reporter: "Are you the Grateful Dead of the Eighties?" John Lydon (née Johnny Rotten): "Yes."

Fun with Tom and Jane: Hayden and Fonda's Committee for Economic Democracy convinced the Dead to play an antinuke benefit in Oakland—the Dead Rock for Life.

PLEA BARGAINS

Legal help doesn't have to cost a fortune—there are inexpensive alternatives.

Article by Chris Barnett

You're driving home from a wild party, basking in that motherglow, and the Highway Patrol hits you with a siren and a summons.

Or you walk in your front door, dragging ass and suitcase after two weeks on the road, and your wife tells you she's filing for divorce.

Or the guy in your biology class who's been bugging you for the past two weeks to buy some of your choicest weed turns out to be a narc.

Now what? Well, you need an attorney. And fast. But unless you've got a brother who just popped out of law school, an old man with his own practice or a wealthy family with a lawyer on retainer, you've got problems. The average guy has his own doctor and dentist, but chances are he's never talked to a lawyer—unless he's had a problem.

Worse yet, he figures a lawyer—any lawyer—is going to cost him a bundle, so he never gets to know one until he really needs him. But by then, it'll have to be hit or miss in the Yellow Pages.

Today, if you're in a jam, or if you just need a little legal advice, you can get help quickly and rather cheaply from a new kind of law firm called a legal clinic. You've probably seen them advertised on television—some stiff guy in a three-piece suit standing in front of a wall of law books, pitching his services like a nervous carny barker. After watching one of these commercials, you probably thought to yourself, "These shysters are out to dupe the masses." But take another look.

Since the mid-Seventies, about 700 legal clinics have sprouted up around the country. These aren't legal-aid outfits for welfare types; they are generally storefront law offices, and they will quote you a flat fee for handling relatively simple cases. Basically, they're the legal profession's equivalent to fast-food stands and supermarkets. And they work for thousands of people.

Once blasted by mainstream lawyers and local bar associations, who claimed the bare-bones barristers were buck-hungry dropouts who simply weren't able to cut it in the traditional law firm, clinics are now being recognized as a good source of lower-cost legal help. Says Leonard S. Janofsky, president of the American Bar Association: "We are encouraging experimentation with respect to legal clinics. We think they may be one way, along with others, to meet the problem of making good legal services affordable."

How do they work? Although each clinic operates differently and has different fees, there are some common traits. For openers, you get an initial consultation with a bona fide lawyer for a low price, usually between $10 and $20. Then he will quote you a fee to handle your case—if he thinks you really *have* a case. Generally, that flat fee and, of course, filing and court costs, are all you'll pay. You can save anywhere from 20 to 60 percent of what a conventional law firm might see fit to charge you if you retained their services on an hourly basis.

But you sacrifice a bit, as well. Legal clinics are high-volume operations and usually impersonal—they do very little stroking and hand-holding. Still, if you're willing to assert yourself, and if you can put up with some assembly-line law, you can save money and get excellent results.

The oldest and biggest legal clinic in the U.S. is Los Angeles–based Jacoby & Meyers. The firm operates 45 clinics staffed by 90 lawyers, but they only operate in two states—California and New York. (The American Legal Clinic Association in East Greenwich, R.I., has a free hotline—800-556-6882—for the name of the clinic nearest you.) Leonard Jacoby and his partner, Stephen Meyers, are generally credited with getting the U.S. Supreme Court to strike down the ABA's ban on advertising by attorneys, and that got the clinic concept rolling. They even coined the word *clinic*.

Jacoby insists that J&M clinics "maintain the personalization of the neighborhood law firm," but they claim to have eliminated some heavy costs by streamlining the practice with preprinted forms, paralegals (a law-savvy chap who is not a lawyer) and secretaries who keep the paper work flowing. Each clinic has a managing attorney, with five to seven years of practice under his or her belt, and a backup lawyer.

While Jacoby stresses that each clinic is a "full-service law office," they specialize in the simpler cases. Most of his firm's work is family law—divorce, child-support and custody cases and adoptions. Typically, if J&M handles your divorce, you pay $20 for the initial consultation and a flat fee based on the complexity of the divorce—plus filing and court costs.

Fees differ (even between J&M offices, Jacoby admits) but, in Los Angeles, a simple, sweet split-up—that is, one with no children, no property hassles, no nastiness—will cost $200, plus $50 for court costs. In most cases, J&M (like most other legal clinics) wants half the fee in advance; if you're cash-tight and silver-tongued, though, you may be able to pay the court costs only, and they will file your action. Still, $200 is J&M's rock-bottom rate. That's for easy cases, though; if it gets a little more complicated and you start haggling with your wife over who gets the preamp and who gets the tape deck, or if there are children, stocks or a house involved, you can plan on paying between $300 and $400, plus $100 in court fees. Remember, though, the average "clean" divorce in Los Angeles costs about $500 minimum at a conventional law firm.

Here's some sound advice: If you and your wife are really dissolving the marriage

and you hammer out the property settlement *before* you sit down with an attorney, you'll pay only the standard fee quoted when your case is first assessed. But be honest. When the split turns out to be less than serene, or when it turns out to be a bloody battle, you'll pay the fee plus an hourly rate. "If it winds up as a child-custody fight, or if they start fighting over the house, it becomes something other than what we assessed," admits Jacoby.

And that can become pretty expensive. J&M's hourly rate in Los Angeles is $70 and, according to Jacoby, rates could be as much as 15 percent higher in New York. Seventy bucks an hour, however, is hardly low-cost law. Paul Denk, an attorney in metropolitan St. Louis, says lawyers in private practice in his city usually charge between $40 and $60 an hour, besides kicking in a little *pro bono* (free) work on the side.

Legal clinics also do criminal law. If you've just heisted a Brink's truck, you may need a big-name mouthpiece; on the other hand, if you've been arrested for driving under the influence of drugs or alcohol, a clinic might be just the place to shop for your defense. J&M, for instance, claims that it has five experienced criminal lawyers on staff and that the firm has defended countless motorists who've flunked sobriety tests. Jacoby says his firm's "basic" fee is $485. This compares favorably to the $500 to $2000 you will be charged at a conventional law firm. Again, the more complex the case, the costlier the fee.

Legal clinics will take personal-injury and workers' compensation cases. And, as with private attorneys, it's done on a contingency basis—a percentage of any cash you get out of the lawsuit. Here, they waive the consultation fee. If the action is settled in your favor and if for some reason, the case is settled before the lawsuit is filed, they'll get 28 percent. But it'll be 30 percent after it's filed, and 35 percent if it goes to trial. On the same contingency case, the private attorney would take 30 percent to 40 percent of the award.

J&M will also advance all filing fees. "In 99 percent of the cases, the client doesn't have to spend a dime out of his own pocket," says Jacoby. If you lose the lawsuit or you are denied any award, you owe J&M nothing.

Bankruptcies are another class of legal actions that are frequently handled by legal clinics, and Jacoby maintains that they "are not the worst possible thing that can happen to someone, although they are something to be avoided." If you gross $1000 a month and you have $5000 in bills, J&M will charge you $385, plus $50 in court costs, for a simple bankruptcy.

You don't lose everything; in fact, for some people, bankruptcy makes sense. As Jacoby says, "The person can probably keep his car, a couple thousand in cash, his tools and household furniture, his books and maybe his house." The problem, of course, is that you can only file for bankruptcy once every six years; so, Jacoby advises, make sure you've exhausted every alternative before you call the lawyer.

If you have a beef with your landlord, a legal clinic can also help. Joel Hyatt, president of Hyatt Legal Clinics, headquartered in Cleveland with nine offices throughout Ohio, charges $15 to consult with you and see if you've got a case. He advises clients to bring their leases (or any other legally binding contracts) to him for a perusal *before* they sign. Hyatt's fees are more reasonable than Jacoby & Meyers'—$45 an hour.

Hyatt's fee schedule is spelled out a little more clearly, too. For $300, the clinic will "negotiate a plea" for you on a drunk-driving rap. The tab runs about $500 if it goes to trial before a judge, and climbs to $700 if it's tried before a jury.

Hyatt and other legal clinics are also great places to take your consumer battles. Most law firms won't touch consumer cases, because they figure there usually isn't enough cash in them to justify the amount of litigation it might take to win. But Joel Hyatt will sell you an hour's worth of a lawyer's time to write a demand letter to whoever ripped you off. "One college guy bought a new Ford with a T-top that leaked from day one," he says. "They never fixed it or replaced it. We wrote a letter claiming that the dealer and Ford breached the warranty. The dealer didn't want a lawsuit and, a year later, the student got his sixty-four hundred dollars back. That was a twenty-to-one shot, but it worked."

Some storefront law firms are branching out to bring legal help to people who can't always take time off from work to see a lawyer. Stuart Baron, a pioneer in mass-merchandised legal aid, runs The Law Store in Santa Monica, California. He and partner Blair Melvin have three "stores" in Southern California and two others inside Montgomery Ward department stores in San Diego. Ten attorneys handle their cases.

"We're a law firm," Baron insists. "We don't use the name *clinic* to seduce people into thinking we're cheap." But The Law Store is unusual. People are advised to call in and get their $10 initial consultation over the telephone.

Baron thinks the phone consultation is a stroke of genius. "You have to get at the facts, but you don't have to see the people. The person can call from home or from

Ask

some hard questions. Whether it's a clinic or a private law firm, ask the lawyer if he or she is a specialist in your problem area.

Demand

a consultation with your attorney first. Tell him you want your case analyzed and your options explained.

Avoid

signing up with the first attorney you see. Just as in medicine, it might be smart to get a second opinion.

work. He can charge the ten bucks to his BankAmericard/Visa or his Master Card, and we'll give answers. We solve eighty-five percent of our clients' problems over the phone."

Wills, deeds and other legal documents are handled on a do-it-yourself basis. "We prefab the hard part," Baron explains. "The paper work. That's the bugaboo. We give you all the documentation along with simple step-by-step instructions. How simple? You know, 'Go to the second floor of the courthouse, go to the room marked COUNTY CLERK, go to the desk.' That simple. You want to do an uncontested divorce? We have the paper work. Anytime there isn't another attorney shooting at you, our self-help approach works."

The Law Store also gets involved. For $15, a lawyer will make a phone call or write a letter on your behalf. "If all else fails," says Baron, "we're a practicing law firm." Cost: $60 an hour.

Baron offers flat fees, and his costs are comparable to Jacoby & Meyers. But he gives clients a detailed breakdown of precisely what will be done, including how many hours it should take. In addition, through an option called Group Legal Services, he'll sell you a one-year program for $84, which gives you unlimited consultation and a lower fee schedule for cases handled on the flat-rate basis.

Baron, a chatty, friendly guy, may sound like a razzle-dazzle discounter, but apparently he's not. Prudential Insurance Company of America has selected his firm to help put together an employee group legal plan for unions and large corporations.

Another legal-clinic chieftain admits that clinics are "somewhat impersonal" but says that the high staff turnover of clinics often precludes a lot of handholding and individualized service. However, Ira Schreiber, principal in the Rhode Island Legal Clinics of Schreiber and Canham in Providence, says his four clinics have an advantage over the competition that could put him on a par with conventional law firms: "All of our attorneys are highly experienced," he insists. "They've been practicing from five to fifteen years."

Schreiber also implies that not all legal clinics are as aggressive as some California and New York operations. In his opinion, you don't have to visit three or four before settling on one. "A clinic operated in New England is under highly restrictive mandates by local bar associations and, therefore, you don't have the necessity here to shop around," he says. "It takes a lot of gumption to go to a clinic in the first place."

How would he do it? First, make sure the firm is not a brand-new venture that could

Legal clinics can be a haven if you're harassed with a legal problem. Just don't expect steak and lobster.

do an "el foldo" while your case is in process. "The key to a firm's success is the financial capitalization of the clinic. It's very unfortunate, but this is a retail business and a client is really buying a pig in a poke," says Schreiber. For that reason, he advises, find out who the actual owner/operator of the clinic is—that way, you'll know whom you can fall back on in case of problems.

Are legal clinics worth a try? An attorney with the Los Angeles County Bar Association says that so far, no one has lodged a gripe against any of the city's clinics. "I'm not aware of any complaint that came in specifically against legal clinics," he states. However, if you do tangle with a clinic (or any lawyer) over fees, most local bar associations have an arbitration committee that will hear your side of the story and try to resolve the dispute.

In reality, though, the legal clinics are structured and streamlined to handle the more basic legal services: wills, divorces, name changes. Conventional lawyers carp that legal clinics are successful because they pay their lawyers less and assign them to cases that are done almost by rote—"the repetitive stuff that you can do with a form," as one Beverly Hills attorney puts it.

"If you've got a standard you-fit-the-form problem, legal clinics are fine," he says acidly. "But if you vary from their form, you're dealing with a lawyer who doesn't get paid very well or perhaps couldn't get a job with a regular law firm. Consequently, his ability to roll with the punches is questionable."

If your case *is* complex, chances are the legal clinic will refer it to an outside attorney. Don't feel compelled to take their advice. Fee-splitting is a common practice among attorneys (depending on differing state laws), and a referral may not always go to the most competent lawyer—just one willing to kick back some cash. Regardless of what Schreiber says: Shop around.

Journalist Betsy Stark did just that for an article in the August 1979 issue of *The American Lawyer*. She claims she visited nine New York legal clinics, presented them with the same case, received nine different answers and got nine different fee estimates, ranging from $45 to $2122. The lawyer who lowballed her, she discovered, wasn't even registered with the New York State Bar.

So, the bottom line: Legal clinics can be a haven if you're harassed with a legal problem. Just don't go in expecting steak and lobster. As we said, at the clinics, you'll get the legal profession's equivalent of fast food. But, metaphorically speaking, that's all it may take to fill you up.

•

Eventually, you're going to need a lawyer, so it might be wise to keep in mind some key considerations:

• If you're arrested on a criminal charge, the first thing to remember is: Keep your mouth shut. Don't say anything, advises Leonard Jacoby of Jacoby & Meyers. Give the police your name and tell them you want to see a lawyer. You don't have to say anything else, so don't.

• Don't call a lawyer with your last dime. Call a relative to get you a bail bondsman. As Jacoby puts it, "There's no point in a lawyer visiting a client in a cell. They'll just hold your hand and charge you for a night visit."

• Let a lawyer negotiate for you. Says Jacoby, "Never go into court and beg for mercy or say, 'I'm sorry, I'm guilty, I didn't mean to do it.' Some D.A.s will drop a felony to a misdemeanor. Or your lawyer might be able to swing some program or probation."

• When choosing a lawyer for a civil action, don't remain silent. Don't be shy; ask hard questions. Whether it's a clinic or a private law firm, ask the lawyer if he or she is a specialist in your problem area. Says Stu Baron: "You don't go to a probate lawyer if you've been in an accident." Worse yet, he warns, some lawyers are reluctant to refer a case if it appears there might be a fat fee involved.

• Be sure to go in on a *consulting* basis. Baron says you must make it clear to the attorney from the start that you want a consultation. Ask about the fee (and be willing to pay it). Tell him you want your case analyzed and your options explained. And ask him how much it will cost to pursue each option.

• Don't feel obligated to sign up with the first attorney you see. Just as in medicine, it might be smart to get a second opinion. People feel that once they walk in a lawyer's door, they're obligated to use him. Nonsense.

• Get the lawyer to put the fee in writing. Feel comfortable with your attorney. But if you're dealing with a clinic, don't expect much foreplay. They're turning over a lot of cases in a week, and you're still just another case number. ■

Premixology

A shot-by-shot rating of America's most popular convenience booze

ARTICLE BY MICHAEL S. LASKY

Raise your glass to the American drinker. He'll put down just about *anything*, provided it has a buzz to it. Unlike the fussy French, who stick to fine wines, or the Russians, who take their vodka neat, we're ballsy enough to try all sorts of exotic liquor mixes – at least once. We're also the laziest, most impatient tipplers around, and whipping up recipe cocktails can be a pain in the blender. You know the scene: Either you don't have all the correct ingredients, or you do and the final concoction still turns out

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC FELDMAN

tasting like Iranian hair tonic.

Still, who wants to be without a favorite exotic potion just because you're at the beach, in the mountains or miles from the nearest fully stocked bar?

The answer is: Nobody does. So, good ol' Yankee ingenuity has transformed the premixed cocktail—in cans and bottles—from a barroom joke into the fastest-growing segment of the booze biz. In round numbers, close to five million cases of prepared cocktails went down the hatch last year.

Clearly we want our drinks, and we want them fast. But are the latest portable potables any good? To find out, OUI packed our coolers and fridges with our favorite drinks, all premixed, of course, and taste-tested them.

We also devised the following rating system, by which a not-so-sober judgment was passed on a representative sampling of the quicker liquors. Each drink was rated on its overall taste and appearance and on how it compared with the real thing made by the book (in this case, *The Official Mixer's Manual,* by Patrick Gavin Duffy, Doubleday). Depending how well each fared—both on its own merits and compared to the competition—our selections received a rating of one to five glasses.

Note: The number in parentheses designates the drink's proof (strength), or double the actual alcohol by volume.

Y Y Y Y Y Prepacked bliss.
Y Y Y Y A little fuzzy around the edges, but OK.
Y Y Y You can taste the convenience in every sip.
Y Y For the laziest guzzler only.
Y Use it in your water pipe.

TEQUILA SUNRISE
1 jigger tequila
⅓ tsp. crème de cassis
1 tsp. grenadine
juice of ½ lime
Stir everything with ice in tall glass. Fill with soda.

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (25) It delivers a slight tequila flavor, but this pink-as-a-baby's-bottom blend seems safe enough for kids. Y Y Y

HEUBLEIN (35) With just a ten-point lead in proof, this sunrise comes closest to tasting like a bar drink. Yet its noncommittal flavor tastes less like tequila than it should. Y Y Y

GAETANO (25) Of the five samples, this is the only tequila sunrise made according to the standard recipe and listing crème de cassis as an ingredient. It's also closest in color and taste to the real cocktail. But without the buzz of full-strength tequila, this is just another closet punch. Y Y

MR. BOSTON (25) What is this? Syrup? An expectorant? Certainly not a tequila sunrise. The thick, sickly sweet blend totally eclipses any booze flavor. They should have consulted their famous *Bartender's Guide* before attempting this glop. Y

CLUB (25) This south-of-the-border canned cocktail could use a little more of the old salsa to give it that extra something it needs. Y Y

WHISKEY SOUR
1 or 2 jiggers whiskey
juice of ½ lemon
½ tsp. sugar
Shake well with ice. Serve garnished with cherry and orange slice.

HEUBLEIN (42) A rugged cocktail that's been reproduced excellently with a balanced blend of booze and flavorings. This is one of the best premixed drinks available. Y Y Y Y Y

CLUB (25) Almost as satisfying as the Heublein, except it loses some of the fire power with its proof reduction. Y Y Y Y

MR. BOSTON (25) A stinging medicinal blend that could be a hit in hospitals where patients have to "take it or else." Y Y

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (25) Where did they get the idea that a whiskey sour should be cloyingly sweet? With low proof, this mix won't curl your hair, but it might do a number on your teeth. Y

GAETANO (25) A watery, pale, chemically cloned drink that doesn't seem to have enough alcohol in it to be considered alcoholic. Y

BLOODY MARY
1 jigger vodka
2 jiggers tomato juice
⅓ jigger lemon juice
dash Worcestershire sauce
salt and pepper to taste
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (20) This drink has two distinctions: First, it has the lowest proof of all factory-packed cocktails on the market; second, it is the sole Bloody Mary containing liquor on the market. Only Schenley has found a way to keep the tomato juice from separating in the container. The result is a satisfying, robust bartender-made drink that's on the spicy side. Despite its thickish tomato juice, Cocktails for Two has hit the taste target. Y Y Y Y Y

SCREWDRIVER
1 jigger vodka poured into large glass with ice cubes
Fill with orange juice.

GAETANO (25) Although this has all the flavor of weak Tang, there is enough of a slight vodka bite to suggest Gaetano had the right idea. Y Y

CLUB (25) A light, sweet orangy flavor that simulates orange juice, and there's *almost* a booze taste, too. But who needs a makeshift drink like this? You

could do better, even without a recipe. ▼▼

MR. BOSTON (25) Freeze this stuff and eat like a Popsicle®, because that's what it tastes like, anyway. "Oh, but you can't freeze alcohol," you say. With the amount that seems to be here, it'll be no problem. ▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (25) What this brew resembles only extras in *Cruising* will drink. Unfortunately for us, it does *not* taste like urine. That would probably be better. ▼

MANHATTAN

1 jigger bourbon
dash Italian vermouth
⅓ jigger French vermouth
dash angostura
Stir well with ice. (This mix is called a Rob Roy when you substitute Scotch for bourbon.)

HEUBLEIN (55) Perhaps the best drink available in a bottle. It's mixed "perfect"—not too dry, not too sweet—and is definitely *not* one to drink before driving. ▼▼▼▼▼

CLUB (40) A case of the blahs. With little alcoholic strength, there's all the flavor and none of the clout this drinkers' drink was designed to have. ▼▼▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (40) The overpowering flavor leaves a bitter, artificial aftertaste. A spin in the blender might help here. ▼▼

MR. BOSTON (40) The other side of the jigger, this drink lacks flavor but delivers an alcoholic buzz. ▼▼

PIÑA COLADA

2 jiggers rum (medium or light)
3 tbs. each coconut milk and crushed pineapple
Blend at high speed with two cups crushed ice. Strain into tall glass.

CLUB (25) Smooth, light, creamy and fairly potent. This one's not hard to take at all. Pleasant balance of flavors is lip-smacking. ▼▼▼▼

HEUBLEIN (30) Kinda heavy on the coconut flavoring. And there's a hefty alcohol aftertaste that detracts from the initial pleasure. We suggest mixing in a blender before serving. ▼▼▼▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (25) Made with Cruzan rum, non-dairy creamer, natural coconut and pineapple, this snow-white drink is as unassuming as a milkshake. A slight aftertaste is probably from the non-dairy creamer. ▼▼▼▼

GAETANO (30) Booziest of the bunch, but thin with no definable flavor. ▼▼

MR. BOSTON (25) Artificial and watery with an ersatz coconut candy-type taste, this one could easily be dubbed the Piña *Colonic*. ▼

MARGARITA

1 jigger tequila
½ jigger Triple Sec or Cointreau
juice of ½ lime
Stir over ice.

HEUBLEIN (42) This one's not for sissies. A strong, flavorful drink of which any bar would be proud. ▼▼▼▼▼

GAETANO (25) Lowering the proof of a tequila drink is risky because the taste becomes bitter without the south-of-the-border snap. This, however, is well blended and especially tangy when mixed in a blender with crushed ice. ▼▼▼▼

CLUB (25) Certainly not the powerhouse margarita that Heublein offers, but a mildly salty experience with a slight citrus tartness. ▼▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (25) The guy who dreamed this up needs remedial bartending lessons. Limp and sweet, it has no tequila or booze flavor and could pass for Kool-Aid. ▼

MARTINI (GIN/VODKA)

5 or 6 parts dry gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth
Stir with ice and strain into chilled glass. Serve with twist of lemon or an olive.

HEUBLEIN (60) This is a mighty strong prepackaged cocktail. Still, how can you call a martini "very dry" when gin and vodka are normally 80-proof or more and this is only 60? What's more, both the gin and vodka tend to be on the sweetish side. Martini drinkers are the pros of boozing and are sticklers for exactness of mix. To keep their "spirits" high, better you should make this one from scratch. Or drink two. ▼▼▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (40) Labeled "extra dry" and nicely blended, this is, nevertheless, too weak a drink. If you want to acquire the taste for martinis, this pubescent beverage is where to start. ▼▼▼

CLUB GIN (42), VODKA (40) With just half the proof of plain gin or vodka, it's no surprise these martinis taste a bit on the mild side. Of course, they're still a reasonable premixed canned cocktail. ▼▼

GAETANO VODKA MARTINI (40) More, or rather less, of the same ineffectual bathtub stuff. One taste and you'll understand why Prohibition was such a drag. ▼

DAIQUIRI

1½ jiggers light rum
juice of ½ lime
1 tsp. powdered sugar
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

HEUBLEIN (42) A tartish-sour flavor deftly counterpointed by the sweet rum makes it seem alive, robust and much like the real thing. ▼▼▼▼

COCKTAILS FOR TWO (30) There's a slight odor in this drink that's similar to the astringent doctors apply before giving injections. Still, served with lots of ice and another jigger of rum, it's drinkable. ▼▼

CLUB (25) This sweet-and-sour combo loses its pow with its lower proof. Result: predominantly unexciting taste. ▼▼

GAETANO (25) Sorry, but Vicks NyQuil tastes better than this stuff. ▼ ■

Small Talk: Shelley Smith

Some Lip from *The Associates'* Sexy Associate

"Her teeth are too perfect, her legs too long, her smile too genuine and her personality too endearing. If she had tits, I'd *really* hate her!" So admits one of the 500 hopefuls who lost out to Shelley Smith for the part of Sara James in the on-again, off-again ABC-TV series *The Associates*. But Smith, for two consecutive years the highest-paid model in America, swears she was so ugly as a kid that she didn't have a date all through her teenage years in Princeton, New Jersey.

After college, Smith took off for Europe, where she eventually wound up modeling in Paris—which, she points out, was one notch above prostitution in Marseilles. While she now speaks French and Italian fluently, she recalls that the first word she learned in both languages was *no*!

OUI correspondents Chuck Crandall and Christopher Stone were puckered up on their way to interview "the girl with the world's most kissable lips" at her favorite Japanese restaurant. Alas, her lips were wrapped around some sushi.

In comparing notes (Small World Department), interviewer Stone discovered that "Shelley and I had slept *in the same bed, in the same apartment*—but at different times. She rented the same furnished apartment after I left, when she first came to Hollywood. Talk about bad timing . . ."

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SEEFF

OUI: Being around a beautiful woman for the first time scares most guys. What do you do to put a date at ease?

SMITH: I just ram my tongue down his throat. [laughs] Seriously, I think I'd give him a kiss. Once a man's kissed a girl, he feels a certain sense of power over her—a sense of possession.

OUI: Have you always been so sexually aggressive?

SMITH: Not at all. I'd be embarrassed to tell you how old I was before I had any idea about how sex was performed. I had seen dogs do it, and I thought that was how it was done. I wasn't so sure that someone wouldn't pour a bucket of cold water on me when it was over.

OUI: When did you finally learn that having sex didn't mean you had to get . . . well, wet?

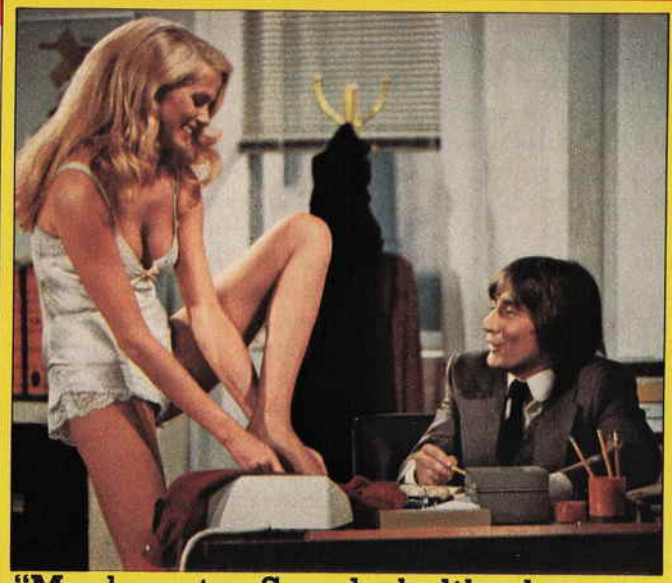
SMITH: I was in Paris and engaged to a Frenchman. He was the first man I ever *thought* I loved—and the first man I had sex with. After it was over, I thought, "I've waited twenty-one years for this?" I don't think it was his fault, though. I was too inexperienced to relax and enjoy anything. It was a disaster, but at least it was with someone I thought I loved, and it wasn't in the backseat of a car. I think the next time someone asks me about my first sexual experience, I'm going to lie and say, "Well, I went to a hooker when I was twelve." You know, like guys.

OUI: You admit that you felt unattractive as a teenager. Why do so many luscious ladies grow up thinking they're beasts?

SMITH: In my case, I didn't just *feel* ugly, I really *was* unattractive. I wore braces. I grew seven inches during high school and I never gained an ounce. I went to a school where we weren't allowed to wear any makeup. We wore the same ugly uniforms my mother had worn when she went there—brown uniforms, Oxford shoes. No, I didn't just *imagine* that I was ugly.

OUI: Were you sorry that you didn't have larger breasts?

SMITH: You go right for the jugular, don't you? Yes, I certainly was. I remember when I finally started to develop a little



"My character, Sara, looks like she can handle everything. But she's scared."

something, someone asked, "Are they really all yours?" And I answered, "No, I borrowed them from Raquel Welch for the weekend." As you can see, I never did become enormous.

OUI: Well, how would you appraise your body today?

SMITH: I'm really very happy with my body. I changed it some by exercising. When God gave out legs, He looked at me and smiled. I've got great legs. I'm on the thin side but I'm not skinny. Now, if you gave me a couple of wishes, there are certainly things I would change. I'd have broader shoulders and maybe I'd be a little more voluptuous, just to see what it's like. But I'm basically pleased with what I've got, even though I'm not your traditional "10."

OUI: Were you sexually frustrated when you were a kid?

SMITH: I was *very* frustrated. I went to a girls' high school and then I went to a girls' college. In retrospect, that wasn't a smart idea. I never even had friendships with men, not to mention dates. In college, we'd go to either Harvard or Yale on the weekends. The guys would drink beer and try to get us to stay in their motel rooms, but I didn't do anything until Paris. I guess I was kind of a pill. I was raised very strictly by my parents.

OUI: How strict were they?

SMITH: They were so strict . . . [laughs] I had to go to bed early, alone. I had to study all the time. I was never allowed to walk around the house in a slip or to see my father or my brothers in their underwear, which is a common thing in most families. My parents were more than strict; they were prudish.

OUI: Do you ever wish you had relented and stayed the night with one of those Harvard guys?

SMITH: No, because I know I wasn't mentally ready for it. I couldn't have handled it.

"Kissing gives a man a feeling of power over a girl."

OUI: I'll bet they could have handled you.

SMITH: I'm sure they could have. God knows they tried!

OUI: So, if you weren't getting laid, did you at least indulge in some wild fantasizing?

SMITH: You know what my great fantasy was? It's so boring. I've had this one sexual fantasy since I was a child. I'm in a smart New York apartment—in the kitchen, cooking on a stove—wearing a frilly, pink apron. Then my husband comes home from work, I kiss him gently on the cheek and go back into the kitchen. That was the extent of my *wild* fantasizing.

OUI: It wouldn't be so bad if you were nude under that apron . . .

SMITH: But I was dressed. I know it sounds like I was from another era—or planet. But because I didn't even know how sex was performed, all I could do was fantasize about marriage, a husband and babies.

OUI: Did you and your friends talk much about sex?

SMITH: I think we talked about it more than the boys did. But, unlike the guys, we didn't exaggerate our experiences. I think the girls tended to go the other way. Looking back, I don't think they were as virginal as they pretended to be. There was no one who ever really admitted to *doing it*. They'd always say, "Well, I spent the night with a guy, and we were naked in bed, but nothing happened." Somehow, I really have a hard time believing that today.

OUI: After you discovered men, did you get a little crazy?

SMITH: Well, I did get asked out a lot. I went from never having a date to suddenly being able to

Cover girl Shelley admits that "as a model, part of you is an exhibitionist."

pick geographically where I wanted to spend the weekend. I was living in Europe then and I really like European men. I was engaged to the Frenchman. I had an affair with an Italian. There was this Austrian guy . . . Come to think of it, I've had very few relationships with American men.

OUI: Do you consider Europeans better lovers?

SMITH: In a certain sense, they are, because they are very into pleasing a woman. But I think they're much more chauvinistic than Americans about where they want the woman to be in the relationship—what they want her to do. Ultimately, I like American men better. But, physically speaking, European men are wonderful lovers. They're *sooo* romantic.

OUI: A lot of people consider models to be exhibitionists. Do you get off on showing off?

SMITH: No—just the opposite. I really looked at modeling as a business. I didn't go walking around New York in the latest see-through fashions. I didn't go to Studio 54 so everyone could watch me dance. I accepted very few party invitations, because I tried to go to bed fairly early every night. I took care of myself. If you're an actor or a model, I think part of you is an exhibitionist, because you don't mind doing things that other people look at.

OUI: Are models as promiscuous as most people think?

SMITH: I think that's a fantasy that other people have about them. They like to think models are loose because, if they were, those people would have a shot at them. Most of the models I know got married or had long-term relationships with a guy. Models do tend to pick men who end up using them. It can be either the kind of man who has lots of money and wants an armpiece, or it can be a guy who never works and lives off the model.

OUI: How about the clients? Did they ever expect you to do more than just pose?

SMITH: Never. We're too expensive. There's no time for anyone to even insinuate anything, let alone do anything. There was one guy, however, when I was first getting started, who was literally driven out of the business because he was known for jumping the girls.

OUI: In real life, you were 21 before you fell in love. What about Sara James from *The Associates*. . .? How do you think her early years differ from yours?

SMITH: Well, because Sara was raised very strictly in an East Coast family and probably went to girls' schools like I did, she basically never had a lot of sexual activity in her life. She's something of a flirt, a tease in a certain way, but I decided that she looks like she can handle everything. She isn't loose, but she is a little scared sometimes. Sex is, maybe, the one thing in her life she isn't confident about. So, I decided to play the character as if she had very, very few love affairs and actually liked the game more than the activity.

OUI: What kind of man will she eventually marry?

"I like big men. Probably because I'm tall, I like to think a man can be my protector."

CHARLES BUSH / SYGMA

"I'm embarrassed how old I was before I knew about sex."

SMITH: I think a senator, and it will be all wrong for her. Sara's got the potential to be a Joan Kennedy, as she was years ago. She's bright enough, and she tries to have a career and everything but, at the same time, I think she probably would marry a senator and then give up a lot of her life for him.

OUI: How about you? Would you give up your career and become a housewife and mother?

SMITH: Well, there are so many things in life, and I wouldn't want to have to choose just one. I don't think I could just have a home life and not have a life outside, and I wouldn't want to be with a man who insisted on this, either. I would want to be with a man who wanted for me what I wanted. But, you know, at the same time, part of me likes the idea of being somebody who sits and waits at home.

OUI: Who are some of the men you would rate a "10"?

SMITH: Burt Reynolds is the ultimate. He's terrific-looking and he's got a wonderful sense of humor. He's the kind of man I'd like to be around. Dustin Hoffman really appeals to me, too. He's got so much *rrraw* sensitivity. I would rate him up there—maybe not quite a "10." If Burt Reynolds is a "10," I don't know if anyone else is more than a "9.8."

OUI: When you eyeball a "9.8," what is the first thing that catches your eye?

SMITH: I think women look at men's asses a hell of a lot more than men look at women's. I just zero right in on their butts. And I just love big shoulders. I like *big* men. Probably because I'm tall and I like to think a man can be my protector. When a man has his shirt off, well, I just think that's very erotic.

OUI: What's your ideal man?

SMITH: Somebody who's sensitive. Specifically, a man who can cry. A man who's honest. And ethical. A sense of humor would certainly be high on my list—if not number one. Somebody that I'd not only be turned on with and be hot with, but also someone I could giggle under the covers with.

OUI: What can a man do to make you melt?

SMITH: When a guy is talking to me—and he's really looking at me, he's right there—that makes me melt. When he focuses in on me and refuses to hear any of the exterior bullshit—that really turns me on.

OUI: Does watching a nude love scene in a movie turn you on?

SMITH: Actually, I resent most nude scenes because they're not honest. The man and the woman have just made love, right? The woman is naked in bed, with her legs sprawled, but the man is wearing a three-piece suit . . . Well, maybe not, but he is wearing pajamas, slippers, a bathrobe. There's maybe even a handkerchief in the bathrobe pocket. If you're going to do a nude scene, do it honestly. I wouldn't be naked in a bedroom scene if my co-star were going to be in a smoking jacket. On the other hand, I don't think I'd want to do a scene where the man was undressed and I was wearing a peignoir set. That would make me even more uncomfortable than being undressed when the man was dressed. It's like walking in on somebody in the bathroom. It's not so bad if someone walks in on you by mistake. But, if you walk in on somebody else, it makes you feel rotten. Well, you guys wouldn't know about that, it's different when you go. ■

"When I look at a man, I zero right in on his butt. And I love big shoulders. When a man has his shirt off, it's very erotic."

(Continued from page 73)
Woody Allen or Rodney Dangerfield attitude, because we don't lead that kind of victimized life. Most of our parents are well-off.

OUI: I seem to remember a subscription campaign that showed Doug Kenney sitting in a pile of garbage and saying that if you didn't subscribe to the magazine, his limousine wouldn't . . .

O'ROURKE: Yes. The catch line to that was "You can subscribe to this magazine or you can turn this page." It was a takeoff on the starving Peruvians. An even better example of that was "Little Alice Rhinelander is suffering from T.E.—Tennis Elbow."

OUI: Those were classic. So you think you're funny because you're Irish?

O'ROURKE: No. I know plenty of Irish people who are not in the least funny. In fact, most are outright terrifying. I think my being an English major has much more to do with it. That and the influence that the Irish had on English literature is probably much more to the root of it than anything personal or genetic.

OUI: Was the *Lampoon* influenced by *Mad* magazine in the early days?

O'ROURKE: I know that every single writer for the *Lampoon* was at one time in his life a devoted *Mad* fan. I suppose the *National Lampoon* is *Mad* magazine for people who don't have to worry about whether their mothers are watching what they read. The influence on us would really be early *Mad*—it's been a long time since I saw a copy.

OUI: Certain issues of the *Lampoon* have attained almost mythic status, like the *National Lampoon High School Yearbook*, the "Buy this magazine or we'll kill this dog" cover or the "If Kennedy had driven a Volkswagen, he'd be President" campaign. How did those ideas originate?

O'ROURKE: I don't know. How did Dostoievsky think up *Crime and Punishment*?

OUI: Do you have anything like a *National Lampoon* style manual?

O'ROURKE: No. There is a certain mind set that is important for doing this sort of thing over and over. It's an alertness to incongruities and opportunities. Remember that *Amityville Horror* ad with the picture of the house and the words FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT!? Because it's my job to do so and because I've had years of experience, the moment I saw the ad, it turned into a picture of the White House in my mind. FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT! starring Jimmy Carter.

OUI: What about your theme issues? Like the 1974 classic on "Puberty"?

O'ROURKE: That was our best-selling issue of all time—sold over a million copies. Theme issues are just another formula. We'll pick out a fruitful area, like, oh, aggression, revenge, slime, politics—and then we'll start thinking about what goes on in our everyday life. If it's politics, for example, we'll be dealing with the things that are shoved under your door around election

P.J. O'ROURKE

The *Lampoon* is *Mad* for people who don't worry about whether their mothers watch what they read.

time or what you go through when you face a voting machine—which is total panic as far as I'm concerned. Operating a voting machine is like being told to fly a plane. "Here—here's the plane, here are the keys. Now, fly it to Cleveland." I feel the same way about the voting booth, and I've often wondered what someone with a sixth-grade education does when confronted by the thing, especially when they don't know whom they're going to vote for in the first place. Sometimes I really think it comes down to choosing candidates the same way the Greeks did—by lottery.

OUI: Which of the current crop of candidates are you planning to ridicule the most this year?

O'ROURKE: Ted Kennedy is always a good target. He's kind of a fun guy from the get-go. And he fucks up in such interesting ways. Not just by accidentally saying bad things in Polish. Kennedy doesn't fuck up stupidly. He does it like a true, dyed-in-the-wool fuck-up: car crashes and drunk wives . . . those are real he-man fuck-ups. You always feel when you make fun of Carter that you're picking on the sissy kid in class. You feel vaguely ashamed of yourself, because the person is more pathetic than wrong. Whereas, you can go one-on-one with Teddy and feel that he could doubtless give as good as he gets.

OUI: Then there are the issues. What do you think of Carter's African policy?

O'ROURKE: That's a good one. One often feels about Africa the way it's tempting to feel about the women's movement—sort of, "you asked for it, you got it." You wanted to be equal and you are equal. Reminds me of St. Theresa's "There are more tears shed over answered prayers than any others." What we should do in Africa, I have no idea. But if there was ever something that wasn't much of our business, I think it's probably Africa.

OUI: What about the women's movement? Didn't you once say that women are really black people in disguise?

O'ROURKE: I don't remember saying that, although both women and black people have a remarkable natural ability to be stylish while doing anything. I was wondering for a while if women were possibly all Jewish. They do whine a lot. And they're not too good at sports. On the other hand, hardly any women are going bald; so it is possible that they may be not only another sex but another race.

OUI: Do you have any advice on how to pick women up?

O'ROURKE: I suppose I said it all in a thing I wrote called "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink." It was sort of a paean to life in the fast lane. Although, come to think of it, if I'm to be quoted for anything after I'm gone, I'd like it to be for my analysis of automobile handling and what kind of car handles best: "Some people say a front-engine car handles best. Some people say a rear-engine car handles best. I say a rented car handles best."

OUI: Do you have any pet peeves?

O'ROURKE: Just safety Nazis.

OUI: What are they?

O'ROURKE: Joseph Califano [former Secretary of HEW] was one. Safety Nazis are people who say "safe at any cost." They are today's equivalent of superpatriots. There is no such thing as a safe life—death is going to come regardless. Safety Nazis are the people who are adamantly against nuclear power and cigarette smoking and drinking too much. They're the guys who force themselves to jog thirty or forty miles in the morning and want everybody else to do the same thing. I think it's a loathsome attitude, even if they're right. I mean, I know we shouldn't eat off the floor or subsist on nothing but beef fat. But the safety Nazi has a real coward's attitude, a real chickenshit attitude: "Oh, you lit a cigarette!"—that sort of thing. I like to think that Califano was thrown out on my advice.

OUI: But doesn't everyone have a creeping safety Nazi in him somewhere?

O'ROURKE: Not me. I like to lead a real dangerous life, which is easy for me because I'm a tremendous coward. It doesn't take very much for me to feel threatened. The beginners' ski slope—that's a real thrill.

OUI: You know, some people say that the *Lampoon* has lost that old rebel yell it used to have.

O'ROURKE: Well, Nixon's gone, and society happens to be, thankfully, a bit more free of things that inspire that kind of rebellion. There are plenty of things to criticize, but it's hard to get really hot and bothered. The *Lampoon* has become more internal; I like to think of it as a sort of thirty-year-old person who is contemplating life with full freedom of thought and no inhibitions, even when it comes to his own marriage and children. I'd like it to be the magazine for people who could actually look at their twelve-year-old child and say to themselves, as few people have the courage or the honesty to say: "I'm afraid that kid's an asshole. He's mine and I love him. I feel duty and responsibility toward him, but the kid's a fucking jerk." Very few people have that kind of freedom of thought.

OUI: Does the *Lampoon* get sued a lot?

O'ROURKE: Yeah, but no more often, probably, than OUI does. Very rarely do we get an interesting lawsuit. It's usually dumb stuff,

(Continued on page 123)

Hans Wilhelm

LIFE AMONG THE YAHOOS

A Chilling Journey into the Heart of Small-Town America

Article by Ivan Goldman

I just escaped a place where people have happy faces stamped on the front of their heads and nothing inside. Where there is no traffic and nowhere to go, anyway. Where *idea* is a dirty word and *music* means Muzak. This is a place where everyone is named Bill or Jim or John or Sue. *Arnold* would have been a really avant-garde name there. What kind of place is this? What else? It's a small town.

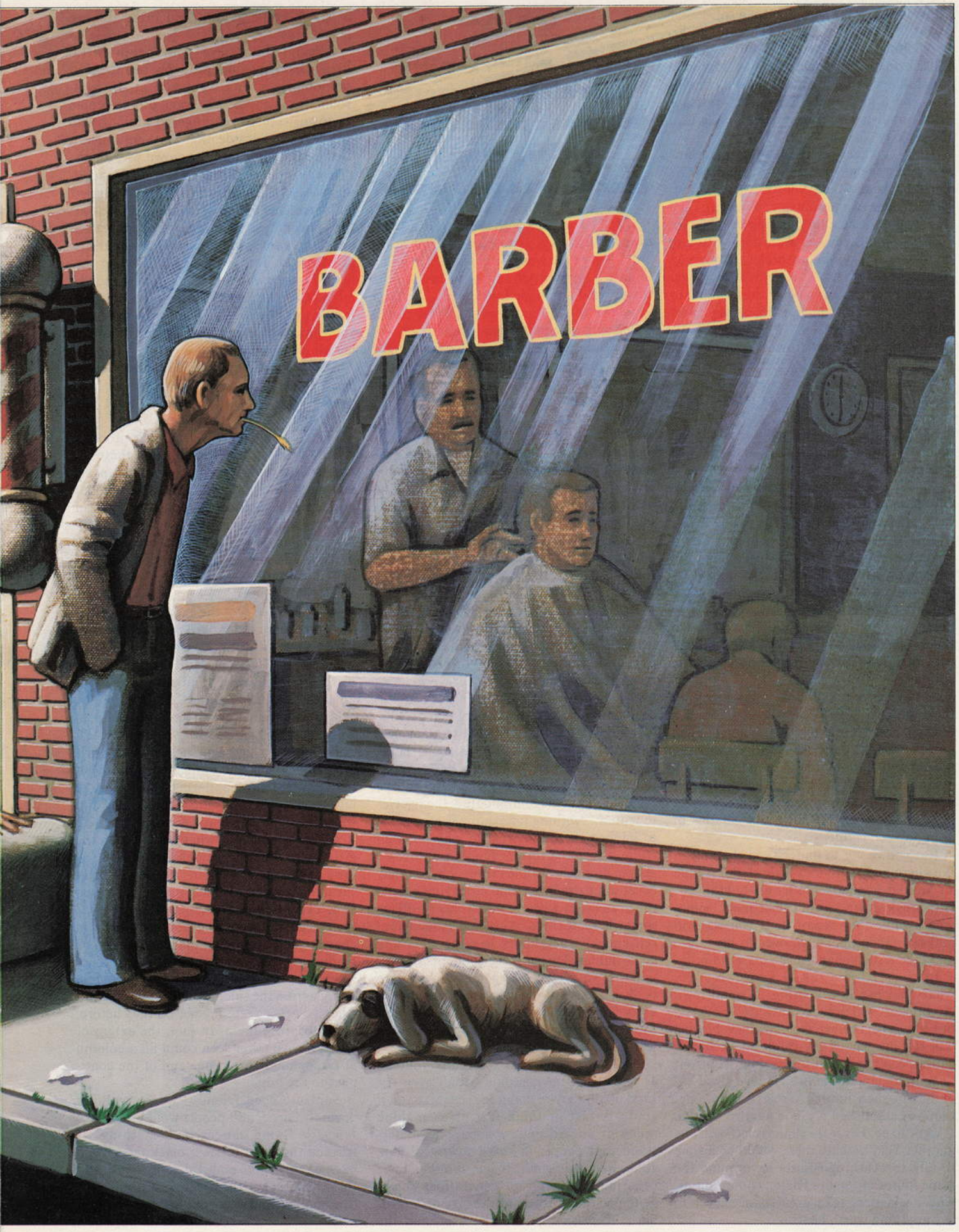
I know, of course, that these days small towns are riding a veritable crescendo of public esteem. They're placed on a kind of earthy pedestal of awe and good cheer—where life is a great long cola commercial and everyone helps his neighbor paint the barn.

People not only believe this canard, they're actually acting upon it. The U. S. Census Bureau reports that in the last three statistical years available, March 1975 through March 1978, more people moved from urban areas to the country than the other way around—5.3 million flowing out and only 4.2 million coming in.

I was one of those 5.3 million. I fell for the line. Sure. Back to the land, small is beautiful, ride a horse, tip your Stetson. It seems so delightfully pastoral from afar. After all, we've been raised on Thomas Jefferson and the agrarian ideal. Plow the fields by day, read Cicero by night, reap the benefits of good air all the while.

Well, my friends, I'm here to tell you the reality: Small towns are still every bit as dull and dreadful as they always were. And it's time city people stopped dreaming about living in them. Don't make the same mistake I did. Cherish your teeming elevators, your bunco taxi drivers, your extortionist sports personalities. They're the stuff of life. And stop feeling guilty about

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS


BARBER

living in the city. There's nothing subversive about it. I know all about Thoreau and his pond. But the weight of our history really falls in favor of people like Ben Franklin, who hitched into Philly with nothing but his wits and a loaf under each arm—just another small-town refugee out to make it in the big city.

Have you ever really thought about how you would spend your time in a small town? I mean, what would you do there? First, look at some of the things you *wouldn't* do. You wouldn't see a foreign film or a Negro. Neither would you see a play, a legitimate bookstore or a symphony orchestra. Do you like progressive jazz? New Wave? Hell, you wouldn't find a saxophone within a hundred miles. No major-league teams of any sport and no Chinese food.

"Living in a small town," said Jeff, a friend who recently fled back to the city after a couple of years in Bellingham, Washington, "is one of those things you're supposed to do for yourself, like jogging. It's penance, suffering—it's supposed to clean you out or something. It does, too. Just like dysentery."

The last small town I fled was Missoula, Montana. I'd flirted with small-town life before. Missoula just happens to be the last time I trod ground in yokeldom. And I mean the *last* time. On a Saturday night in Missoula you can: see a Disney or a martial-arts movie; attend a meeting on how to save the snail darters; hang out in the Dairy Queen; or go to the local saloon and watch the loggers and cowboys bite each other's ears off. That pretty much sums up the action.

A few years ago, when I was living on the Southern edge of nowhere, I found a twisted, rusty tangle of TV antenna lying in a ditch alongside the road. I threw it in my pickup and brought it home as a favor to my neighbor. I knew he'd put it back together and install it on my roof in a hoop and a holler—for free. He did, too. Shades of Tom Sawyer, right?

But you've got to understand that out in Nowhereland there's so little to do, people sit around hoping something—anything—will break down so time will move somewhere while they repair it. If you want to make a yahoo happy, go over to his house and take a sledgehammer to his windmill.

Even as I write this, I know precisely what response it will bring in small-town America. It will provoke hostility, of course, but it will be an unspoken hostility. No one will tell me what they think about it, because people in small towns don't confront anyone about anything. They've lived together in such limited circles for so long, they've established a taboo against candor. It's got to be. For if they quarreled with one another, very quickly there would be no one to talk to. Anthropologists have found the same mores in remote Pacific communities, where islanders take great pains never to say anything worth hearing.

YAHOOS

In Missoula, townies were eleven-fingered albinos grafted inside pickup trucks. Blending in was tough.

If you go to lunch with someone in a small town, he'll always give you a preview of his order before the waitress comes. "I'm going to have a hamburger and fries, easy on the catsup, and apple pie for dessert." You are expected to smile and reward this confidence with an equally compelling reply.

Once, a yahoo and I were discussing a local politician. I mentioned that the fellow in question was a wimp. A wimp nearby, curious, leaned over and asked, "What's a wimp?" There's no artful response to that kind of witlessness. It smothers communication like a country quilt. Did you ever notice how conversation always sinks to the level of the dumbest participant? In no time at all, small-town people can have you talking like Donny and Marie.

"People clearly get dumber as you move out of the city," a well-traveled friend once told me. "It's in the water or something."

•

In *The Nature of Mass Poverty*, John Kenneth Galbraith informs us that just as people in Western Civilization have come to expect a comfortable and increasing income, the extremely poor of our world have, over long centuries of suffering, accommodated themselves to poverty. They have learned, Galbraith notes, that in a hopeless situation, one fares better without hope. "And especially so the rural poor."

In much the same way, the rural folk of America have accommodated themselves to tedium. Nothing interesting is ever going to happen there, anyway, so why not welcome the monotony? Thus, small-town people do not welcome strangers. You may covet some dreamy vision of leaving behind the urban pace to move into a cheery village somewhere, there to be greeted by legions of red-cheeked neighbors bearing gifts and good tidings. Dispel these thoughts. That's not the way it is. Newcomers who carry book cartons into the house are immediately stamped FOREIGN. They are unwanted colonists, 220-volt appliances in a world of 110-volt sockets.

And there is no way to disguise yourself as one of the townspeople. Don't even try. First of all, they're going to recognize you if you talk fast or think fast or even think much at all. Second, you have to understand that people in small towns all look alike, and you don't. Their families have been intermarrying for generations. Their gene pool has shrunk to the size of a birdbath. Recessive genes take over, and the people become as dull and invariable as Hapsburgs.

The inhabitants of your quaint little dream hamlet would probably be rat-faced hemophiliacs with webbed feet. In Missoula, for instance, just about all the people in town were eleven-fingered albinos who were grafted inside their fathers' pickup trucks. Blending into the crowd was tough.

It was even tougher for a certain friend of mine. A series of blunders and misfortunes had forced her to leave city life and enroll at the University of Montana. She had both a mind and a sense of humor—despised traits in Missoula. But worst of all, she had the temerity to be *black*—black among the albinos. And the fact that she was a sterling fox was of no consequence to the atavistic young men of the community; they shunned her all the same.

"God, I'm horny," she once confided to me. "I've had a total of three dates in three years here. Guys sometimes smile at me, but that's as far as it ever goes."

Which brings us to yet another problem of small-town life—sex. Oh, it's there all right. And under normal circumstances, you ought to be able to find some without undue strain. Because, happily, sex is one of the few activities available in Yahooland. It's popular, too—right up there with elk hunting and needlepoint. But don't be surprised if your partner nibbles chocolate-chip cookies in bed.

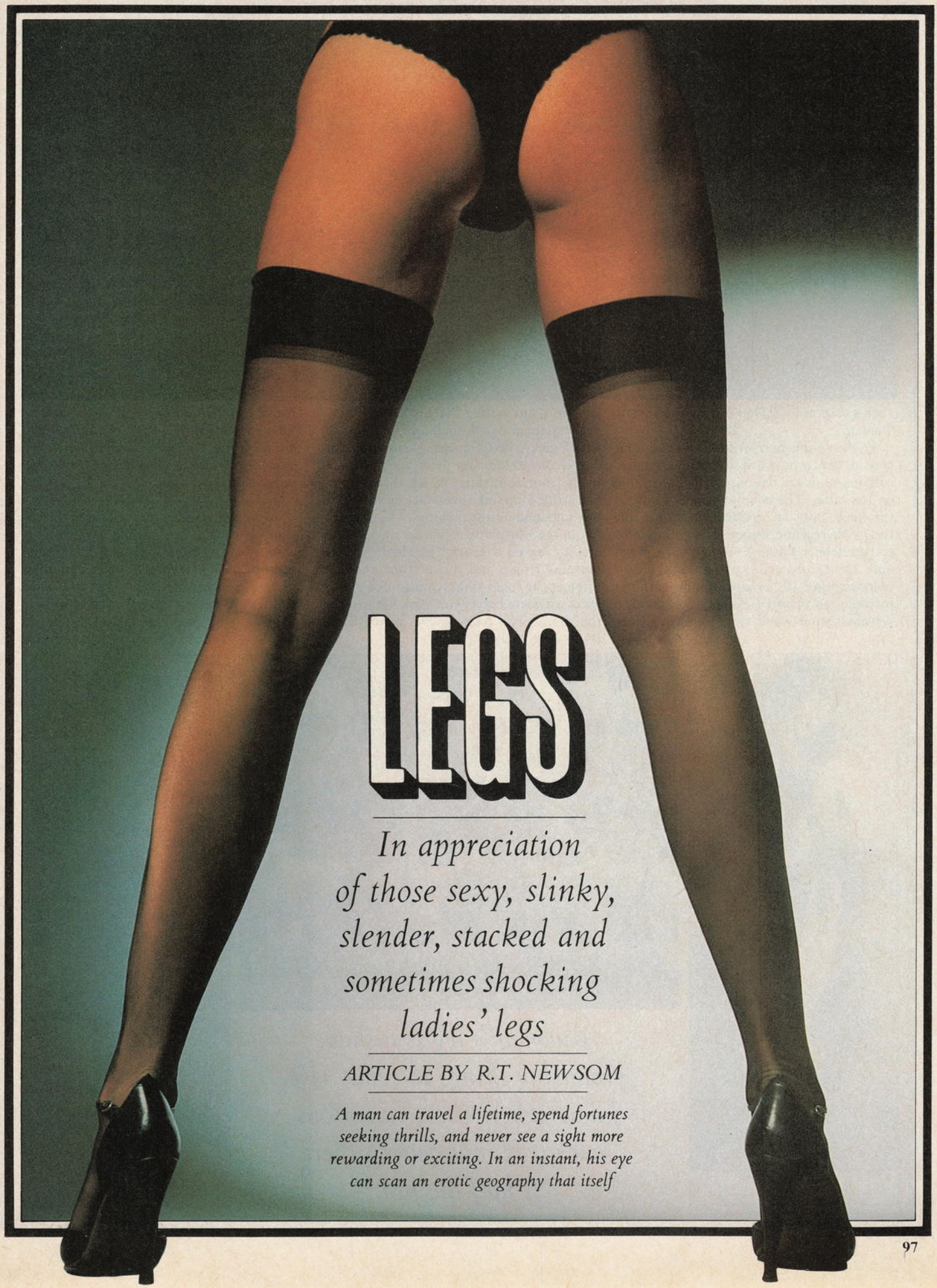
Also, don't expect the exotic. If you want anything beyond standard rural sex, be prepared to draw your partner a picture of what you're after. If she still seems hesitant, just tell her you read all about the particular activity in Ann Landers' column and she said it was great—even recommended it to Billy Graham.

But sex with nice, slow, healthy rural girls is a kick that's bound to wear off. You've got to recess sometime, and when you do, you're left with a partner who chews gum and tunes into *The Newlywed Game*.

Above all, find out what kind of man the girl you're diddling belongs to. Yahoo fellows and their women are constantly sneaking around. Which might not be so bad, except they always make sure that their regular lovers find out—so they can enjoy a good attempted murder. Always be ready to excuse yourself to the men's room when the buck knives and shot glasses start flying across the saloon. Just act intelligent. They've never seen anyone do that before; it will confuse them. In fact, the extent of what they've never seen could fill a column of Grange halls from one end of the continent to the other.

Said my coed friend: "I'd be walking down the street and people would stare like I was a flying saucer or something. It freaked them out to see a black face. We'd pass each other, and I'd look back and they'd be stuck in their tracks, still staring." She laughed and stuck out her neck giraffe-

(Continued on page 108)

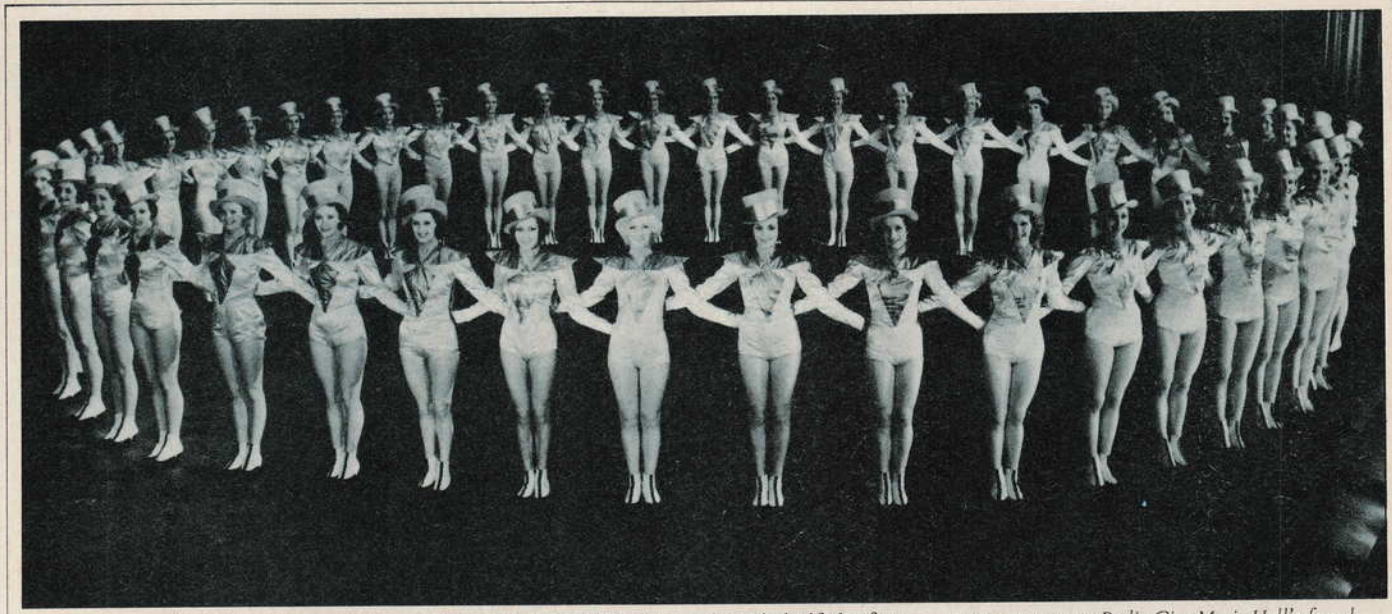


LEGS

In appreciation of those sexy, slinky, slender, stacked and sometimes shocking ladies' legs

ARTICLE BY R.T. NEWSOM

A man can travel a lifetime, spend fortunes seeking thrills, and never see a sight more rewarding or exciting. In an instant, his eye can scan an erotic geography that itself



seems a proof of God's own interest in women.

From a firm, narrow ankle the contour spreads gently outward to a rising, rounded calf on one side, a flat but softly limned shin on the other. The contour narrows now at the knee, only to broaden again into the thigh, where a fine, kittenish downiness covers the tender flesh. A woman's leg is not only a living *objet d'art* and a useful means of locomotion. It's a shape promising things to come, an inverted exclamation point, a sensuous sine wave signaling PLEASURE AHEAD. We know where those luxurious legs lead, but getting there is half the fun.

Wrap them in silk stockings and garnish with a garter belt. Squeeze them into spandex second skin or let them peek provocatively from a slit skirt. Watch them stretch and stride atop spike heels on a city street or flex unbound across a summer beach. Listen to the whisper of nylon on nylon as leg crosses leg on a nearby barstool. See the muscles ripple and move from ankle to thigh at the roller rink. A well-filled pair of jeans astride a horse. Hot-pink hot pants at the disco. The trim sinews beneath the tights of a ballet dancer.

LEGGY LEGENDS: Radio City Music Hall's famed Rockettes chorus line was New York's sexiest tourist attraction for five decades. The Ziegfeld Girls (below) and the Flapper both made the Twenties' leg man roar with appreciation.

"Although man has learned through evolution to walk in an upright position, his eyes still swing from limb to limb," wrote anthropologist Margaret Schooley, pointing out the link between today's gam fancier and his grab-her-by-the-hair-and-haul-her-to-the-cave Neanderthal cousin. Since we have no written record of the Alley Oop era,

A woman's leg is a shape promising things to come. We know where those luxurious roads lead, but getting there is half the fun.

we have no way of knowing if prehistoric man appreciated his mate's haunches but, as soon as man found the time to devote to art, his appreciation of the female leg became evident. Babylonian religious relics glorify the fulsome female form with thick, fecund bellies and equally chunky hams. Around the corner and up the Nile, the Egyptians' taste can be seen in their bas-relief tomb graffiti illustrating slim, tanned legs wrapped in sexy leather leggings stretching out from 4000-B.C. miniskirts; Nefertiti's couturiere knew the value of using accessories to emphasize the beauty of the royal limbs. Over in the East, Indian artisans immortalized ladies' legs on countless temples throughout the Hindu world. As often as not, these erotic carvings showed legs in positions even a contortionist wouldn't attempt today.

Although dusty historians draw a definite line between golden-age Greece and orgy-age Rome, fashions remained quite similar. Chic Alexandrian cotton caressed those classical legs—and what legs they must've been, to judge from statues extant. For every chastely draped Venus de Milo, there is a nymph with her bare-nekkid gluteus maximus right up there for the whole known world to see. The Greeks prized health and beauty, and it shows. Homer sang of Helen's face launching a thousand ships, but Homer, remember, was as blind as a cave frog. Chances are, if he could've seen her, the poet would've realized what *really* started the Trojan War: her legs.

> When I was fifteen, I lived in the same apartment house with Annie Berger. She lived a floor above us. I used to watch when she came home from school. I would sit on the stairs and look up her clothes. She had a great pair of legs. And she had two of them!
>
> —GROUCHO MARX

After Nero's original Fun City burned and the Huns ruined the neighborhood, the powers-that-be instituted the great leg cover-up, a misfortune that lasted nearly 1000 years. The Church gave artists a choice of painting fully draped religious subjects or of finishing their careers in a monastery. As a result, leg art disappeared. Luckily, the Renaissance arrived, bringing with it a renewed interest in female flesh. From 1746 to 1828, classic-minded Rubens immortalized the lumpy, bumpy, rumpy limbs of the *Daughters of Leucippus* with tender loving brushstrokes, using the modern medium of oil paint to capture his models' whitish flesh tones and flaccid musculature. They liked 'em thick.

Shakespeare wrote little of legs. His Mercutio does conjure up a nice image with these words: "... by her fine foot, her straight leg, her quivering thigh ..." And the great melancholic Hamlet says, "That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs," but, by and large, the Bard seems to have

PREWAR PINUPS: Popular illustrations of the Twenties and Thirties brought the bare thigh into vogue.

cared not a whit for milady's limbs. We can forgive him: After all, his Globe Theater "actresses" were all young boys, and who wants to look at *their* legs? Unforgivable, though, is a couplet of uncurbed doggerel from Shakespeare's contemporary, poet George Herbert: "Fain I would kiss my Julia's dainty leg, which is as white and hairless as an egg."

Herbert's poetic license was revoked shortly after that rhyme, but his thoughts on Julia's leg bring up an aesthetic point that provokes discord even today between liberated women and libertine men: hair.

Every normal human body sports a fine coat of hair, a hirsute air-conditioning system that keeps us warm in winter, cool in summer. It's natural. Everybody's got hair. Some hair is kinkier, coarser, longer or darker than other hair. And because of chromosomes, cosmic flukes or whatever, some women's legs just naturally look like Lon Chaney's during the full moon. This, too, is natural. Now, a soft, blonde down can be a terrific turn-on; ask anyone who's made it with a Scandinavian. And unshaven legs do keep women cooler during sweltering heat, as Mother Nature planned. All this is true. There is, however, a rule of thumb that all true leg lovers obey when making leg judgments. That rule is: Hairy legs look like shit.

Sure, it's social conditioning. Sure, it's a man's idea of the ideal woman's leg. And, sure, it's a pain to scrape a razor blade up and around the shin or to smear on a smelly depilatory or to suffer through hot-wax treatments. Nevertheless, hairless legs are a part of our culture, like TV, credit cards and worrying about the cop in your rearview mirror.

Errol Flynn had the morals of a goat, but he was a leg man through and through.

Woolly women came briefly into fashion during the back-to-nature Sixties, but everybody was so stoned, nobody cared. Today, the more militant feminists fly into high dudgeons at the thought of stainless steel touching their lower extremities. So be it. But those women don't know what they're missing. We leg men are nice guys, once you get to know us—far more likable than mother-fixated tit men or beer-guzzling ass men. We leg men "have a strong need for social participation and like to help others" according to a study by the University of Illinois. So there.

Hirsute legs remain more common in Europe than in the States; so when Marcello Mastroianni announces, "European legs are the best," we can assume Marcello likes his *signorinas* on the fuzzy side. Once, during Errol Flynn's hedonistic heyday, hairy European legs kept the swashbuckler out of the slammer. While in Monte Carlo to marry Patrice Wymore, Flynn received word that 16-year-old Danielle Dervin had told the gendarmes that Flynn had forced his way with her. The authorities possessed enough savoir faire to allow the actor a brief honeymoon before hauling him off on statutory-rape charges. Things looked bad. The French are notoriously ill-humored about underage dalliances. With Flynn's

disreputable reputation and his known preference for jailbait, Perry Mason would've been hard pressed to win an acquittal. On top of all this, Flynn himself couldn't remember whether or not he'd diddled Danielle.

The trial began. Flynn sat dejectedly at his table, his eyes cast down. Mlle. Dervin entered the court dressed in her school uniform and bobby socks, and walked by Flynn's seat. He spied her legs—covered with a crop of long, thick black hair—and realized the rape charge was a phony. "I knew I was innocent," he wrote in *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*. "Drunk, sober, drugged or partly insane, these were not the legs I would have next to mine." Errol Flynn had the morals of a goat, but he was a leg man through and through. The girl's story fell apart at the seams, and all charges were dropped. Errol Flynn won his case, you might say, by a hair.

Tastes in leg girth change, too. Leg men of the last century fancied buxom, fulsome ladies with formidable, fleshy thighs. This was the age of eight-course dinners, and well-bred meant well-fed. Yvonne De Carlo notwithstanding, the women of the Wild West resembled Bulgarian weight lifters more than they did *Gunsmoke*'s Miss Kitty. Cowboys appreciated big shanks and strong, muscular ankles. After several months out on the range staring at the south end of cows and horses, probably anything even remotely female looked good. Over in England, that old devil George Bernard Shaw reflected, "The woman of the Nineteenth Century was a masterpiece of sex appeal from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Everything about her, except her cheeks and nose, was a secret." Considering the vast amount of woman that lurked under those voluminous petticoats, it was probably just as well. It's difficult imagining any gentleman becoming aroused by the sight of a wobbling, flabby thigh that squashes like Play-doh when the lady alights. The very word *leg* was unused in proper society. *Limb* was considered infinitely preferable, far less racy. Victorians even went so far as to drape ordinary table legs, lest the curving contour of the furniture offend someone's delicate sensibilities.

LONG-STEMMED LOVELY: Lynda Carter (above) keeps her assets in wonderous shape by following a regimen of 250 leg lifts every morning. Below: a few of our own favorite limbs.

Perhaps because the leg remained forbidden in "proper" circles, it became the object of lecherous looks in music halls and theaters on every continent. High-kicking chorus girls flashed their mesh stockings and garters onstage from the 1870s onward, starting a garter fetish that still lingers delightfully today. Those girls of the Folies-Bergère and the Moulin Rouge—full-bellied, big-bosomed, hippy and fat-assed—were twice the size of today's Crazy Horse dancers. But as the era of Queen Victoria "the Frump" became the randy reign of King Edward VII, women, and their legs, started shaping up considerably.

> In olden days a glimpse of stocking
> was looked on as something shocking.
> Now, heaven knows, anything goes.
> —COLE PORTER

The photograph, rotogravure and motion pictures revolutionized leg appreciation. Photo reproductions of leg art appeared in barbershop weeklies like *Police Gazette* and *Film Fun*. For a nickel, the sophisticated gentleman in his straw hat could peruse a reproduction of Little Egypt, Anna Held or Fannie Ward in skintight leotards. Theda Bara bared her shapely stems in dozens of one-reel melodramas designed to show as much skin as legally possible (shades of *Charlie's Angels*). Mack Sennett filled his comedies with comely lassies in daring (for that time) bathing suits that actually revealed *bare* legs. Artists like Maxfield Parrish and John Held, Jr., immortalized slim, sylphlike models in diaphanous gowns. And no barroom was complete without a reproduction of *September Morn*, the scandalous painting showing a dainty, long-legged nude in ankle-deep water.

Women realized they were in competition with the "flickers" and each other, and slimming down began on a worldwide scale. Flappers danced wild Charlestons and let their shin-length dresses fly, flashing filmy underwear and rolled-down hose. One-piece, pantless bathing suits became de rigueur at the beach or poolside. Screen goddesses such as Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
SECRETARIES
sexy pictures of the girls you wish you worked with
OUI
FREE IN THIS ISSUE:
OUI'S 1978 DATEBOOK CALENDAR
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
A Chilling Interview with Sara Jane Moore: "The Real Reason I Tried to Kill President Ford"
Was Richard Nixon a Wimp in High School? Was Ann-Margret? Raquel Welch? Playboy Tells All
Sex Is Good For Your Body! Speeding Is Good for Your Soul!
OUI

may not have had the pneumatic shapes of latter-day stars, but their legs seemed to go on forever.

"Good taste" and the Hays Code kept one erotic area off the movie screens: the inner thigh. That sensitive, succulent space between the knee and you-know-where stayed off limits until 1930, when Marlene Dietrich revealed what was hitherto *verboten*. In *The Blue Angel*, a chubby, Teutonic Dietrich paraded through a delightfully decadent stage show, strutting her elegant stuff, straddling a chair, toying with her garter belt and daring her shame-faced lover (Emil Jannings) to "Come get to this!" Fully aware of the effect her German gams had on men, she admitted, "I am not in the least disturbed when people regard my legs intently. I know they are doing so in pursuance of their inherent artistic instinct." More than 30 years later, Marlene still slunk through films like *Paris When It Sizzles*. Her marvelous legs remain an ageless treasure, and her title of World's Sexiest Grandmother stands unchallenged.

Cheesecake shots became the rule. Any woman of importance arrived at a train station or dock to find herself surrounded by press photographers flashing their Speed Graphics and insisting, "Hike it up a little higher, please, honey?" Disembarking in New York, the dignified but beautiful Queen Marie of Rumania ran into a Hearst-press shutterbug named Izzy Kaplan, who undiplomatically demanded, "Show us a little more leg, Queenie!" Flattered, the Queen of Rumania inched her hem upward, revealing a bit more of the royal knees.

Izzy may have been tactless, but he knew the secret of flattery. Women with great legs, or even barely passable legs, love compliments on them. A nice word or two about

the shape of her calf or the roundness of her knee remains the most surefire method of getting your message across without blowing your opportunity. Start a conversation with "I love your tits" or "God, you've got a tight ass!" and you're sunk before you leave port. Certainly she has an ass and tits, but for you to mention it means you've been looking without permission. Legs, on the other hand (or foot), are meant to be watched. Why else would they take up 50 percent of the body length? Why else would women wear stiletto heels? To walk? Come on! *Watching* someone walking in those things may be fun, but actually walking in them is absolute torture. Why else would women wear sheer stockings? To keep warm? Hey-y-y-y.

Knock a woman's legs and you lose her respect forever. Never, not even in jest, say something like "Knobby knees you've got there, baby" or "My, what short, stumpy little legs you have." A woman walks with a nylon-covered ego. Her self-image resides in her legs, as surely as a man's rests in the size of his organ. Director Frank Capra understood this and put the knowledge to work on *It Happened One Night*. Star Claudette Colbert refused to expose any flesh for Capra's comedy. Though she bared legs, arms and everything else in a milk-bath sequence in her last film, *The Sign of the Cross*, she pouted on Capra's film, pissed at being loaned out to a rinky-dink

studio like Columbia. So the director brought out a chorus girl with shapely underpinnings for the famous hitchhiking scene. The star's eyes blazed as she yelled, "Get her out of here. I'll do it. That's not *my* leg!" Indeed it wasn't. "There are no more luscious gams in the world," mused Capra. "Not even Marlene's."

A woman reveals her personality through her legs. The prim, assured walk of a Radcliffe graduate shows her intellectual approach to sex: She probably considers herself an authority on Indian erotica, but lays a dry towel out before she makes love. The wiggly, squiggly prance of a Vegas showgirl, with each foot directly ahead of the last, reveals a pride in her body matched only by the Yucca Flats wasteland of her mind. A tennis player in short skirt and white shoes reflects her attitude in the game she plays. A running-game player plays love games all over the house, but a woman whose volleys and returns always remain inbounds invariably keeps her heels planted firmly on the mattress. Frenchwomen get peeved if you notice their legs, but become spiteful and violent if you don't. English women seem to keep their thighs pressed together even when they walk naked but, once you've worked your charms on her (tell her that her legs ought to be declared a national treasure), the bouncy Briton can be a remarkably athletic playmate.

The search for the perfect leg will ultimately lead to California and the beach girl. Long, slim stems rising up from the sand, lightly browned by the sun. Smooth, round knees. Firm-muscled thighs ending in a pert, delectable rump. The beach girl, though indigenous to California, can be spotted in such diverse areas as St.-Tropez, Jamaica, Miami and even the American Midwest. Suzanne Sommers, Bo Derek, Farrah Fawcett, Marilyn Monroe, Susan Anton and Dyan Cannon, though born and raised in different places, are all spiritual sisters—beach girls linked by their blonde hair, their gorgeous legs and their metaphysical connection to the Godmother of Gams, the most famous pinup of them all.

Female legs are meant to be watched. Why else would they take up half the body?

•

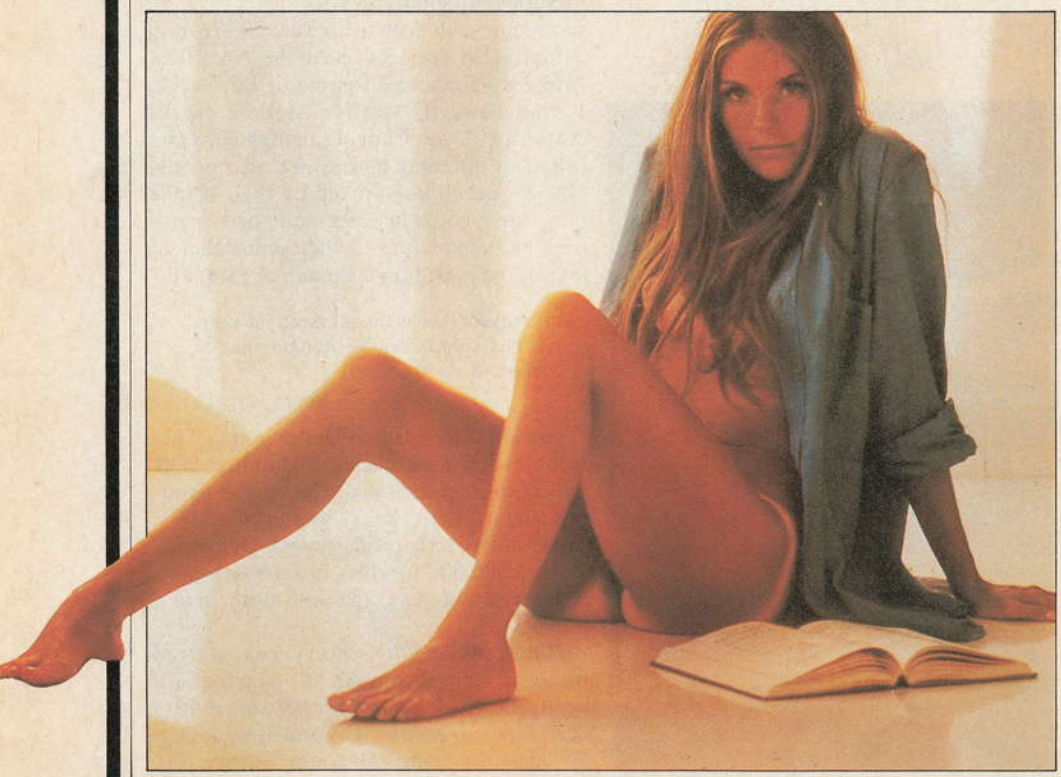
People in this business search for years to find a gimmick. I've been standing on mine all my life.

—BETTY GRABLE

Grable. The Million-Dollar Legs. That come-hither look over her shoulder. The sweet girl-next-door face, the Vargas-painting-come-to-life body and *those legs*. Smooth. Perfectly proportioned. Dynamite. With 3,000,000 Grables in GI footlockers in Europe and Asia, the Axis never had a prayer.

Her studio, 20th-Century Fox, starred Betty in such all-singing, all-dancing, all-leg musicals as *Moon Over Miami*, *Pin Up Girl*, *Down Argentine Way* and *Million Dollar Legs*, insuring their star's assets for,

Ladies' limbs can be fun, friendly and fascinating, but you have to treat them right.



naturally, $1,000,000. Or so the story goes. David Wallechinsky's *Book of Lists* gives a more modest figure of $250,000, and La Grable herself is even more modest: "Those stories about my million-dollar legs are crazy. The studio publicity man told me, 'We'll run competitions and say you have the best legs.' So their phony contests took place and I was given a cup. Once they'd taken their pictures, they took the cup away, then had my legs sculptured. But all I wanted was the cup!" Sigh. Another legend bites the dust.

Grable remained queen of pinups during the war, but afterward, close on the heels of the Baby Boom, came the Booby Boom. Howard Hughes started it with Jane Russell's cantilever bra. Marilyn posed nude for a calendar and showed a breathtaking pair of legs . . . but nobody noticed them. *Playboy* focused its lenses northward and found gold in them thar hills. Bustlines grew geometrically. Monroe begat Mansfield, who begat Van Doren, who begat Loren, who begat Diana Dors. Bigger was better, and it became what's up front that counted, culminating in Amazons like Anita Ekberg. Even that ultimate leg man Cary Grant fell into the pattern. In the picnic scene from *To Catch a Thief*, ice queen Grace Kelly asked, "Would you like a leg . . . or a breast?" Grant passed up the drumstick. Cary, we hardly knew ye. Richard Burton showed Welsh tact by saying his wife Liz had "too-short legs and a big posterior." As an afterthought, he added, "She has got a marvelous pair of breasts, though." Lotta class, Richard.

•

Who take de one with the skinny legs?
C'mon, someone gotta take de one with the skinny legs!

—JOE TEX

Sixties high fashion declared that thin was in. *Vogue* decided any model over 100 pounds was overfed. The Olive Oyl look. An English lass named Leslie Hornsby—all eyes, elbows and kneecaps—became Twiggy and introduced the mini. What might have been a classic era in leg watching became torture time, as women who should've kept covered decided to show off their emaciated, overweight, wrinkled, knobby, blue-veined shafts in the name of fashion. L.L. Levinson lamented, "The only thing worse than a girl in a mini/With toothpick shafts far too skinny/Are the ones I see all over the town/With piano legs put on upside down."

The mini metamorphized into the maxi, a reactionary, unpalatable style that covered too much instead of too little. Sanity re-

STALKING THE WILD STOCKING

Can you identify the owners of these unforgettable legs?

A true connoisseur of ladies' legs knows that no set of stems is exactly alike. A distinctively dimpled knee, an exceptional ankle or a uniquely shaped calf muscle distinguishes one pretty pair from another. Below are nine pairs of luscious legs from stage and screen, seductively clad in sheer silk stockings. Identify the owners of the legs and you can consider yourself an Official OUI Big Gam Hunter. One thing is for sure: Santa Claus never stuffed stocking like this.

1. As Sally in *Cabaret*, this second-generation songstress maintained wide-eyed innocence.

2. Her breathtaking bosom and these legs made Don Murray fall in love in *Bus Stop*.

3. In *The Blue Angel*, she vamped and stretched, as her cuckolded lover crowed like a rooster.

4. These gams last appeared in *Berserk!*, in which a sadistic mother's daughter exacts a nasty revenge.

5. In her first TV role she kept detective Richard Diamond up-to-date on crime.

6. These Transylvanian legs have strutted across midnight-show movie screens since 1975.

7. Her assets were used as a sight gag in the Laurel and Hardy comedy, *Double Whoopee*.

8. These legs have danced for three decades through bit parts, Broadway and now *Sugar Babies*.

9. In *A Star Is Born*, she showed what happens to your thighs when you're born in a trunk.

ANSWERS

1. *Liza Minnelli*
2. *Marilyn Monroe*
3. *Marlene Dietrich*
4. *Joan Crawford*
5. *Mary Tyler Moore*
6. *Tim Curry*
7. *Jean Harlow*
8. *Ann Miller*
9. *Judy Garland*

turned in the sensible Seventies with the midi and the re-emergence of women's legs. Isometric exercises, jogging, tennis and roller-skating brought healthiness to the body not seen since ancient Greece. Cellulite removal became a national pastime. High-kicking Donna McKechnie swirled seductively on Broadway in *Company*. Ann Miller reminded us that a 60-year-old woman can still strut in *Sugar Babies*. Liza did a Dietrich in *Cabaret*, and Juliet Prowse sold panty hose on TV.

Women's legs have never looked better, but keeping them that way takes work. Lynda Carter, *Wonder Woman* in more ways than one, stays slim and succulent with a regimen that would exhaust Jack La Lanne. "I do two hundred and fifty leg lifts every morning, ride my stationary bicycle for a half-hour and swim forty laps. When I jog, I don't just go through the motions like some people. I flex my tush muscles. I really get into it." All those who'd like to get into it with Lynda . . . the line forms to the right.

"Long legs are in but, thank God, it's no longer necessary to be skinny and bony," announces John Casablancas. His Elite Model Management girls stretch their high-priced stems on magazine covers from *Cosmopolitan* to *Sports Illustrated,* in catalogues from Saks Fifth Avenue to Sears, Roebuck & Co. The coming decade, says Casablancas, will be a return to the classic female form, with legs squeezed into spandex slacks, slit skirts, skintight designer jeans and short shorts. The Eighties will be good times for leg men.

•

> Hot leggggs! Wearin' me ou-u-u-ut!
> Hot leg-g-g-s make me scre-e-e-eam
> and shou-u-u-u-t!
>
> —ROD STEWART

Rooster Rod's hymn to sexy substructure is heartfelt; the rockin' Scot confessed, "I'm gaga over blondes with long legs. European blondes with long legs. And best of all, I like European blondes with long legs that they wrap around my neck." True leg-lover sentiments, but Stewart's preference for Nordic types excludes some of the most fabulous female fetlocks around. Blonde legs have merit, certainly, but what about redhead legs, like those attached to Shirley MacLaine, Rhonda Fleming, Gwen Verdon, Bernadette Peters or Toni Tennille? Or the cocoa-colored legs of Lena Horne, Lola Falana, Sidney Goldsmith and Donna Summer? The tawny legs of Bianca Jagger, Barbara Carrera? The brunette legs of Jackie Bisset, Mary Tyler Moore, Linda Ronstadt, Kay Gregory . . .

Kay Gregory?

Who's she, you ask? Kay Gregory is the girl with the casualty-causing calves—living proof that a well-turned ankle can still turn a man's head. Ms. Gregory works in the Governmental Reference Library in Tucson, Arizona, in a glass-walled, first-floor office. Problems arose when wide-eyed bypassers caught a glimpse of Kay's well-proportioned legs through the glass. One man stared so intently that he slammed into a concrete pillar; a younger gawker on a skateboard skidded into a corner of the building. In true governmental fashion, library directors ordered a cover-up, in the form of window blinds, but not before the world got a wire-photo glimpse of Kay's hazardous-to-your-health legs.

Those governmental guardians of our safety needn't have reacted so smugly, treating her legs like a threat to society. A woman's legs can be fun, friendly and fascinating to watch.

Remember, though, to keep them from walking off into the sunset, you have to treat them right. They must be praised, stroked, coddled and cuddled—like any beautiful, limber, living thing. Rub her ankle with your fingertips, using small, soft, circular strokes; then roll her entire foot in relaxing circles. Feel the firm muscles of the calf. Knead the velvety flesh there with both hands, moving upward. Run your tongue tenderly, playfully across the smooth, hairless stretch of skin. Nibble at the tender underside of the knee in those two gentle depressions. Kiss her hamstring muscles. Press in and up on her thigh, pushing all that energy higher, into her sensual center. Pass your hand lightly over the surface of her skin, barely brushing those kittenish hairs. Zings of erotic electricity will course through her body. Nibble, kiss, whisper sweet anythings into the supple flesh of her inner thigh. Then start the whole routine again with the other leg. Take your time. Memorize every incredible inch of her limber, luscious legs. Be tender. And enjoy yourself.

•

ABBOTT: Boy, look at the gams on her! Beautiful, huh?

COSTELLO: Oh, no. My daddy told me never to fall in love with a woman with beautiful legs.

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: She might walk out on you.

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense. A woman with lousy legs might walk out, too.

COSTELLO: Yeah, but who cares? ■

PAST THE

By Harvey Brenner

Whenever I think of sex and food, that wonderfully salacious scene from the movie *Tom Jones* pops into my mind. You remember, it's where Tom and his wenchy companion never remove their eyes from one another as they tear off enormous bites of meat, fruit and bread, until that unbearable moment when they are no longer able to keep from feasting on each other.

Compare that to your average dinner date. There you sit, hardly able to concentrate on the words coming out of that luscious mouth across the table from you, because your mind is on the imminent arrival of the check that's likely to knock your dope budget into the middle of next month. Hell, the chopped sirloin alone was $7.95, even though it tasted suspiciously like a Big Mac without the bun. Then there's the wine and the tip . . . and the inevitable conversation that starts out with: "Your place or mine?"

I spent years—not to mention mucho bucks—on the average dinner date, before it occurred to me that I could ask a lady *over* instead of *out*. I'm not talking about long-term relationships here; I mean, I can heat up a pizza as well as anybody. But to have a girl over to your place when you've only met her once or twice? That's definitely an intimidating proposition if your idea of cooking—like mine—involves throwing a couple of frozen Boil 'n' Bags into some water.

Well, I'm here to tell you that it's not as hard as it looks. The first thing to remember is that any woman with the sensitivity to be a good lover will be most impressed that you're taking the time to cook for her, whatever it is you decide to serve. Which brings us to the second point: If your goal is anything approaching seduction, don't attempt a seven-course extravaganza that depends on split-second timing. The idea is to have some energy left for what will hopefully become an erotic dessert.

I have but four rules for home cooking. Make it good. Easy. Light. And quick.

CHIVES RAPY

A beginning chef's guide to seduction menus

Easy means to forget any recipe that says things like "correct the seasonings." I have found that simple dishes are not only easier to prepare, but they usually taste better. *Light* means leaving room for some amorous activity. Heavy food, highly spiced dishes and numerous courses tend to put out the fires of passion. *Quick*, of course, means a minimum of time spent in the kitchen. Who the hell wants to come home from work and spend hours cooking a dinner that might be ready at midnight? I can usually manage to get home at six and have dinner on the table by seven. That leaves the major part of the evening for far more enjoyable events.

The following menu is dedicated to Lisa. She was the first lady in my life for whom I cooked dinner. This is how the menu would have read if we had ordered it in a restaurant:

MUSHROOM AND TOMATO SALAD WITH DILL
FILET OF SOLE VÉRONIQUE
FETTUCINE VERDI AL PESTO
CELERY PARMESAN

Impressed? Don't be. Each dish is simple to prepare. Slice large, fresh mushrooms and beefsteak tomatoes and spread them over washed lettuce leaves placed on small plates. Just before you serve, pour some bottled Italian salad dressing over them, and then sprinkle some dill on top. The dill is the extra touch, and you can find it in the spice section of the market.

Filet of Sole Véronique
10 ozs. fresh filet of sole (not frozen)
1 small can (8¼ ozs.) white seedless grapes
½ stick butter or margarine
1 lemon or lemon juice
salt and pepper

Dry the fish on paper towels, then rub a lemon slice over the pieces. Lightly salt and pepper. Drain the can of grapes. Melt the butter in a large skillet over medium heat, then add the fish. Fry it for five minutes on one side only, then pour the grapes over the fish. Place the skillet under the broiler until the grapes start to turn a bit darker (about ten minutes).

Fettucine Verdi al Pesto
1 pkg. green spinach noodles *(fettucine verdi)*
½ stick butter or margarine
1 small clove of garlic
½ tsp. sweet basil
salt

Melt the butter in a small sauce pan. Chop the garlic very fine and add it to the melted butter. Add the sweet basil and a sprinkle of salt, and set the mixture aside. Prepare the green noodles according to the instructions on the package, which means, essentially, boiling the noodles in water. Drain, then pour the fettucine into a bowl. Reheat the butter sauce for a couple of seconds. (At this point, you might offer your lady a finger taste. It's amazing how many women will suck a man's fingers even before they're kissed.) Then add what's left of the sauce to the noodles and stir.

Celery Parmesan
1 stalk fresh celery or 1 can celery hearts
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
butter or margarine
salt and pepper

If fresh, clean and cut the celery into six-inch lengths. Steam for 20 minutes. If canned, just drain. Put the celery into an oven-proof dish, dab with a little butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle the grated cheese over the top and bake at 350° until the cheese has melted (about 15 minutes).

This dinner, including oven time, will take about 45 minutes to prepare. If you wish to serve bread or rolls, stick to the brown-and-serve variety. They can bake along with the celery Parmesan.

A word about wine. If you're going to spend any extra money at all, this is the place to spend it. California Pinot Chardonnay goes nicely with filet of sole, but if red wine or rosé is your passion, then go ahead and drink it. Like the choice between *Cannabis indica* or *sativa*, it all comes down to personal taste.

I have a couple of theories about dessert. First I try to give the lady what she wants. Then I bring out the food. Seriously, though, dessert does taste a lot better if you can save it until after a romantic interlude. Not only does the sweetness blend perfectly with the aftertastes of sex, but the sharing of food dispels the feeling of separateness that sometimes occurs right after orgasm.

A cup of great coffee is still the best revitalizer around, unless your budget includes room for Peruvian flake. But don't just pour water into your Mr. Coffee machine—put a dash of cinnamon into the basket of grounds, and add a few drops of vanilla extract to the pot. It's just another extra touch that women unfailingly appreciate.

A deceptively easy and particularly inspiring dessert I've recently discovered is something I call Russian strawberries. I have no idea if the Russians know about it, but I can assure you that if they put it to proper use, there would be no need for détente, SALT talks or an arms race. We'd all be too busy making love.

Take fresh strawberries, preferably with the stems still intact. Put sour cream in one bowl, brown sugar in another and the berries in a third, larger bowl. Take a firm, ripe berry, roll it around in the sour cream, then into the brown sugar. Feed your lady and she will feed you. With luck, you will soon forget the berries and start rolling your girl in the sour cream and brown sugar. A taste treat *extraordinaire*. And with just a little bit more luck, she'll do the same for you. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY ZITO

(Continued from page 96)
fashion. "Like this."

Once, I was working on a manuscript at home in Yahooland when a local handyman hired by the landlord came over to repair something. I let him in, went back to work and waited for him to do some of his own. He didn't. He just stared at me, puzzling. Finally, he blurted out, "Are you a secretary?"

Now I understood. He'd never seen a man at a typewriter before.

Linda fled Bellingham with Jeff. She now recalls, "The funny thing was when friends came to visit and see what it was like. By the second day, there was absolutely nothing left to show them, nothing to do.

"We'd take visitors down to the harbor and show them boats. If it were the right season, we'd take them for a drive and show them the leaves doing something on the trees. We'd start quoting meaningless statistics: 'This is the only traffic light on this road.' By the end of our little tours, they'd start to pity us."

Most friends don't visit. They just promise to. And you can't blame them. In order to see you, they'd have to make arrangements with the kinds of carriers one must deal with in small places. You know, Hop Skip and Jump Airlines—more stops than Greyhound, planes that delivered munitions to the Burma Theater, pilots who carried the mail with Lindy. That kind of thing. Trips in and out of small towns are measured in days, not hours. Move to a small-town and you can say goodbye to just about every friend you've ever had. They're now pen pals.

Jeff and Linda live in Las Vegas now. Because everyone there stays indoors from the heat and exists on a round-the-clock schedule, they decided it was as opposite to a small-town setting as they could find. "People in Bellingham were boring because they were bored," Linda says. "People with ideas go to the city to act upon them. They're still thinking, not just sitting there watching *Three's Company*."

Linda, incidentally, is not originally a city person. She grew up in a small town called Pullman, Washington, home of Washington State University. The school is famous for being unable to sign athletes after they've visited the place. Like all good people from such towns (and there really are some—look at Abe Lincoln), she had the good sense to leave. This constant winnowing-out process leaves behind a residue population analogous to picked-over fruit.

Linda had tried to warn Jeff about life in a small town. "I wish I'd listened to her," he confesses. "Living in a small town is like going without sex. You shouldn't have to experience it yourself to know what it's like." Just take somebody else's word for it.

•

Anthropologist Margaret Mead notes a crucial distinction between progress and change. Transporting bricks on a wagon instead of on your back is progress. Lowering summer skirts from mid-thigh to mid-calf is merely change, and a dubious change, at that.

YAHOOS

"Living in a small town is like going without sex. You shouldn't have to experience it yourself."

Often times, city people forget to make that distinction. They find it furiously funny, for instance, that country yahoos are still wearing the loafers and white socks that they discarded 15 years earlier—while they themselves hobble about triumphantly in platform shoes or whatever else it is some swishy designer told them is chic to wear. Such savants, it must be pointed out, miss the point.

What sets small-town people apart is not their footwear or other apparel, which is merely resistance to change, but their adversity to progress. For they cling to ignorance like cocoons to a dead tree. When they do surrender to reform, it's always years after the city folks. Step into your average small town of 1980 and you'll find yourself fighting battles that city people settled back in the Truman and Eisenhower eras. Physicians won't prescribe birth control to single women. Landlords won't rent to unmarried couples. Politicians still rave about Alger Hiss and F.D.R.

Yet those of us who look at the city with our eyes open know that it's not a uniform oasis of culture. Any borough in New York, including Manhattan, will yield entire bowling alleys full of beer-guzzling endomorphs and their beehive-coiffured spouses who live in the same time capsule as small-town America. Because cities are populated with every type. But, you see, that's the key—*variety*.

In the city, you've got a choice, not only in your activities, but in the kinds of groups that accrue to them. You might meet anybody—bikers, intellectuals, gourmets, poets, jockeys, cellists, bagmen. You're in humanity's own delicatessen.

Small-town America won't allow for these variations. Residents with ideas or desires can't act them out and still maintain public approval. So they sublimate their wishes through fervent participation in community-approved bake sales or campaigns to save obscure fungi.

In fact, environmentalism, or at least its deviant bumpkin branches, is becoming quite the rage among yahoos, who act out their frustrations by damning the enemies of baby chipmunks.

Now, don't get me wrong; I don't mean to denigrate the good folks who are trying to make the world safe for petunias and bear cubs. The thing is, small-town people see ecology, not as a cause to save the earth, but as something to fuck over the enemy—the city. OPEC has given them a role model. The yahoo's secret dream is to put city folks in their place, once and for all. Make 'em bleed for every last drop of water or gasoline or prune juice. "Them dang preverts need power lines th'ough here, huh? Well, we're gonna make 'em *pay* t' cross this pasture."

I've seen small-town prophets mesmerize gatherings of their repressed peers with predictions that the greenhouse effect is coming. This eschatological theory contends that as we burn more fossil fuels, the excess carbon dioxide released into the atmosphere will prevent heat from escaping into space, resulting in the melting of the polar ice caps and the drowning of our east and west coasts. The yahoos' dull eyes almost gleam in eager anticipation of the wet and righteous Judgment Day when the city slickers shall perish and the hayseeds prevail. It's a surefire crowd pleaser from Pocatello, Idaho, to Tishomingo, Mississippi.

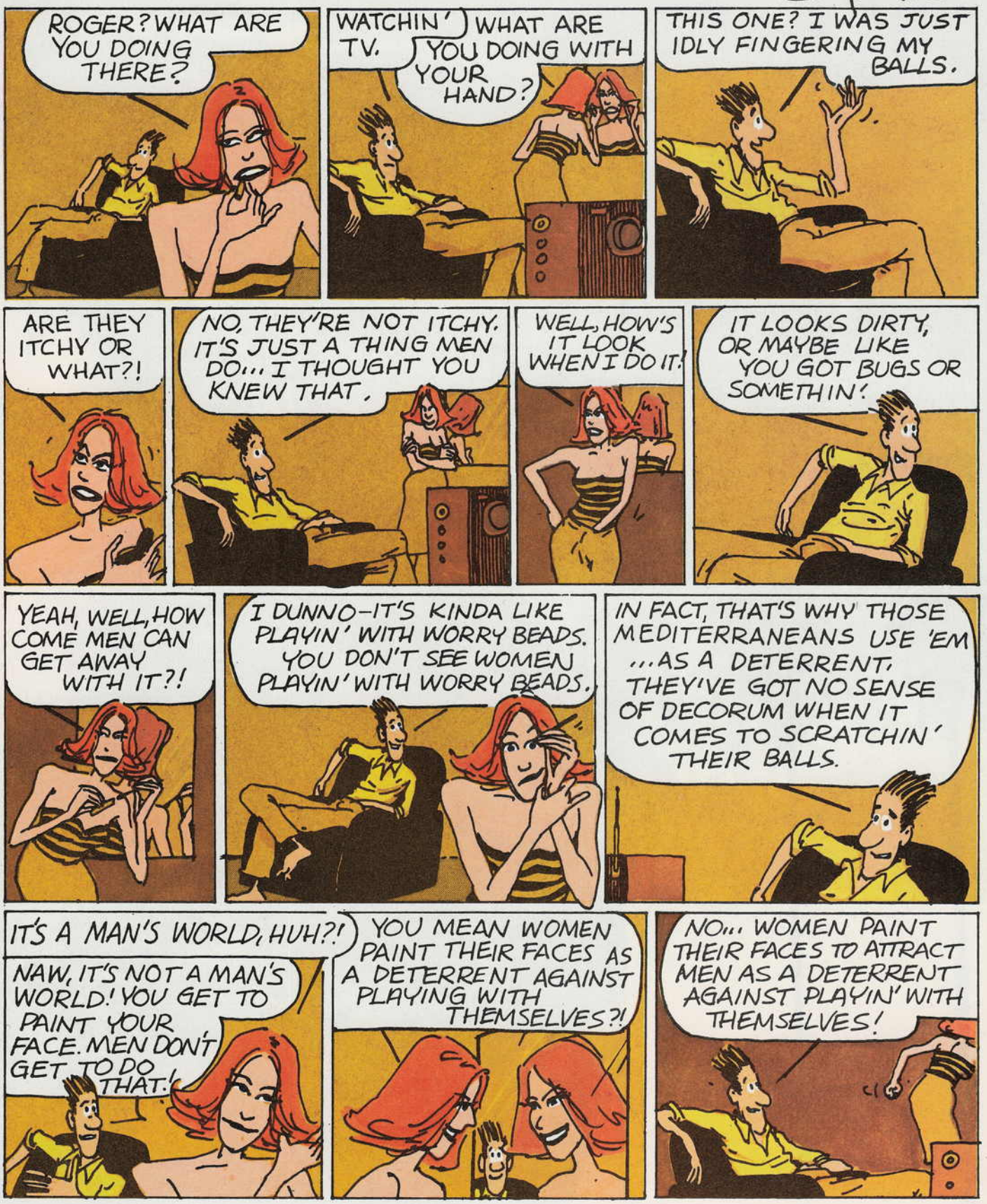
The local newspapers, staffed by pasty hometowners, seize the low ground against cities at every opportunity. Incidentally, if you were to live in a small town, you'd find yourself effectively cut off from news of the outside world. Small-circulation newspapers subscribe mostly to the B wire, a minuscule digest of what's fed to city papers. And if there's a TV station, the newscasters drool tobacco juice and stutter. I've seen weather forecasters in the boonies point to New Hampshire while discussing temperatures in Arizona.

Small-town media were never more ecstatic than they were during New York's budgetary crisis. They watched events with a frightful hyena lust, seeing a vision of bankruptcy as an auspicious prologoma to The End. The wrath of the waters. Bella Abzug floating out to sea. Norman Mailer bawling for help atop the World Trade Center. For nothing arouses the bumpkin's ire like the mention of New York. To him, it's not so much a place as an archetypal trigger—the code for niggers, Jews, art galleries, Andy Warhol.

On several occasions, small-town people have implied or assumed that I'm a New Yorker. I patiently explain that no, I grew up in Chicago. The distinction doesn't register. They only know that I'm from out *there*, that throbbing asphalt mass with the foreigners and subways, orchestras and social workers, stickball and libraries. It's all the same—New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Russia. The yahoos worship a dark Druid sun that's not of our galaxy. They despise wherever the light of aspiration might fall.

By now, my message should be clear. The significant conflict of our age is not between Moscow and Wall Street, or between the East Coast and the West Coast, or between the owners and the players. It's between Civilization and Missoula. ■

IDLE HANDS


ROGER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
WATCHIN' TV.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR HAND?
THIS ONE? I WAS JUST IDLY FINGERING MY BALLS.
ARE THEY ITCHY OR WHAT?!
NO. THEY'RE NOT ITCHY. IT'S JUST A THING MEN DO... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT.
WELL, HOW'S IT LOOK WHEN I DO IT?
IT LOOKS DIRTY, OR MAYBE LIKE YOU GOT BUGS OR SOMETHIN'!
YEAH, WELL, HOW COME MEN CAN GET AWAY WITH IT?!
I DUNNO—IT'S KINDA LIKE PLAYIN' WITH WORRY BEADS. YOU DON'T SEE WOMEN PLAYIN' WITH WORRY BEADS.
IN FACT, THAT'S WHY THOSE MEDITERRANEANS USE 'EM ...AS A DETERRENT. THEY'VE GOT NO SENSE OF DECORUM WHEN IT COMES TO SCRATCHIN' THEIR BALLS.
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD, HUH?!
NAW, IT'S NOT A MAN'S WORLD! YOU GET TO PAINT YOUR FACE. MEN DON'T GET TO DO THAT!
YOU MEAN WOMEN PAINT THEIR FACES AS A DETERRENT AGAINST PLAYING WITH THEMSELVES?!
NO... WOMEN PAINT THEIR FACES TO ATTRACT MEN AS A DETERRENT AGAINST PLAYIN' WITH THEMSELVES!

REUBEN

It was a crime of passion, California style

FICTION BY ROBERT NOEL BRAND

ILLUSTRATION BY KIM WHITESIDES

Reuben's wife was talking. She talked about this audition and that one, about her agent, about dinner, about the weekend, about her car and the trouble it gave her, about what she was wearing, about feeding the animals if she wasn't home, about her friend Lois and about the laundry. She flitted back and forth through the house, changing outfits—tops, bottoms, bras, stockings—moving, talking and finally asking if the music on the stereo were too loud. "No, it isn't," Reuben said. He liked the music. It underscored her movement as she pranced about the house in bra and panties and leather boots, in between changes

of clothes. Her makeup was fresh, her young face pretty, her body healthy, her smile warm and her legs lovely. Reuben was excited, but he wouldn't ask her to miss her appointment. Finally dressed, hair flowing, portfolio swinging, she quickly kissed him, "Bye, baby," and yelled "Bye" again, just as the door slammed.

What an amazing thing: to be turned on by one's own wife after eight years of marriage. Reuben was a happy man.

He made the bed, fed the animals, showered, dressed, went to the closet and took the gun he had bought out of its Styrofoam package, loaded each of the cylinders with new steel bullets, strapped on the black-leather shoulder holster that stretched and crackled, slipped the .38 snub-nosed police special with the white-pearl handle into the holster, tightened and snapped shut the leather safety strap, closed his jacket and left the house.

How happily he walked into the Bank of America. He politely asked to see the manager. It was lunchtime, and the bank was crowded. A guard pointed to a man in the back. Reuben thanked him and proceeded to Mr. Foster's desk. Foster smiled up at him, asked if he could be of help and offered him a chair. Reuben sat down.

"Mr. Foster, I'd like to borrow some money."

Foster smiled and nodded.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars to be exact."

Foster paused, looked at Reuben, then opened his drawer and took out a loan-application form.

"Your name, please."

"Reuben Fried."

"Your address."

"Twelve-twenty North Flores."

"Your occupation."

"Photographer."

"Do you have an account here?"

"No."

Mr. Foster looked up.

"You don't have an account here?"

"No, sir."

"All right. You know you'll have to place an equal amount of collateral with the bank—enough to secure the loan."

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"What do you want the loan for?"

"Well, sir, I don't want to work anymore, and I'm going to need the money to live on."

Foster laughed.

Reuben laughed.

Foster looked at Reuben.

"What type of collateral do you intend to place with the bank?"

Reuben leaned toward Mr. Foster and spoke softly.

"Mr. Foster, what would you say if I told you that I have a pistol underneath my jacket, and if you take your eyes off me, move your hands or your legs at all, I will remove the gun and fire at least one bullet into your body? I'm not quite sure what part of you I'll hit, but I'll hit something."

REUBEN

The bank teller was proud of her breasts. She extended her chest as she smiled at Foster and Reuben.

Foster blanched. His mouth parted. His eyes, though wider now, remained fixed on Reuben as he had been instructed, and he made sure not to move his hands or his feet. Reuben leaned forward.

"Mr. Foster, you may look underneath my jacket. Do you see the gun?"

Foster nodded.

"Now look back up at me."

Foster did.

"Good."

Reuben hesitated a moment, gathering his thoughts, then began. "Mr. Foster, I'm going to need your help to rob the bank. I have no idea what to do, but I want to do it as quickly and as simply as possible—and with the least amount of trouble or discomfort to anyone, including myself. You've been with the bank for a while, haven't you?"

Foster said nothing. He continued to stare at Reuben.

"I mean, how long have you actually been with the bank?"

"Is this some sort of joke?"

"No, this is no joke. I completely understand what I'm doing. In fact, I'm enjoying myself. I'm not tense. I'm totally relaxed, and I'm really having a good time. I can say for sure that this is very exciting." Reuben smiled at Mr. Foster. "Now, Mr. Foster, how long have you been working here?"

Foster hesitated. He thought about calling someone over, but his knee began to tremble and his hands were perspiring. Reuben saw Foster's knee banging against the desk. He looked at him as Foster replied.

"Twelve years."

"Good, then you can help me. I know that the branch manager has the authority to lend up to twenty-five thousand dollars. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"That's all I know, so let's take it one step at a time. Will the Bank of America lend me twenty-five thousand dollars?"

Foster did not respond.

Reuben did not continue.

"Yes," Foster finally replied.

"Thank you. Now, can I get my money in cash?"

"You can't get it in cash."

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"No."

"Good. I believe you. Can I get a check?"

"Well, yes."

"What do you mean, 'Well, yes'?"

"Yes, you can get a check."

"OK, I'll take a check. You can make it out to me personally or you can give me a cashier's check or a money order. Either will do. It doesn't matter if you think Reuben Fried is my real name or if you will be able to identify me later on. I have taken care of that. The only thing I want is that it be done fast—right now, in fact."

Foster was bald and in his 50s. Beads of sweat began to appear on his brow, after sliding down from his now moist and shiny head. His face had become red and his expression despondent. Reuben knew he had to move quickly before Foster panicked.

"Mr. Foster, I will not hurt you if you do as I say. Prepare a requisition for a cashier's check or some other check that I can cash here immediately, and call the teller to come and get it."

Foster responded well to specific instructions. He wrote out the requisition, which Reuben asked to see. It looked OK; what did he know? He nodded to Foster. Foster dialed the teller's extension and asked her to come to his desk.

"Now, when she comes over, don't say anything to her. Extend the check to her. When she takes it, say, 'Thank you—and, by the way, could you please bring it right back for endorsement?' And smile when she agrees to do that. Got it?"

"Yes."

"Look, Foster. If you panic or in any way screw up, I'm going to shoot you. I'm going to fire a steel bullet into your body. So be cool and nothing will happen to you. Understand?"

Foster brushed the sweat from his forehead with his arm; the sweat stained his suit. "Mr. Fried . . ."

"Please, call me Reuben."

Just then, the teller, a lovely young redhead with freckles, arrived at Foster's desk. She was a girl who was very happy and proud of her breasts, which were large and bursting through her soft, white sweater. The outline of her nipples could be seen clearly. She extended her chest as she smiled. Foster and Reuben were staring at each other when she interrupted.

"Did you want me, Mr. Foster?" she asked.

Foster extended his arm. She took the check, and he said to her, "By the way, Louise, could you please bring it right back for endorsement?" "Yes, sir," she said. Foster smiled and nodded. As she walked away, both men looked at her.

"When she comes back, Foster, ask her to wait. I'll endorse it, and you initial my signature. Tell her to cash the check and bring back the money in hundreds."

The teller returned. Reuben signed the check. Foster initialed it and gave Louise her instructions. She looked at Reuben, and Reuben looked at her. He was admiring her. She hesitated a moment, then walked away.

"Are you really going through with this?" Foster said.

Reuben did not respond. He was slightly

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REUBEN

preoccupied. He looked at Foster's hand, still clutching the pen, and watched it shake.

"Mr. Foster, what do you think about Louise? I mean, she's so pretty. Do you think about how it would be with her?"

Foster looked at him.

"You know what I mean," Reuben said. "Being with her, the two of you alone, spending an evening with her, going out."

"She's twenty-two."

"I know, Foster, but she's so pretty, so attractive; I can't stop looking at her. I mean, her body, Foster—her body, her face."

Foster looked around the bank.

"I had a fantasy, Foster—that I was with her in a restaurant. She was dressed in a loose-fitting silk blouse, a see-through blouse with red flowers on a beige background. Only she had a bra on. She had to. It was a beige bra, and I could see the bra through her blouse. I looked at it several times, whenever I could—whenever she wasn't looking at me. And then I experimented with her: Once, when I was looking, she caught me, and I continued to stare at her breasts—only for a few seconds—but I was sure she saw me. And she didn't say anything. She continued talking, continued smiling gently, warmly. And at other times during our dinner, I looked at the top of her breasts, the part that was exposed just above the bra, the part that couldn't be contained. I mean, she had her third button open, and they were there."

"But you're married, aren't you, Fried? You're wearing a wedding band."

"Everybody's married, Foster. Everybody."

"Oh." Foster replied as if he'd understood Reuben's response. He was thoroughly shaken now, and he didn't dare contradict Reuben. He wanted "it" to be over with, but he didn't know what that meant, either.

"Oh, I thought about her a lot in the few seconds I saw her," Reuben said. "You know, you can think about a lot of things in a few seconds."

"Yes, I know," Foster said.

"We should invite her to lunch with us, Foster. What do you think?"

Foster jerked up straight immediately. He knew what this meant. "Well, I can't. I have to stay at the bank, I have to work," he said quickly and defensively.

"Yes, you can and, yes, you will."

"This is kidnapping," Foster said loudly enough to surprise himself. They both looked around to see if anyone had heard them.

"I promise you, Foster—I'll shoot you if anyone knows what's going on here."

Louise returned with the money.

"Louise, Mr. Foster is joining my wife and myself for lunch to celebrate my new loan, and I was wondering if you'd care to join us. We're going to a very nice restaurant not far from the bank, and we'll only be gone for an hour or so."

Louise looked at Foster, who said nothing, and then to Reuben. "I'm sorry, sir, but I've already made plans. My girlfriend and I are having lunch."

Reuben paused for a second, nodded, then said, "Louise, do you have a shopping bag?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

"Would you do me a favor?"

Louise smiled. "Yes, sir."

"Could you bring it to me? I'd like to borrow it."

Louise giggled. Mr. Foster's customer was an eccentric for sure. She started to walk away but Reuben stopped her.

"Louise, where are you going?"

"I was going to get my shopping bag."

"Where is it?"

"Behind the counter."

"Oh, behind the counter. Don't bother. Where do they keep the canvas bags that say BANK OF AMERICA on them?"

"Also behind the counter."

Reuben hesitated. Louise was becoming suspicious. Reuben noticed it immediately.

"Louise, I want you to understand that I don't like shouting."

"Shouting? I'm not shouting."

"I know you're not. I want to make sure that you don't shout because, if you do, Mr. Foster will be shot. If you gasp, yell, scream or do anything out of the ordinary, Mr. Foster will be killed."

Louise looked at Foster who nodded his affirmation.

"I have a gun, Louise, and I promise you that I'll kill Foster if you give me away in any way. Do you understand that, Louise?"

Louise had been cradling the five packages of hundred-dollar bills in her arms. She dropped them on Foster's desk. "They're all there. Fifty hundreds in each package. I got them from the vault myself."

"When is your girlfriend coming to pick you up?" Reuben asked.

"What?"

"Your girlfriend. Remember? When is she coming?"

"She's here now. She's in the bathroom fixing herself up," Louise said quickly.

"OK, Louise," Reuben said. "I want you to do exactly as I tell you and as quickly as possible. If you alert anyone, Mr. Foster will be killed."

Louise nodded.

"Get a bank bag and bring it here. When it's filled with money, join Mr. Foster and myself as we leave the bank. Talk to Mr. Foster about anything until we leave the bank. Once we're outside, walk around the corner to the right; then stop and wait for further instructions. Do you understand?"

"Who will fill the bag?"

"You will," Reuben said smiling. "And you'll carry it as I follow you and Mr. Foster

out the door. OK?"

"Yes, sir."

Louise left. When she returned, she did exactly as she was told.

"What's the bank guard's name, Louise?" Reuben said.

Louise looked at Foster, but he was looking down at his desk.

"Frank," she said.

"When you get to the door, stop talking to Foster and say, 'See you later, Frank,' as we leave. Then continue talking to Mr. Foster. OK?"

"Yes."

Everything went as planned. As they left, Reuben looked back through the revolving door and saw what must have been Louise's girlfriend rushing toward the door. It was incredible, he thought, she was just as lovely as Louise.

Louise's girlfriend, Myrna, was stopped at the door by Frank, the bank guard, who wanted to know what her hurry was. He held her arms and looked at her hands.

"Nothing," she said quickly and blushed, embarrassed by the attention.

Frank held her.

"Louise and I were to have lunch, and she just left. I was trying to catch up with her."

Frank hesitated a second, looked at her, released her arm and proceeded through the revolving door. Myrna followed him.

He looked right and left, just like in the movies, and ran quickly to the nearest corner, just as a black Dodge van pulled away. Frank saw the words VAN KARAVAN painted in brilliant red letters along the side panel, but he failed to get the license number. He saw Myrna standing in front of the bank, and walked back toward her, where a few people had gathered.

•

Reuben, Carl Foster and Louise were in the bank parking lot. Reuben was opening the passenger door of his car for Louise.

"I'm really into cars," said Reuben to Foster, "so drive carefully. No accidents, scratches, bumps or dents, and watch out when you open the car door. Don't hit the guy next to you."

Reuben had a racing-green four-door Jaguar XJ12 sedan with beige-leather interior. The car was immaculate and highly polished. It was perfect, Reuben thought. He was proud of it.

This was the first time Reuben had sat in the backseat of his own car. The car was practically brand-new, and he sat in the back luxuriating in its comfort. He reached over to the front seat, grabbed his camera, and loaded it with color film. It was a Nikon F with an electric-motor attachment.

"Drive west on Sunset until you get to the beach. Make a right on Pacific Coast Highway and drive north. Also, Carl—if I may call you that—put a Neil Sedaka tape into the cassette player. It doesn't matter where on the tape you begin."

Foster started the big V-12 engine, drove out of the parking lot, turned right on Sunset and headed west. He looked to the front of the bank, but Frank and Myrna and the onlookers were already gone.

"Louise, I'm going to take some pictures of you as we drive out to the beach—some head shots mainly—so turn around when I ask you to. You can comb your hair and fix your makeup if you want to, or leave it as it is, whatever you wish."

Although she didn't know why, Louise turned around and smiled at Reuben. Reuben smiled back as he adjusted his 85mm telephoto lens, the one he thought perfect for portraits.

When Reuben thought the light was right, he clicked off a few shots of Foster, using the reflection in the rearview mirror to capture Foster's face. This was slightly disconcerting to Foster. Reuben hadn't said anything about taking his picture, only Louise's. Foster looked up every time he heard the electronic shutter click.

"Make it a little louder," Reuben said. "I like this."

"What?" Foster asked.

"The stereo," Reuben said. "A lot of people think the Captain and Tennille wrote this song, but it was Sedaka."

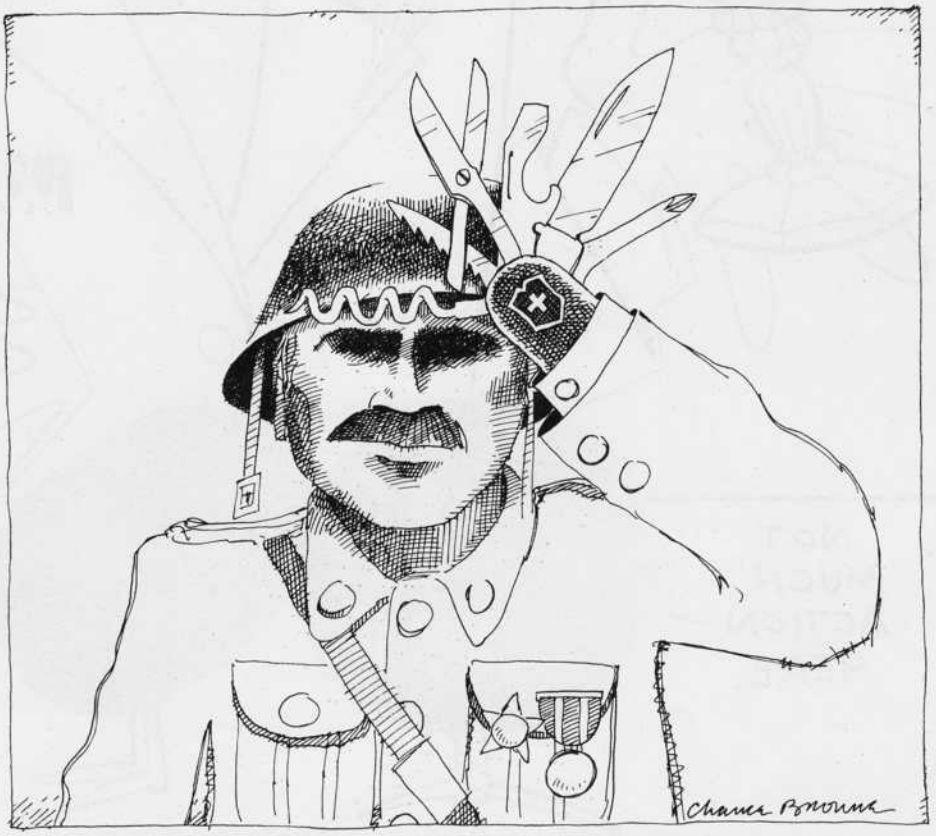
Reuben started to sing as Foster turned up the volume. "Love, love will keep us together, think of me, babe, whenever . . ."

He rolled down his window and let in the clear, smog-free day. A perfect, pleasant day of sun and cool October air. He watched the white Hollywood road change to black as they entered Beverly Hills. He leaned effortlessly into each turn of the banked streets of Bel Air. He saw expensive private houses in Westwood and Brentwood and Pacific Palisades, and he thought about land and what it meant to him. The ride to the beach was so pleasant that he let his mind wander. He knew it was important to relax. He closed his eyes and said his mantra a few times, perhaps for five or six seconds—certainly not the prescribed amount of time, but enough to be reminded of the feeling of peace, of relaxation, of being in touch with one's own center. Reuben was a happy man. He knew how to achieve contentment; he had the knack. What gave him pleasure was riding in the comfort of his new car, smelling the leather, touching the sculptured seat, seeing leaves on the road, watching the wind and breathing the air. Pleasure was being there, and he was there.

And he liked his companions. Foster silently driving while Louise looked out the window. It was interesting that they hadn't once spoken to each other since leaving the bank.

"Louise, could you do something for me?" Reuben asked. "Could you turn around and let me see your face?"

Louise did. Reuben had the camera to his eye. He focused and saw her incredibly lovely face come into view. He saw a few light-brown freckles around her nose and cheeks. He saw wide brown eyes and the hint of red hair as the camera took in her forehead. He knew that, outside the frame, more red hair touched her ears and the side



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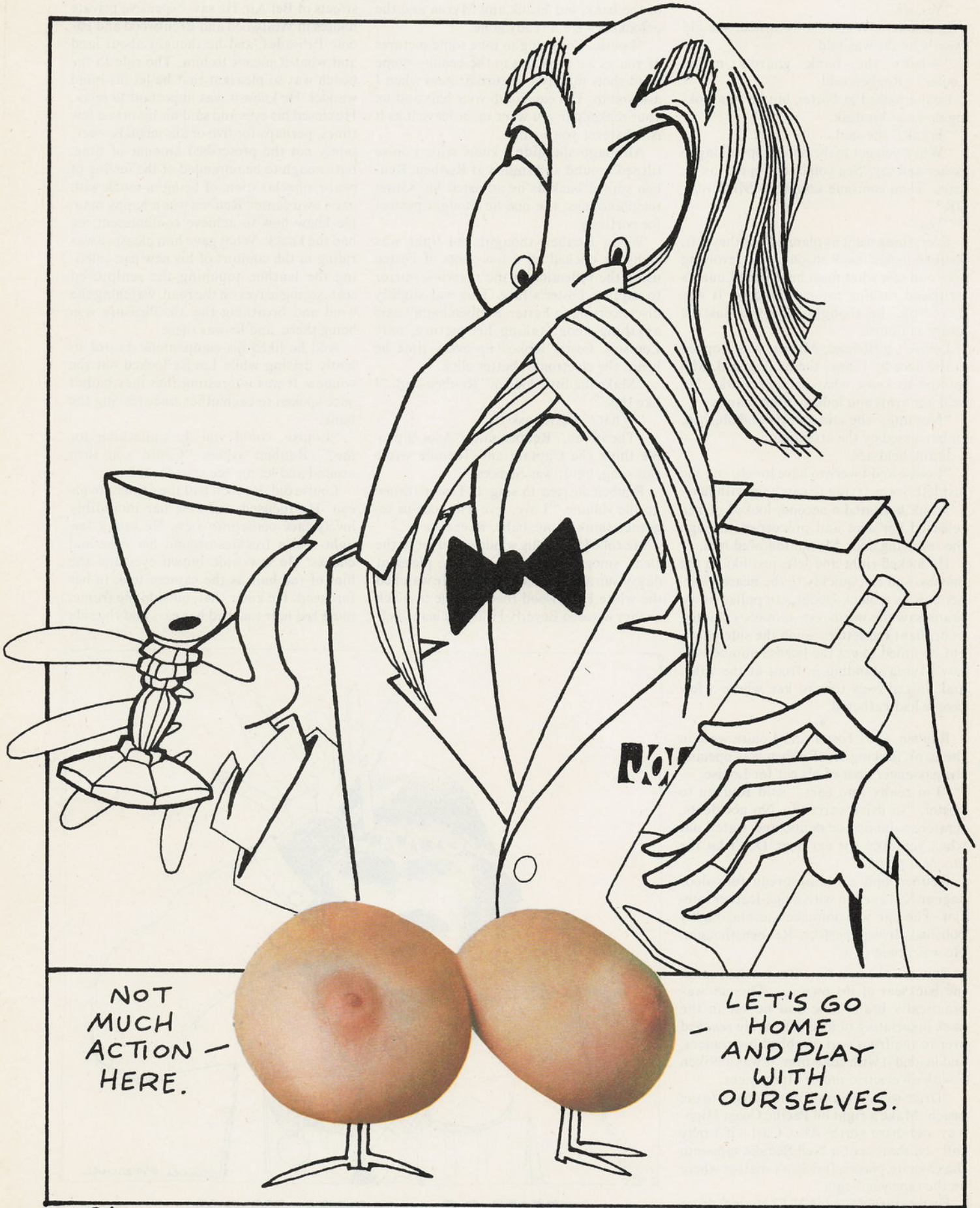
NOT MUCH ACTION — HERE.
— LET'S GO HOME AND PLAY WITH OURSELVES.
CJ Zarsotti

of her face and fell to her shoulders. But he was too tight on her face to capture this now. He would later. He saw a few strands fall toward her nose as the wind from the front window blew her hair forward. He looked at her face through the camera for a long moment. Louise let him. And finally, when she smiled, he depressed the shutter.

"Were you born with freckles?" Reuben asked.

"Yes, but there are always more in summer and less in winter."

"Do you go to the beach a lot in the summer?"

"Yes, as much as I can."

"Do you wear a bikini?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to see you in a bikini."

Reuben caught her profile and shot, just as she looked at Foster. She thought Foster would say something, so she looked at him. But he didn't. Reuben got another picture of her just as she moved her head.

Foster turned right on Pacific Coast Highway and headed north along the water. It was almost 1:00 P.M.

"Louise, why don't you come sit in the back with me. It would be nice."

Louise did not move.

"Just jump over the seat," Reuben said.

She turned to look at him. He nodded to her.

"It's easy. Let me help you," he said, reaching over the seat and gently lifting under her arm.

"Wait," she said. "I mean . . ."

"Look," Foster said, "what is this?"

"I've got some grass here," Reuben said, "and I'd like to smoke it while I talk to Louise. I mean, that's if it's OK with you, Foster."

Foster remained silent while Reuben helped Louise toward the back. He gave her time to get herself comfortable, then lit and took two quick hits off his joint. He inhaled deeply, sniffed the end of the roach, then handed it to Louise. She took the joint and inhaled. They looked at each other and waited for the grass to take effect. The drug filled the silence between them.

Reuben was the first to feel it. He smiled at Louise. She smiled back, knowing exactly what he was feeling. He took her hand and held it. He looked at her. He was taking her in, filling himself up with her, watching her face, her smile, looking at her eyes, her hair, moving his hand around in hers.

"Do you know that I want to kiss you very badly?" Reuben said.

"Yes," she said, starting to feel the effects of the drug.

He leaned toward her, his arms reaching for her. He moved closer, as close to her lovely face as possible, and felt his mouth touch hers. He felt her lips open and move against his. He felt the softness of her and, as he pulled her closer, he felt her body relax.

He caressed her as he kissed her, his hand moving along the side of her body, just touching her breast, then moving down her waist to her thighs and along her legs.

"I'm coming to a light," Foster said, looking into the rearview mirror for a response.

"Any cars?" Reuben said.

"No," Foster said.

"Just continue," Reuben said.

Reuben returned to Louise. This time, as he kissed her, he caressed her breast. Louise began to breathe deeply, and Reuben was becoming erect. So, too, was Foster, who was watching them in the rearview mirror.

Reuben reached under her sweater, slowly, cautiously moving toward her back, avoiding a too-quick movement that might cause her to stop him.

"What is this stuff?" Louise said.

"What?" Reuben said.

"This grass, it's wonderful."

"It's a Thai stick. All you need is two hits and you're numb and happy."

"Right," Louise said.

Reuben continued working on Louise's bra. He unhooked it and pushed it up under her sweater. He raised her sweater and discovered her incredible breasts; they were beautiful and large and perfectly proportioned to her body. Her nipples were hard as his mouth reached her. His hand went under her skirt to her panties. He began to touch her more quickly now and, when he put his hand underneath her panties, he felt her begin to respond. Quickly, feverishly, Reuben tugged at her panties. They started to come down. He immediately unbuckled his belt and slid down his pants.

"We're really not going to do this here?" Louise said.

Reuben could hardly respond as he lowered himself on top of her. He was thoroughly and completely erect.

"What about Fos . . . Fos . . . ta?" she breathed, at the moment he entered her.

Foster looked up. He drove slowly in the right lane and watched them in the rearview mirror. He was extremely excited and was stroking himself as he drove the car.

The physical yearning between Reuben and Louise was exceptional; their bodies reached for each other again and again.

"I want to look at you. I want to see you," Reuben said.

Louise opened her eyes, and they made love and watched the pleasure they gave each other.

Louise's body was almost out of control. She whispered the something she wanted him to do to her over and over again. And she said something to God in passing. Reuben knew that he was about to orgasm. He looked at Louise and said her name several times. Louise, however, came first, throbbing, "Oh," convulsing "Oh, yes . . ." And then Reuben came. He shuddered and shuddered again and again into her. Foster

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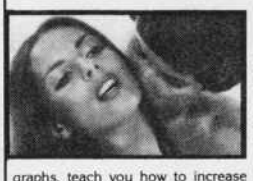

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ejaculated inside his pants and drove off the side of the road into an embankment. Reuben and Louise were thrown to the floor, laughing, thinking they knew exactly what had happened. They quickly pulled their clothes together as they sat up.

"You didn't scratch the car, did you, Foster?" Reuben asked.

"No, I don't think so. I mean, we didn't hit anything."

"Good. Drive the car back onto the road and head toward town. It's one-thirty, and I can have you back at the bank by a little past two, if everything is worked out."

"What do you mean, *worked out*?" Foster asked.

"We can do this two ways," Reuben said. "I can take you back to the bank, return you and Louise unharmed, with the money, and we can forget the whole thing. Or I can kill you."

Foster looked at Reuben in the rearview mirror. Reuben saw him.

"If you're thinking about pressing charges later on," Reuben said, "imagine yourself walking into the bank with twenty-five thousand dollars, reporting that the bank has been robbed and that you and Louise have been kidnapped. I mean, think of yourself standing there, having just returned from lunch with this pretty, very young teller. At this point in your career, Foster, do you want anyone to question your credibility? How close is it to your pension time?"

"You're awfully sure of yourself, aren't you?" Foster said contemptuously.

"No, I'm not at all." Reuben said. "In fact, just the opposite."

"Then why'd you do this?" Foster asked.

"To become sure of myself."

"What?"

"I don't know. The experience of it. The excitement. I wanted that. To break out of the lock."

"What lock?" Foster asked.

"The one in my head. The one that says, 'No, you can't do that.' That lock."

"So, you wanted to hold up a bank and you did it?" Foster asked.

"No," Reuben said. "I had the idea to rob a bank—and I didn't stop myself from doing it."

"But what about the consequences?" Foster asked.

"What consequences?" replied Reuben. "Who's been hurt? What loss has there been? I have done something for me. I have taken a chance. I have put myself at risk to be free. After this, everything is easier."

Foster remained silent, thinking over what Reuben had told him. He turned left on Sunset Boulevard and headed back toward the bank.

"What's your wife like?" Louise asked.

"She's lovely. Very pretty. Extremely warm and very special."

"Well, why . . .? I mean . . ."

"Why?" Reuben said. "Why am I attracted to you? Is that what you want to know?"

"How long have you been married?" Louise asked, changing the subject.

"Eight years," Reuben said.

Louise nodded.

The car curved through the hills of Pacific Palisades. Reuben rolled down the window and took a deep breath of cool October air. He asked Foster to put a Chuck Mangione tape in the deck. Louise settled into a corner of the backseat and looked at Reuben. He was holding her hand, looking straight ahead, watching the road.

Foster's mind wandered as he drove. He thought about whether he should reveal what had happened when he got back to the bank. He thought about the problems involved—the memos, the meetings, the executive vice-president in charge of branch managers, the police, the insurance company . . .

"You're not really a bad guy, are you?" Louise said.

Reuben shook his head. He continued watching the road, holding her hand.

"I didn't think so," she said.

Reuben noticed his camera on the floor. He was happy he'd had it in the car. ■

(Continued from page 50)

"That's all for now," says Aykroyd, "but a little bit later, we'll be giving out a few ounces of *radium* . . ."

•

We all sit around some more and sweat some more, while one light is adjusted in the back booth.

David the assistant director—his function being, among other things, to be some combination of drill sergeant/cop/managing editor/conveyor of bad news—takes this opportunity to inform the crowd of something:

"There's been a fire or two in the paper-towel basket in the bathroom. So, to be sure that the building doesn't burn down—*listen to what I say*—there will be a policeman outside the bathroom. So, in case a lot of fire and smoke pours out of the bathroom, we can call the fire department. They—he, she—will not go in the bathroom unless there is an emergency. I am being clear about this, I hope? We don't want to start fires—that's all we don't want to do."

Pipes in a KMET disc jockey named Paraquat, who's working backstage: "You should know that there are real police here. So you should be cool." A scattering of boos at this advice. Paraquat, defensively: "Hey, it's the Hollywood Palladium, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. So give me a break!"

•

They are ready to shoot at last, and Landis explains again to the crowd what it's doing here: "This is *not* a rock-'n'-roll concert. I have to stress that again. This is the Palace Hotel in Lake Wazapamani, Illinois, and you've come to see a rhythm-and-blues revue. They get pretty rowdy once they *start*, but this is not a rock concert—it's a very different thing. If you have a bag or a book or a newspaper, put it under your seat, OK? If you have a knife or a gun, you're under arrest. If you have drugs, I'd like to buy them . . ."

He's trying to get the crowd not to react to the vamping band and the entrance of the Blues Brothers. The joke is that the audience sits on its hands and couldn't care less.

"You're not impressed at all," Landis tells them. "Who are these guys? From the CIA?"

Adds Aykroyd, after all have crossed their arms and sit rigid: "Everybody should look like Secret Service men—a little menace, kinda hostile. Very, very still. Like *death*. This will be a major laugh to audiences around the world, and this is your laugh."

•

Yet another delay. I'm beginning to wonder how people in the glamorous movie business put up with the boredom.

Landis starts rapping to the audience like

they're all *one* friend of his and they're hanging out getting high and trading stories. He tells them about shooting in Chicago and having 56 cop cars at his disposal.

"Can you imagine the power? I could say, 'All right, you guys, get in your cars and go do this—' " He adds as an afterthought, "It was one of the high points of my life."

I can dig it. Like other unwitting longhairs during the famous '68 Chicago convention, I've never forgotten or forgiven being tear-gassed and chased through alleys by Chicago's finest. WE SERVE AND PROTECT. Right—each other. I'd never particularly trusted cops but, in '68, I discovered I had reason.

Landis tells me later, "I don't trust police. Except when I'm suing people. Then I go, 'Hey, if you can't trust the police, who can you trust?' In Chicago, the police were told to cooperate with us a hundred percent."

I think, but do not say, that this just might be because Murphy Dunne, who plays one of the band members, just happens to be the son of George Dunne, who, as President of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, pretty much ran the city for Mayor Daley, and who is still probably the most powerful person in the city government after Jane Byrne. Murphy is talented and a nice guy and all of that but, still, in Chicago these things don't hurt. I flash on this as Landis continues:

"So, I found myself in the position of saying, 'Say, can I have that sidewalk cleared?' And they were yelling at everyone, 'All right, move your fucking asses off the fucking sidewalk.'

"There was an officer, and I won't say his name, but I had him on Maxwell Street. We got into a fight on the set. It was real interesting. I arrive on Maxwell Street, and there are like six hundred extras. They're almost all black. And the guy's got a loudspeaker. This is how he starts the morning: 'All right, if anyone fucks up, I'm gonna put them in jail! Do you understand me? You're going to jail!'

"And I'm going, 'Hey, wait! What are you talking about? They're going to work for us!'

"And he turns to me and says through the loudspeaker, 'You don't understand these people. We're not dealing with normal people.'

"And I shout, 'What are we dealing with? *Negroes?*' And we had this huge screaming match. It was incredible."

Anticlimactically, after all this waiting and preparation, the crowd does its take in two quick tries.

Landis tells them, "Boy, are you good. Thank you."

Aykroyd says, "I'm gonna go give Belushi a massage now, and then we'll be back and do a few songs for ya."

Cheers as they split to their star Winnebagos parked on the street.

And I decide to quit for the day. The end-

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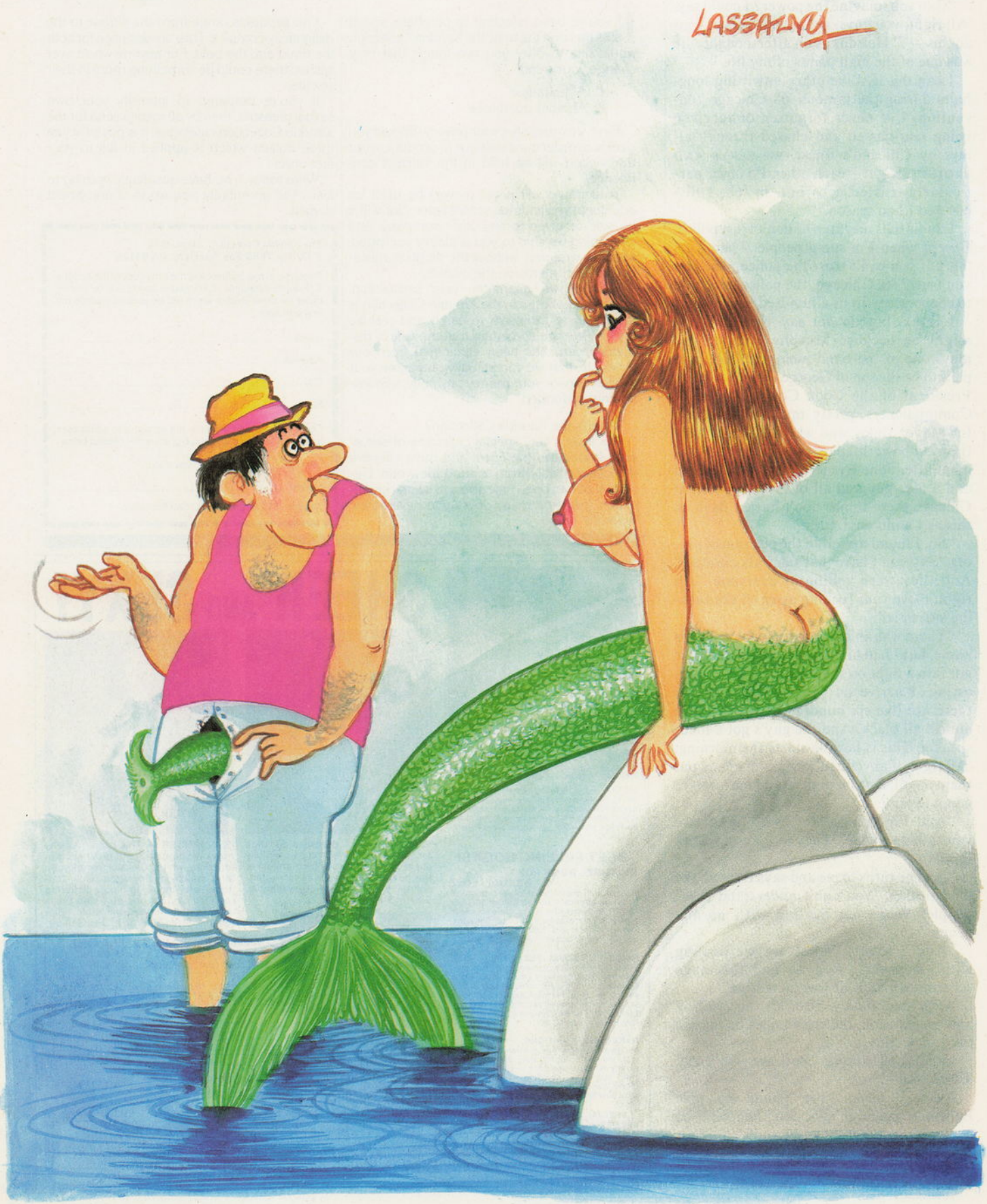
LASSALYU

less hanging out is driving me crazy.

On the way out, one of the surfer extras is telling a bored girl, "You just gotta resign yourself to the whole thing; that's what I did." He adds as an afterthought, "I woulda stayed home and got high all day, anyway."

When I show up the next morning, there's a fat, long line of extras curling out of the Palladium and around onto Sunset—the first shot of the day will be of the crowd filing into the hall.

I go inside, past a crewmember in a beard and an army jacket and a T-shirt that says in loud caps: I SURVIVED CHICAGO.

Written on a box of accessories on a camera mount, in large black ink: DISCO SUCKS! And I notice another bearded crewman's T-shirt: KILL THE BEE GEES—DISCO SUCKS!

Much of the morning is spent shooting the crowd filing in and then reacting with increasing frenzy to the theoretical Blues Brothers, who are here, presently, only on playback.

Landis, trying to get scattered catcalls out of the audience, tells them, "I have to shoot you escalating. Pretend it's Southeast Asia."

But they overdo it. Quickly, everyone is hooting and whistling. Landis, trying for a lower reaction from them, says, "If you made noise last time and you're . . . *Chinese* . . . don't make noise this time."

Word comes in that someone out on Sunset has fainted and that a nurse is needed.

David the A.D., explaining to the crowd: "Nothing to worry about. Somebody fainted—it happens *all* the time. We're ready now. Movie magic! Here we go!"

After the shot, Landis deadpans to the crowd: "We've just received word. There's been a terrible earthquake, and San Francisco has been destroyed." This provokes both cheers and boos. "Thousands are dead, so if you have any loved ones . . . No, I was lying."

When a break comes for a camera change, I head with much of the crowd for the sunshine outside—and the roach in the ashtray of my Rent-A-Toyota with AM/FM stereo and *two* keys—the second's not for the trunk, as in olden days—that obsolete concept was eliminated with liftbacks. It is rather the key to the gas cap, such are times now. . . . On the way back in from my toke break, I spot a kid who'd walked out the same time I did. Fatigue jacket and stringy long hair. His face, formerly pale and pasty, now glows a rosy pink, and he's staring up in awed, amazed wonder at a tree growing in a patch of lawn between the sidewalk and the street.

I agree.

I catch Landis for a few minutes during the lunch break. We talk a little about *Animal House*, since I was one of two writers who made the trek to Eugene to watch them shoot it. Landis tells me that working with Belushi is different now that he's a superstar, but doesn't elaborate. Which leads me to ask about the current project.

"What happened was, I was going to produce the movie. Before the concert that created the album, they were going to make a movie about these guys. But the album was this phenomenal success—it was like double platinum, so there was this acceleration.

"Were you here when they performed *Soul Man*? Mediocre performance of *Soul Man*. They were tired, or something like that. But the place goes *berserk*. Belushi and Aykroyd are so well loved. And these people have been applauding and cheering and working for twelve hours.

"Anyway, the process was . . . John and Danny were making up the legend of Jake and Elwood on their own. And I took elements of that and made up a real simple plot. I gave it to Danny, and they walked away. This is when I was producing it. A long time later, Danny turned in this enormous manuscript. It was like three hundred pages. Unbelievable. It was truly an awesome work, and it had amazing things in it. But it just wasn't a movie.

"So, now I'm director, and I did what I always do, which is make changes. So I ended up rewriting it. Rewriting doesn't mean that everything in the movie is mine. Because it's not. I literally rewrote it, and I put a lot of things in it, different things . . ."

I ask him, "What sort of things?"

"I put in more movie. I made the characters more defined. I also shortened it considerably. The movie is designed to be an epic, and when you see it, it is. In terms of definition, it's epic, and the size is epic. The characters I believe to be epic characters—you'll have to see the movie for that to make sense. Also, the look at the United States—the scope is enormous. You go from the wealthiest, wealthiest white, to the poorest black, and everything in between. Everything from Howard Johnson's to fancy French. It's a movie about Americans. It takes place in America; it's about American music."

While we're talking, Steve Cropper ambles up with a very attractive woman on his arm. To rock-'n'-roll junkies such as myself, Cropper is something of a walking legend and, of all the greats and near-greats running around here, he's the only one I get a rush from meeting. I first saw him perform in a fraternity basement in '64, with Booker T. & the M.G.s.

"One reason there's been no publicity is that it's a secret that these cameos"—Landis pokes Cropper in his brown western-shirted belly—"actually *act*. I guarantee the critics will say Aretha Franklin's acting is one of the surprises of the film."

Landis begins jumping up and down happily.

"That's what I love about making the

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movie! People will walk down the street, point, and say, 'You're Steve Cropper!' "

Which, in fact, *is* nice.

Landis then launches into a story about how he was called into Martha's Vineyard to help fix a then-soggy *Jaws*. How it was raining, and nothing was happening, and Spielberg was saying to Richard Dreyfuss: "I don't get it. You've been laid dozens of times since we've been here, and I haven't gotten laid once—and I'm the director!" Says Dreyfuss: "Well, I have a head *fourteen feet tall!*"

•

Seems to be my day for stray showbiz gossip. Backstage, I overhear one crewman telling another: "So Kristofferson says to Jon Peters while they're shooting the Streisand thing, *A Star Is Born* . . . Kristofferson says, and it goes out over the mike, 'If I want any shit from you, I'll squeeze your head!' "

•

Not far away, Belushi sits on a trunk, next to a delicious sweet peach in gauzy white sultan slacks, lean athletic thighs and a GUEST patch on her gauzy black blouse. He's waggling his famous eyebrows appreciatively at her while discussing Samurai movies.

A good ol' actor who plays one of the Good Ol' Boys—a country-and-western group that the Blues Brothers have on their tail, along with all the cops in the world—comes up to Belushi and insists that Belushi say howdy to his ol' buddy, Alex Burger, who's out in the audience, come all the way from Texas.

Belushi assures him that he will, and goes back to talking Samurai movies and checking out the peach next to him.

BLUES BROTHERS

Belushi has an apparently deserved reputation among his friends as something of a colorful *beast*

When he's onstage next, he actually calls out and finds ol' Alex Burger up in the balcony. He happily stands and salutes the crowd. Belushi has an apparently deserved reputation among his friends as something of a colorful *beast*. Not for nothing, I hear, did he star in a *SatNiteLive* skit called "The Thing that Wouldn't Leave," and his lapses from the usual social contracts are legendary. At one point, Belushi himself told me about former friends and working acquaintances who, in his judgment, have turned into turkeys: "You gotta have talent to be an asshole. I'm a *big* asshole, but I'm a big talent, too."

He may, in fact, be an asshole—I don't know him well enough to say yet—but there is a piece of him that seems genuinely to be a very nice guy, and his saying howdy to ol' Alex seems as good an emblem of it as any.

•

Finally, on Friday, I get to see the Blues Brothers perform.

I walk in on Belushi standing onstage next to a stuntman double. He's the guy who's been wandering around for two days with his hair up in curlers—the better to approximate Belushi's devil-may-care locks—and what appears to be a life-preserver belt under his shirt to reproduce the actual Belushi gut over his flat acrobat's stomach.

The effect of the two of them standing together is a little startling.

Belushi is again talking Samurai movies, this time with his stunt double and Landis' assistant. He's saying that the first Samurai bit they did on *SatNiteLive*, rebroadcast two days earlier on *The Best of* . . . was the best he ever did.

The stunt they're trying to do is a running front-flip-hand-slap move that will be Belushi's concert entrance in the movie.

Mumbles Belushi, "I don't think it's gonna work."

Belushi may be right. The flip repeatedly is a bit . . . troublesome. Stunt Belushi either lands all right but forgets the slap, doesn't land right at all or, in one heart-breaker, makes the flip and accomplishes the hand slap, barely, only to suffer time-lag balance loss and fall on his ass a full second after the slap.

Real Belushi sits on the apron to the stage, signing autographs and schmoozing with Landis' assistant.

Stunt Belushi tries again and again.

•

It went on like this, but you don't want to hear about it.

Making movies is duller than laying cement.

I finally got to see the Blues Brothers perform, sorta live. The band was there, and they were actually singing and dancing to *Sweet Home Chicago*, but the music had all been recorded back in Chicago in July. All concerned were really doing a Dick Clark *Bandstand* lip sync on the grand scale.

I gave up.

From good canned *Sweet Home Chicago*, I get on the radio of my Rent-A-Toyota some girl whose singing sounds like whipped-cream substitute, in a sappy Elevator Welk style: "I'm only four-feet-eleven, but I'm goin' to Heaven, and it makes me feel ten feet tall . . ."

•

That night around midnight, while I'm writing out my notes in the West Hollywood apartment of a friend, the doorbell rings.

It's some lean guy carrying a guitar case, wearing a black-leather jacket and hair—hair that looks to me like it's somewhere between shocking pink and danger-ahead fuchsia. Like Jack Paar, "I kid you not." It looks like electric Pepto-Bismol. Definitely no color any human has ever grown.

I'm cool, he's cool, so we don't mention the hair. He's looking for some guy who wants to buy his motorcycle. We talk for a couple of minutes. Finally, I can't take it. The Midwest in me comes out. I ask about the hair.

"Oh," he says, nonchalantly, as though it's so natural he forgot about it, "I'm in a movie." ■

"Excuse me, but I lost something here yesterday . . . Did you, by any chance, come across a flesh-colored condom about so big?"

(Continued from page 92)

like somebody's picture is in a UPI photograph and we use it and they wonder why they weren't paid.

OUI: Which people who have worked for the *Lampoon* have gone on to become famous?

O'ROURKE: In terms of becoming real famous, meaning actors and actresses, it's mostly been people who have worked in our off-Broadway shows and have been on the record albums and on the radio hour. Chevy Chase and John Belushi were both in *Lemmings*, the first show we did.

OUI: Was Aykroyd involved?

O'ROURKE: I think he worked on the radio show. I don't remember, as I didn't have anything to do with it personally. There was another *Lampoon* show that had Gilda Radner in it, which John Belushi directed, I believe. And we had a cabaret show that starred Meat Loaf.

OUI: He's just appeared in *Roadie*, his first movie, with Blondie, right?

O'ROURKE: You're setting off bells of envy in my mind. I hope he has to make it with all of Blondie. I'll be more angry if it's just Deborah Harry.

OUI: Can you or the *Lampoon* take any credit for the creation of *Saturday Night Live*?

O'ROURKE: Sure, specifically in the case of Michael O'Donoghue, who has been deeply involved in *Saturday Night Live* from the beginning. The aesthetic for the show came out of things that Michael had developed earlier at the *Lampoon*. Other writers who left us for *Saturday Night Live* are Anne Beatts, Brian McConnachie and Bruce McCall. Yeah, I think the *Lampoon* was sort of a proving ground for what turned into that show.

OUI: What is your relationship with those people now?

O'ROURKE: I inherited a lot of bitterness from times past. In its early years, the *Lampoon* was a very cliquish, closed group of people. And, as often happens in situations like that, a lot of enormous personal quarrels sprang up, few of which I personally got involved in. Michael O'Donoghue, for instance, is still very bitter toward the *Lampoon*. Even though we don't have any personal quarrel, he won't speak to me.

OUI: Will success spoil the *Lampoon*?

O'ROURKE: We'd sure like to let it try.

OUI: Are you a rich man?

O'ROURKE: No.

OUI: What new ventures is the *Lampoon* now considering?

O'ROURKE: I just finished the first draft of a screenplay called *The History of Ohio From the Dawn of Time Until the End of the Universe*. It's based on stuff we did about Dacron, Ohio, in the *Sunday Newspaper Parody*. And then there's the sequel to *Animal House*, which I'm not writing, and a few other things in early stages of development.

OUI: Who are your humor idols?

P.J. O'ROURKE

I may be the only person in the United States who honestly feels that he should be watching more TV.

O'ROURKE: Evelyn Waugh, Max Beerbohm, Saki—mostly turn-of-the-century English guys.

OUI: What about stand-up comedians?

O'ROURKE: It's not a field of comedy I care for. When they fail, I'm embarrassed for them. When they succeed—I don't know—it's a process too close to psychoanalysis for comfort. It's such a magnet for so many very, very insecure people; I just find it agonizing. The ones I like best are of the traditional variety.

OUI: Like Jack Benny?

O'ROURKE: Not that traditional. I consider Richard Pryor a pretty traditional stand-up comedian. And George Carlin. What really bothers me is the experimental stuff, the Comedy Store–type things.

OUI: Were you a fan of Lenny Bruce?

O'ROURKE: I saw him perform once, and I didn't like it. He was very good at what he did but, if I wanted to think, I would have stayed home with a copy of *The New Yorker*.

OUI: Do you watch much television?

O'ROURKE: Not as much as I'd like. I may be the only person in the United States who honestly feels that they should be watching more TV . I just don't have the time.

OUI: So what *are* you into these days?

O'ROURKE: Not much. I haven't been drinking as much. I haven't been reading as much or fooling around as much—haven't felt as much sexual desire as I'm accustomed to. Even my vacations have been sort of physically stressful. I have kind of a joke with my friend George, who has a farm. I ride up there, and I say, "Let's dig a hole. Let's tear something down. Blow up a tree."

OUI: What's the craziest thing that's ever happened at the *Lampoon* office?

O'ROURKE: A long time ago, in 1971, somebody sent a package of dynamite to us. It wasn't meant as an insult—they sent it to us to use.

OUI: That seems right up your alley.

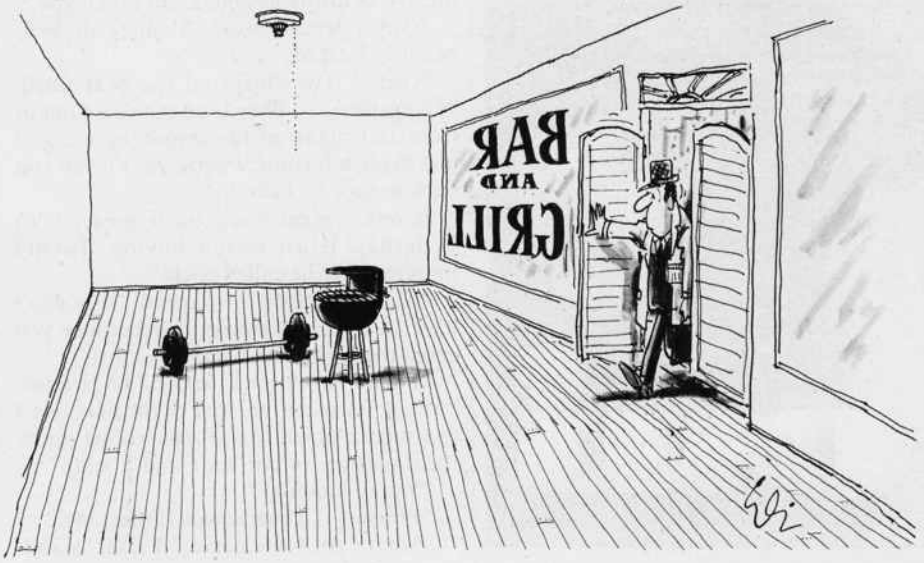
O'ROURKE: I was only freelancing at the time. It went to O'Donoghue, who called George Plimpton, who just happens to be a fireworks expert. And Plimpton said, "Does it have blasting caps attached to it?" Michael didn't know what they were, so George explained and they came to the conclusion there weren't any. "Perfectly safe," said Plimpton. "Perfectly safe. Just don't light it." So, O'Donoghue decided the thing was not dangerous and began tossing it around the office. I guess he had second thoughts, though, because he called Plimpton back just to make really sure the dynamite was OK. And Plimpton said, "It's really perfectly safe. The only problem would be if it had been exposed to high temperatures, it would sweat little nitroglycerin droplets that would crystallize. They're extremely dangerous." Which was when, of course, they realized that the dynamite was covered with the stuff. It must have been in a hot mail room. So they all got out of the office, and the next day the blasting caps came, sent, very sensibly, in a separate package.

OUI: Do you like guns?

O'ROURKE: They're fun to shoot. And I like explosives. It's really fun to blow up and destroy things. There are really only two things, ultimately, that are enduring fun in life. One is to build and make things, and the other is to blow them up.

OUI: One last thought: This is the *Lampoon*'s tenth-anniversary year. We would be remiss if we did not ask what you think has been the *Lampoon*'s effect on society?

O'ROURKE: As near as I am able to determine, absolutely none. ■



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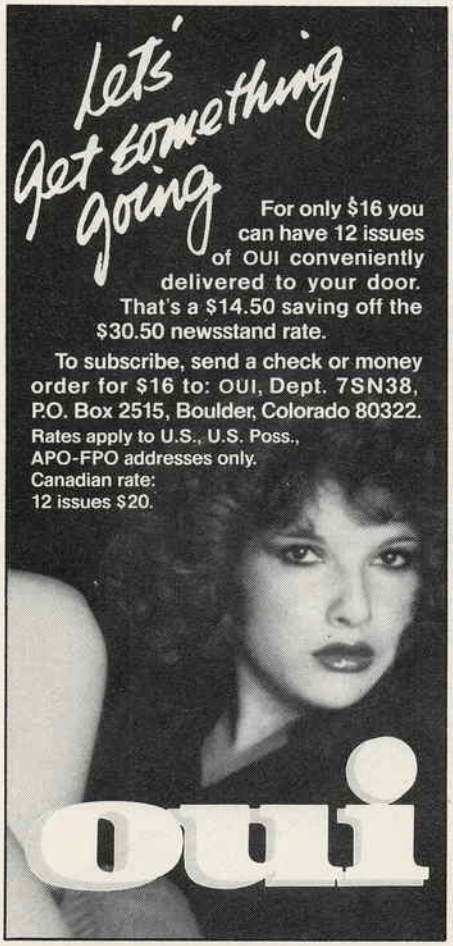
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SPEAK EASY

(Continued from page 36)

came in a couple of minutes. I'm not sure, though, that I liked the taste of the salty sperm after that sweet sundae.

I know a lot of women who are always on diets, and they always look nervous to me. I don't envy them at all because I know that I make my husband happy just the way I am and that it's really me he cares about, and not some magazine image of a woman. This game is just one of the great times we've had together, because we are very much in love —and I think we always will be.

THERESA B.
Miami, Florida

I used to be jealous because my boyfriend Roy loves all kinds of women and, for some reason, he is the type that women always make passes at. But let me tell you about the game that made me realize I would always be the number-one woman in his life.

We had a Saturday-night date, and Roy never showed, never even phoned. I had a pretty good idea what had happened to him, and I was right—a little rich bitch named Ellen had gotten her claws into him. And, I was livid.

Sunday, at around eleven in the morning, the phone rang. It was him. I had no intention of being cool.

"Where the hell were you?"

"Shh," he said. "Don't talk. Just listen. I don't have much time."

"Where are you? On Park Avenue with Ellen?"

His voice was almost a whisper. "I'm in Lodi, New Jersey. I can't talk."

The phone went dead.

The little creep, I thought. So he's with some other chick in New Jersey, and she just walked into the room.

The phone rang again an hour later.

"Please," he said, without even saying hello. "Just listen. These guys don't want me to talk to anyone, but I had to call you."

"Guys, what guys? Blondes or redheads?" I asked.

"Guys." He whispered the next word. "Gangsters. . . . They used me as a kind of front last night on this gambling thing. I just made a fortune. I gotta go. I'll call you back as soon as I can."

It was a great story, but I wasn't born yesterday. I just wasn't buying. Twenty minutes later he called back.

"Cut it out, Roy," I snapped. "You don't have to make up stories just because you spent the night with some other girl."

"I don't have time to argue," he pleaded. "You gotta meet me. You're the only one I can talk to about this. Please. Meet me at the Junction in an hour and a half."

"You're kidding!"

"Please. . . . Promise you'll meet me."

"You've got some nerve," I said, "standing me up and then asking me to meet you."

"For God's sake," he said. "It's too dangerous for me to talk. I told you that. Just be there . . . OK?"

I arrived at the Junction on time and looked around. I didn't see him and was about to leave when he came out from an alleyway. He was carrying an attaché case. Looking around to make sure we were alone, he motioned me into the alley. Then, from out of the suitcase he pulled the fattest roll of bills I had ever seen.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "You mean you were telling me the truth?"

"Let's get a drink," he said. "I'll tell you the whole story."

It was a pleasure to go to a bar with him that day because he was usually so broke we only drank beer—and, too often, I paid. This time, I ordered cognac, and he drank Scotch. After several rounds, I learned the whole story. One thing he seemed really concerned about was the morality of the whole thing. He had won the money working as a front for some dishonest gambling scheme. He knew he was too broke not to keep the money, he said, but they wanted him to do the same thing the next week and he wasn't sure that he should. I told him not to go back. He said he wasn't sure whether they would give him the choice now that he knew what their scam was.

"Oh, Roy," I cried, "I'm sorry I was so suspicious." I leaned over and kissed him. He looked so innocent I just wanted to melt in his arms.

"Let's go," I said, feeling amorous.

He pulled out the roll of bills. "Uh, you got any change?" he asked.

"W-what?"

There was an awful pause, and then he peeled the top single off the roll of bills—there was only cut newspaper beneath!

"Why, you goddamn, rotten, lying bastard son of a bitch!" I screamed. And then I began to laugh. He had conned me completely. "You spent the night with the rich bitch, didn't you?"

"Oh, come on," he said. "I can't stand her. She just wouldn't take no for an answer. Come on," he said. "You know you're the only one I love."

I knew it was true. I couldn't imagine anyone going to all that trouble for someone he didn't care about. It was so funny, so beautiful, so perfect. We went back to my place and made love all afternoon.

And let me tell you, a man who has that much imagination out of bed—well, you fill in the rest.

MARCIA D.
Brooklyn, New York

There's one girl I'll never forget. Her sex games sometimes got a little too serious. For Diane, danger was the real turn-on. She was a very pretty rich girl, with her own

"OK—how did you imagine the landscape on Venus?"

penthouse apartment and a great view of the whole city. One night, I walked into the bedroom, looking for her. The window was open, and Diane was standing out on the ledge, which wasn't more than a foot wide. She wasn't threatening to jump or anything. She was just standing there in this pale-yellow nightgown, staring up at the moon with the strangest expression on her face. It was terrifying to watch her because I was afraid she would fall. But she was as calm as I had ever seen her. When she was ready to come back in, she told me to turn out the lights and light a candle. We made love right after that, and it was the most incredible experience I had ever had. It was as if the two of us were floating way out there in the universe somewhere.

Diane was the strangest and most beautiful woman I have ever known. Almost like a goddess come to life. But eventually, it was too much for me to handle. We broke up and lost track of each other. But she is one of those women a man remembers for the rest of his life.

MARK D.
Chicago, Illinois

If Dolly Parton fell in love with me, I wouldn't have to play any games at all. But I'm just a trucker, and I'll probably never even meet her. So, here's how I make do. I'll make a pass at just about any woman who even remotely looks like her—blonde and busty. If the woman goes to bed with me, great. But I like it even better when I tell her my fantasy, and she tries to talk in a sweet, sugary voice with that country-and-western accent. Boy, does that do it for me!

R.G.
Billings, Montana

SPEAK EASY

For me, the best game is finding out what a guy really wants and then acting it out for him.

Sometimes I think that the most interesting thing about being a liberated lady is that you find that people are never what they seem to be. As a paramedic, I meet all kinds of guys. And I usually get the attention of most of them because I am 5'9" and my vital statistics are 38–25–36.

One man who recently intrigued me was Herb. He was a young, high-powered executive, definitely on his way up. He was the very embodiment of cool, and all through dinner, I was really curious about what kinds of games would get him to drop that tough executive veneer.

We went back to my apartment, and I asked him if he wanted a drink or a joint. To my surprise, he had never tried grass. I was shocked—I mean, this is 1980.

Reluctantly, he agreed to try a few tokes. At first, he felt nothing, but, by the time we smoked it down to the roach, he was looking a little looser.

I led the discussion around to the topic of sex and, soon, he let it slip that women in lingerie really turned him on. I asked if he'd like his own private fashion show with me as a model. He almost choked, but he willingly agreed.

As I got up to go to my bedroom, I couldn't help but notice the bulge in his jeans. This really turned me on. I knew I was getting to him in a way no one had before. And that is the biggest turn-on of all for me.

I knew that with a man like this, one whose sexual fantasies are kept well below the surface, the idea of a virgin would probably be a real turn-on for him. So everything I chose was white—a lacy, low-cut white bra, opaque white-nylon stockings and a white garter belt with pink rosettes. Then, to spice up the erotic image, I wore a pair of high-heeled pumps and covered myself with a sheer, floor-length negligee. I checked myself out in the full-length mirror—the effect was perfect!

When I made my entrance, Herb was playing Donna Summer's song *On the Radio*. His eyes never left me as I began to sway to the music. He took me in his arms and started fondling the thin material of my bra. He worked down to the garter belt, as Donna Summer moaned through her next song, *Love to Love You Baby*. I was lucky enough that night to enjoy some of the best sex I'd ever had—once I had found the truly wild and uninhibited guy inside the cool businessman.

For Herb, the game was my dress-up ploy but, for me, it was finding out what a guy really wants and then acting it out for him. That's the greatest sex game of all.

MARY T.
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Since my divorce, I've had no desire to marry again. Somehow, it suits me much better to have several lovers and no ties. There are four or five men I see regularly. Some are intellectually stimulating; some I sleep with as a nice finish to an evening; and one is a lot younger than I—that has its own unique appeal. But my most interesting relationship is with a man named Marco.

I see him maybe once or twice a month, and there is no phony bull about what we want from each other. As soon as we are alone, there is nothing but pure sexuality. It's raw sex; and this is what our games involve.

One time, I met him outside my house. I was wearing a short skirt, black stockings and high heels, just like a hooker. He caught on right away, and we started haggling over

a price. I took him into my apartment, and we got it on, pretending we were a whore and a John. When he finished, he put some money on my dresser and left.

Another time, we both pretended we were dogs rutting on a street corner. It was so vivid I even imagined the light from the lamppost. We made sounds I didn't know we were capable of—deep growls just like animals. God! It was great.

I've always had an active imagination but, before Marco, there was no one I could really share it with.

People are always asking me if I miss my husband or if I want to get married again. How can I tell them that life is much more exciting this way? Before, I had always felt trapped in an ordinary life. Now I feel like I'm an actress in my own movies.

BARBARA T.
Lubbock, Texas

TASTY TREAT

I'm 24, and I have recently separated from my wife. A few months ago, I took out a girl who was into health foods. After going to a concert, we wound up at her place and started scrounging around for food. Frankly, I find most health food boring but, since we had been smoking a lot of grass, I was hungry enough to have eaten anything. When we finished the sprouts and organic cabbage, she brewed some tea and brought out a bottle of raw honey to sweeten it.

To make a long story short, we ended up on her kitchen floor, and this girl started pouring clover honey all over her pubic area. Well, I love honey as much as any bear, so I licked all that good stuff off her sweet self in about 30 minutes. She loved it and, afterward, things really got sweet! That escapade was not only the most interesting one I have ever had with food, it was also one of the best sexual experiences I've ever had.

JOHN H.
Lansing, Michigan

FOOLING AROUND

I found the column on sexual cheating quite informative. My wife and I now have a completely open relationship; we are honest with each other about our affairs and about what we need from our marriage.

The very first time I had an affair, I tried to keep it a secret from my wife. It made me so crazy I started acting weird—of course, she got suspicious right away. I kept coming up with the strangest excuses for staying out late and, when she finally confronted me, I told her everything. I even embellished the story, just to make it seem as though I'd had an adventure that I'd never bargained for. To my surprise, she said she thought that maybe both of us could benefit from some outside loving. She figured that maybe an open relationship would rekindle our long-lost desire for each other. And it's worked out that way.

I guess I'd never appreciated what a little

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white lie could do for a sagging relationship. It's similar to the old joke about essay tests: If you make the bull interesting and complicated enough, the teacher will always give you an A because she figures that you're the only one who knows what the hell is really going on.

FRANK A.
Chicago, Illinois

OUTDOOR SEX

Your column about outdoor sex made me remember a once-in-a-lifetime experience. In the early Seventies, my marriage was in trouble, and I decided to get away from it all and return home to Italy to think about how to put our ailing relationship back together. I'd like to tell you how a fulfilling romance with another lady healed both me and my marriage.

On the plane, I saw a woman who possessed the classic European beauty: high cheekbones, an impeccable complexion and fantastic blue eyes; her face was framed by a luxurious cascade of black hair that fell halfway down her back. The beast in my blood pounded furiously each time I looked at her. Our eyes met more than once and, when the stewardess passed, I ordered a bottle of rosé and two glasses.

I'd noticed two empty seats toward the back of the plane, so, holding the wine and two glasses, I asked her to join me in those vacant seats.

As I poured the wine, the sunset glowed through the windows of the 747—the perfect romantic touch. We dined together, laughing, and briefly touching each other from time to time. After spending the night under one blanket, we came to know each other more intimately.

By the time we landed, we had agreed to spend more time together. We found a cabin high in the Italian Alps, and we spent three full days and nights of ecstasy there. We'd rise at sunlight, shower together and then make love again and again, often on the deerskin rugs that covered the bedroom floor. In the afternoons, we would hike through forests and valleys, where we frequently stopped to rest and make love again.

It was the dream of a lifetime come true. I began to understand that my marriage had floundered because my unfulfilled dreams of romance had made me dissatisfied. But here was the mythical love I always hoped to find. Yet I knew, too, that like any dream, it was not meant to last forever.

It was hard to acknowledge that our idyll was drawing to a close. On the third day, we awoke knowing we'd have to make that day memorable enough to last a lifetime. And we did. I'll never forget her.

That morning, we hiked to a secluded valley surrounded by snowcapped peaks. We laid out our blanket and fell into each other's arms. No words can ever recapture the ecstasy of our endless lovemaking. We lost all sense of time and space in those many hours we spent together.

When the sun began to fall behind the mountaintops, we returned to our cabin. That night, after dinner, we made love again and fell asleep in an embrace.

Not only was this adventure one of the highlights of my life, it also saved my marriage back home. Now I can appreciate the day-to-day beauty of the different kind of love I have for my wife. I no longer have that awful, gnawing feeling that life is passing me by.

The woman and I never met again, but that Alpine adventure has filled me with a lifetime of loving memories.

ANDY N.
Hammond, Indiana

TURN-ON TIPS

I am turned on by a woman who is dressed up from head (wide-brim hat) to toe (fancy high heels), with the sheerest of string panties and a see-through bra. It also helps if she acts like we were strangers just meeting.

RICK T.
Atlanta, Georgia

Like all men, I get turned on by women in sexy clothing but, several times, I've been aroused by women in heavy sweaters and bulky clothes. I'm not sure whether it's the lack of flaunt or my overwhelming curiosity, but it definitely turns me on. Probably for the same reason, I am more turned on by a woman with a bra than one without one. When a woman bends over and I can see an opening in her shirt, I am not really turned on if it's a bare tit I'm looking at. But give me a lacy bra . . .

JIM J.
Roanoke, Virginia

I like funny ladies who tell jokes and have pretty eyes. They should wear clothes that reveal everything worth revealing. The strangest turn-on I ever experienced wasn't really that weird. I was dropping my girl off at her parents' apartment. I walked her up to the door and, while we stood there and kissed, I began fondling her tits through her sweater. Then I reached down into her pants and fingered her until she was almost ready to climax. Just then, the next-door-neighbor came out of her apartment. She nodded at us and smiled and, immediately, my girl got off. It was great because I did, too.

DAVID D.
Richmond, Virginia

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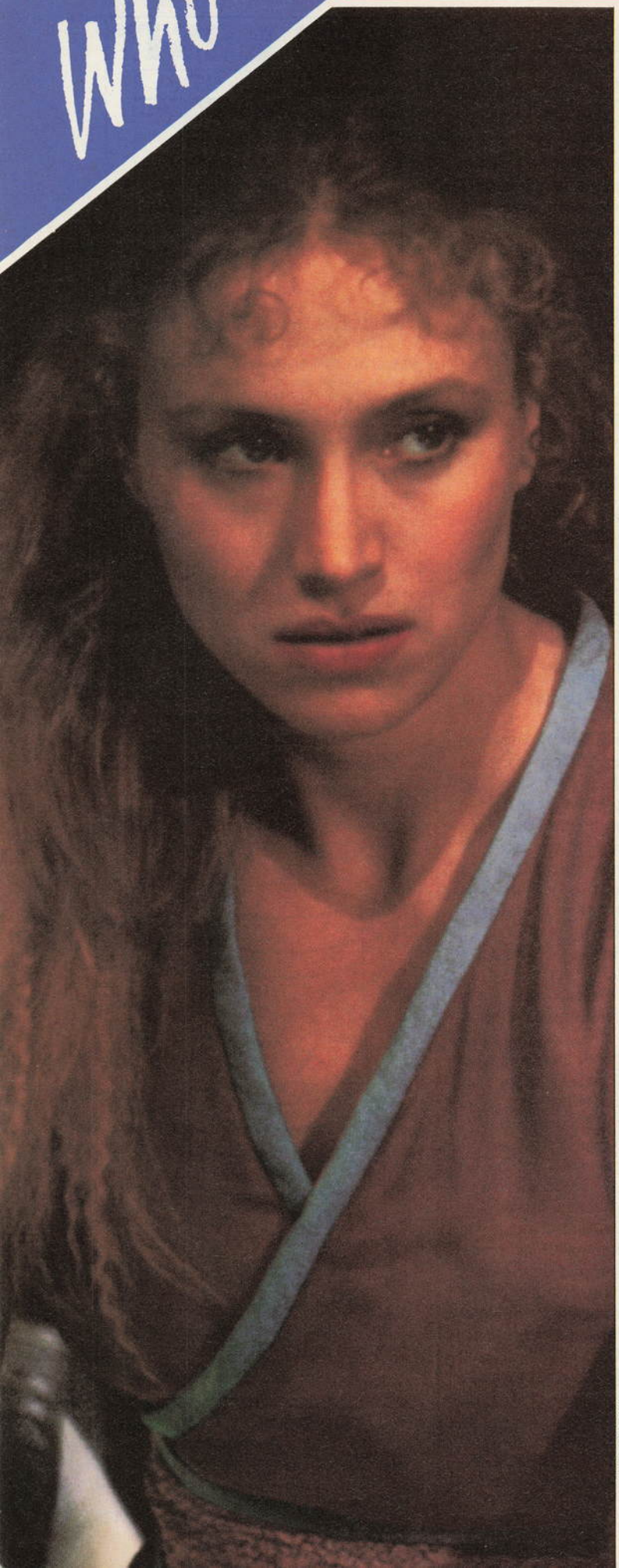
Who



PAUL HODARA

DARLANNE FLUEGEL

"I'm a wise guy. A typical New Yorker," confesses Darlanne Fluegel, the model-turned-actress who co-stars with Richard "John Boy" Thomas in *Battle Beyond the Stars*. "Once," Darlanne remembers, "I walked into a producer's office, and he said, 'Would you lift up your blouse?' Just like that! I laughed at him—I was crying, I was laughing so hard. It really put him in his place." So, what about Richard Thomas? Did you put him in *his* place? "In the movie, my father offers eternal life to Richard—if he'll stay on our space station and, er, procreate with me. But he refuses to stay. Shucks." Sorry, Darlanne. But is there any chance you'll lift your blouse for us? "I'm staying away from nudity because everyone's doing it now. And I don't want to be common." —ROBERT MCGARVEY

COURTESY CAPITOL RECORDS

The Motels

"One of the first gigs we played as the Motels was at a Halloween party in San Francisco. All I can remember is this guy—stark naked, painted blue—dancing in front of the stage. I think that night may have set the tone for our band," reminisces Martha Davis, the hypnotic lead singer of the Motels. With a record contract and a new lead guitarist, the group has emerged as one of the few seminal L.A. New Wave bands to succeed, along with the Knack and 20/20. In the midst of recording their second LP, Martha flashes back: "We were there at the beginning, before there really was a New Wave scene. There was a lot of groveling and crawling on my hands and knees onstage in those days. Rock 'n' roll is sex, and being onstage is power. Once you get up there, you start doing some bizarre things. Now, however, the days of me shaving off my eyebrows and sliding across the stage are over. That shit hurts!" —ANTHONY MORA

CAROL CHASE

says her last album, *Sexy Songs*, sold a few thousand copies just because of the revealing cover photos. "I don't think my breasts are as big as Dolly Parton's, though," the chesty chanteuse admits. "I don't care if I show them off a little. I've waited too long for my chance. If that's what it takes, I'll show flesh." With a new LP due to be released soon, Carol, who's also been heard on albums by folks like Tanya Tucker, Olivia Newton-John, Hank Williams, Jr., and Debby Boone, is the singer of the jingle "Nobody can do it like McDonald's can." Obviously, nobody can quite do it like Carol can, either.

—SAL MANNA

COURTESY CASABLANCA RECORDS

J. SUSSMAN

Dizzy Heights

"If I see a crane on the street, my friends have to drag me away. For some reason, this *thing* takes over." And the lady's not kidding. Why do you think she calls herself Dizzy Heights? It's hard to keep this good woman down. A trapeze artist, Dizzy has hung from hovering helicopters, soaring hot-air balloons and even from Mick Jagger's tonsils on the famous stage backdrop of the Stones' last American tour. In fact, rockers seem to be hung up on Dizzy's aerial ballet act. She's also appeared with Ted Nugent, Eddie Money and the Tubes. But don't wait for one of these acts to hit your town. Watch for Dizzy in the upcoming movie *Xanadu*. You can't miss her. She's the one doing a neck spin while wearing gold roller skates—an optical illusion that makes her seem to twirl in midair. Her next obsession? To hang from the Goodyear blimp. She called Goodyear to ask permission but "they hung up on me. They thought I was a crank call." That's funny. . . . If a lady wanted to hang from your blimp, wouldn't you take her seriously? —SUE RUSSELL

MOON MARTIN

Singer-composer Moon Martin, who wrote such hits as Michelle Phillips' *Victim of Romance* and Mink DeVille's *Cadillac Walk*, has his second solo album due to be released soon. Martin, who's been called the Woody Allen of rock 'n' roll, is the kind of guy who often gets mistaken for a houseplant or a piece of lawn furniture—a genius wimp. "They started calling me Moon because I'm a bit of a spacehead. I dream about Martians infiltrating the planet and about podlike creatures. Other people's dreams are milquetoast next to mine. These are in Technicolor. I guess I'm spacier than people who are into drugs." Yep. After all, we certainly never saw Timothy Leary wearing red-tinted horn-rimmed glasses. —S.M.

COURTESY CAPITOL RECORDS

KENNY LOGGINS

"I get a lot of sexual propositions from sweet and innocent-looking fifteen-year-old girls. They sit at the front of the stage and yell, 'I want to fuck you!' What can I say? 'Does your mother know you're out tonight?' That's just rock 'n' roll." Or maybe that's just Kenny. Loggins (founding partner in the defunct Loggins and Messina), the Grammy-winning singer-composer whose sex appeal onstage spells success at record stores. But just how important is sex appeal to a rock performer? "It's always been very important in the music industry. Like Sinatra. Elvis. But when you become a prisoner in your own home, then it's completely out of hand. When Leif Garrett plays a concert, they have to use crowbars to get the girls out of their chairs; they stick right to them. I think many of my fans may want to ball me, but I believe they want to be my friends at the same time. Rod Stewart gets the hard-core girls. I get the nice ones." Keep their fires burning, Kenny.

—CRAIG MODDERNO

KENJI MIURA

What BUG OFF

PEST-ASIDE

To make yourself unappetizing to pests this summer, choose an insect repellent by Cutter Laboratories: ¾-ounce stick, $2.79; 1-ounce vial of lotion, $2.79; 7-ounce spray can, $3.49. Other aids: Johnson Wax's Off! insect repellent, about $1.85; Insect-Guard, from Reyco-Reynas Products, Inc., $1.50 for a ½-ounce jar and $2.50 for 2 ounces; F & L Packing Corp.'s Sketoway, $3.98 for a 15-gram tube.

ELBOW GREASE

It's worth getting eaten alive if someone's willing to rub on some protection.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LICE

Citronella candles by Hot Wax repel flying insects and unpleasant people. They come in a variety of sizes and colors with a choice of galvanized metal pails or wooden baskets, $3–$7.

AFTER THE FACT

Take away the pain, the redness and the itch with Tender's After Bite, $2.49 for a 14-cc stick; $2.49 for towelettes.

SWAT MEET

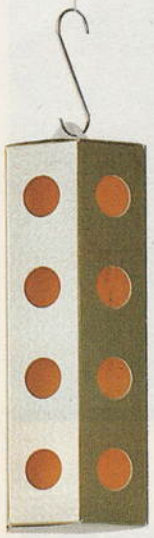
This bamboo flyswatter is classier than a rolled-up newspaper, about 89¢.

USING COMMON SCENTS

The best way to avoid being bitten or stung is to avoid attracting insects. Mosquitoes love what greasy food does to your skin, so stay away from the fried chicken. On the other hand, bugs love sugar, so place a piece of hard candy in a dish filled with vinegar. After being attracted to the sweet aroma, the critter will drown in the vinegar. Smoking a cigar or rubbing wild-onion juice or fresh coconut oil on your body also repels mosquitoes, but this trick is best for casual social situations like backpacking trips, where personal hygiene doesn't count. And stay away from strong scents if you don't want to be bitten.

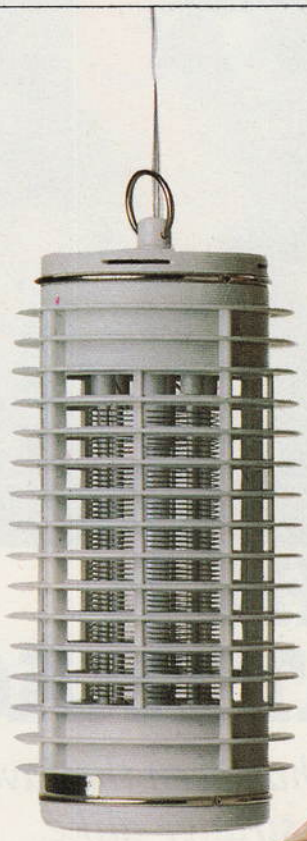
A look at some of the better debugging devices to help take the sting out of summer

Photography by Stephen Harvey/Coordination by Ellen Sklarz



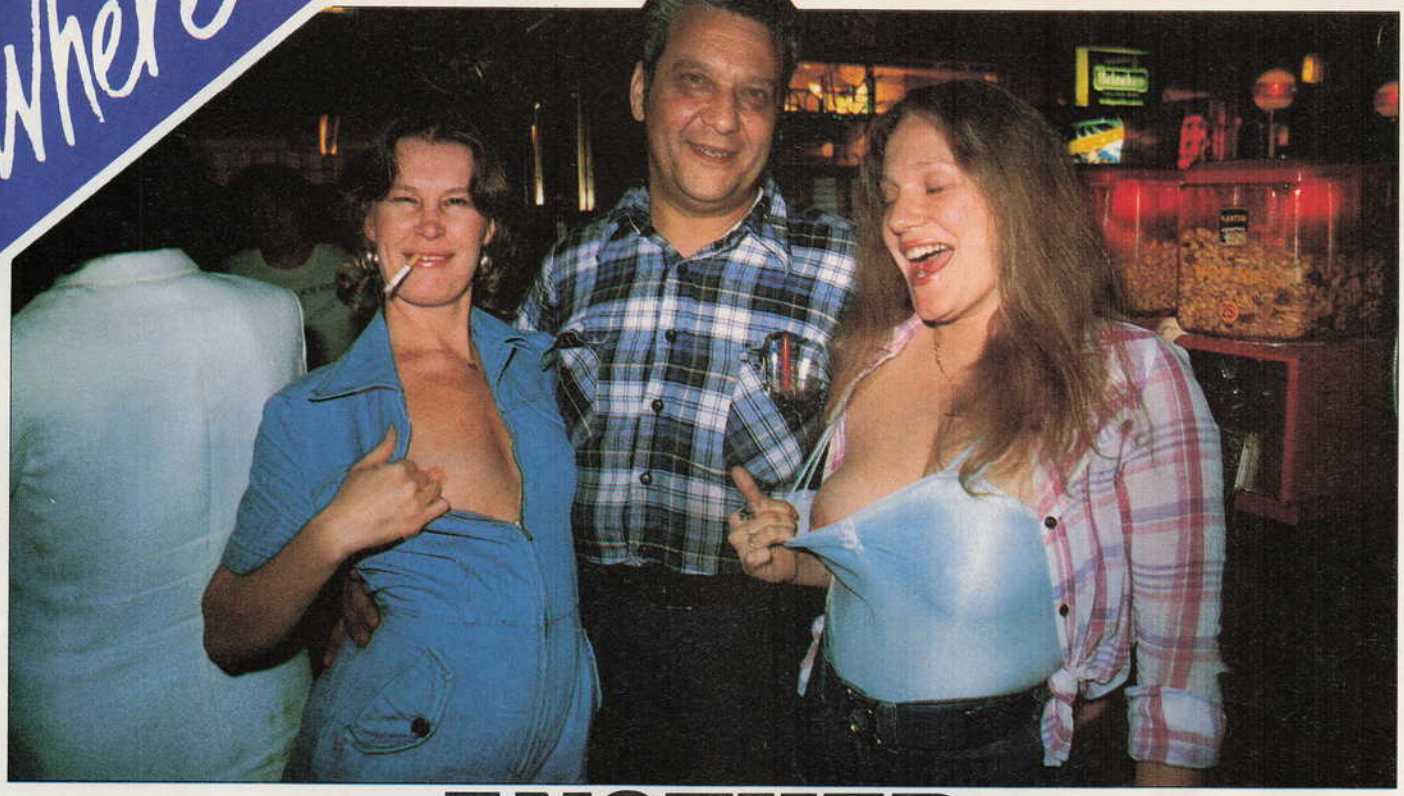
STRIP 'EM
Shell Chemical Co.'s old standby, the No-Pest Strip, $2.49.

STICK 'EM
Don't get irritated if you can't find flypaper. Aeroxon Products has Fly-Catchers; $1.19 for a box of four ribbons.



ZAP 'EM
Pied Piper's Insect-Aside, $49.95, attracts obnoxious pests and then electrocutes them.

COVER YOUR ACT
The well-hung Mombasa Mosquito Net drapes gracefully over your table, bed or hot tub, letting the light in and keeping the bugs out. Available in six colors, $69.50, at department stores or from Yungjohann Hillman Co., Inc., 1350 Manufacturing St., Suite 221, Dallas, TX 75207.



ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD ATTRACTION

For 60 years, Barney's Beanery has been the favorite haunt of the stars and the strange alike.

The thing is, whaddaya really want in a bar?

Location? Barney, who has since passed on to that Great Grease Pit in the Sky, must have known what was coming. He opened a ten-stool café in a tiny house in West Hollywood. Chili and burgers. It was 1920, and the joint was surrounded by bean fields. Now Barney's is in the middle of *everything*. A scant mile east of Beverly Hills. A short stumble down the hill from all the record companies, publishing houses and hotshot agents' offices up on Sunset Boulevard. And within a lid's throw of the Tropicana Motel—a pad-away-from-home for rock groups on the road.

History? In 1933, Prohibition was repealed, and Barney came out of the bathtub. There was a dirt alleyway alongside the house, next to what was then the back of a market. Barney simply knocked the sidewall out of the house, stacked some concrete blocks in the alley, laid some planks across them and put the booze out in plain sight.

Current history? Be my guest. Around 11:30 on the night of October 3, 1970, Janis Joplin and a couple of friends finished working at a nearby recording studio and dropped into Barney's Beanery for a couple of belts—not an uncommon occurrence. Janis had two screwdrivers, talked music with her companions and went home. It was the last public place she was ever seen in.

Decor? Mounted overhead above the bar are license plates from all over the country. That was Barney's credit system. If you wanted to run up a tab, Barney took custody of your plates. He figured you couldn't get too far with naked brackets. Evidently he was wrong. There are still dozens of plates up there, most of them now collector's items.

Signs? Barney, as well as the current owner, was a sign freak, so the Beanery was probably the first saloon in the country to use signs as decor. All over. Walls, ceiling, doors, anything flat. His most famous, or infamous, sign caused a parade, demonstrations and a court battle, garnering national attention. It was simply a modest wooden slat, upon which were the carefully hand-lettered words FAGOTS STAY OUT. Barney never won no spelling bees. The sign is no longer up but, to this day, that exact phrase adorns the Beanery's matchbook covers.

Top: Barney's boss, Irwin Held, and friends mug for the camera.

Left: Looks friendly enough from the outside, doesn't it? Right: Barney's Rule: Deadbeats leave their plates behind.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

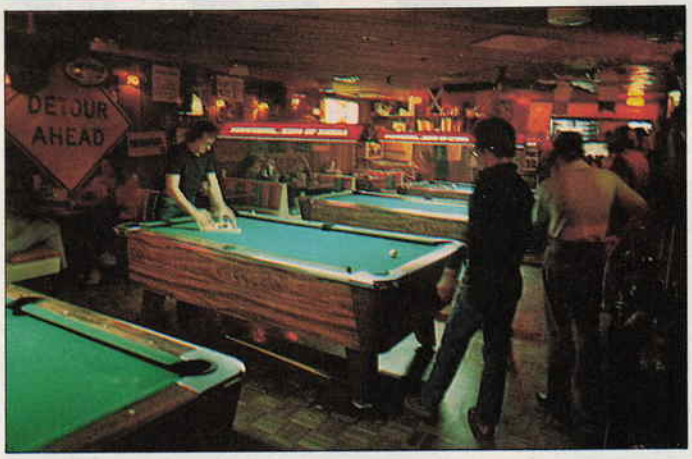
Relax? You got such "relax" that pretty soon you begin to think you can do, say, drink, dress and act any goddamn way in the world you want to and nobody will mind. Almost true. The fact of the matter is that nobody will notice—not as long as you don't interfere with anybody else's relax. That, they'll notice. Such absolute freedom of expression in a public saloon is a rare and wonderful thing, but it's not the best thing about Barney's Beanery.

A colorful management and staff? Well, take another gander at that big photo at left. That's the management posing with the staff. For over a decade, Barney's has been owned by Irwin Held. Irwin used to be Barney's beer distributor. Irwin knew a good thing when he saw it, and he has a great sense of continuity. Although it's not true, the *feeling* is that nothing has ever changed. Irwin is easy to spot. He's the bearlike, sharp-eyed guy in the jumpsuit. In Barney's, you can count on two things: (1) Irwin is *there*, somewhere, and (2) he's wearing a jumpsuit. Except when he's posing for OUI, of course.

Foxes? There are foxes all over the place, including behind the bar during the day shift. At night, the bar is presided over by one Stu Maltz. Stu is, in simple terms, a maniac. And a goddamn funny one. Comics from the Comedy Store, a couple of blocks away, come to bandy broadsides with Stu almost nightly. Stu always wins.

Interesting clientele? You want writers and actors and construction guys and cocktail waitresses and stuntmen and actresses and thrill-seeking Beverly Hills mamas and bikers and lawyers and musicians and producers and pool hustlers and pinball freaks and singers and dancers and con artists and legit moneymen and artists and poets and strange people? You got writers and actors and construction guys and . . .

A fine beer selection? Barney's has what just might be one of the largest imported-beer selections in the universe. There are beers, chilled and ready to suck up, from Australia, Argentina, Austria, Barbados, Brazil, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, India, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Korea, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, the Philippines, Scotland, Singapore, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. And, except for Fischer La Belle (France) at $3.25, all of them go for less than two bucks a pop. But that's not the best thing about Barney's Beanery.



Barney's boasts seven clean Brunswicks and plenty of takers. There's some pretty fine action back at the booths, too.

BARNEY'S BEANERY
ONE OF THE WORLDS LARGEST SELECTIONS OF...
IMPORTED BOTTLED BEERS
COUNTRY BRAND PRICE
AUSTRALIA COOPERS REAL ALE 1.75
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YUGOSLAVIA NIKSICKO TWO 1.95
IMPORTED MINERAL WATERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD 1.25
PERRIER, VICHY, APOLLINARIS, PENAFIEL, CALSO, POLAND WATER, MOUNTAIN VALLEY SPRING WATER

Does Barney's really stock all those beers? "Maybe not cold," admits Irwin. Barkeep Stu Maltz's hand is even heavier than his vest.

Art? Barney's *is* art. International art, yet. At the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, there resides a nearly life-sized model of Barney's, called *The Beanery*, by artist Ed Kienholz. The recreation is exact and ingenious down to every detail, including signs, drinks and figures of customers sipping, eating and talking. All the faces (except for Barney's) are clocks with hands positioned at 10:10, thus conveying an instant stopped in time, the action arrested, the babble of tinny built-in tape players banging away at the moment. Talk about your culture.

Celebrities? Francis Ford Coppola. Linda Ronstadt (Perrier water). Governor Jerry B. Steven Spielberg. Ed McMahon (gin martini with oil of olives). Jack Warden (Stu: "A great drinker"). Harry Reems. John Barrymore. When he's in town, you might even catch Dustin Hoffman doing the Sunday morning–breakfast trip.

Plain, simple, solid, good food? You got plain, simple, solid, good food. From a six-page menu, yet. But not to worry, it's still simple. One page is all hamburgers. About 40 varieties. Another page is all omelets, close to 50 different kinds. Then there's the famous "Chili" page, the "Side Dish" page, the "Other Sandwich" page and the "Dinners" page. One thing about Barney's—you got options. But that's not the best thing about Barney's.

Games? You got games. Pool tables (seven), pinball machines (about a dozen) and six condom dispensers in the men's room.

Fun? You got fun. Barney's Beanery is the kind of nonjudgmental joint where nobody really gives a shit what you do or how you look, as long as you hold your own mud. But that's still not the best thing about Barney's Beanery.

The best thing about Barney's Beanery is that it's just down the hill and around the corner from OUI.

—MICHAEL PRICE

NEXT

OLDER WOMEN *VS.* YOUNGER WOMEN

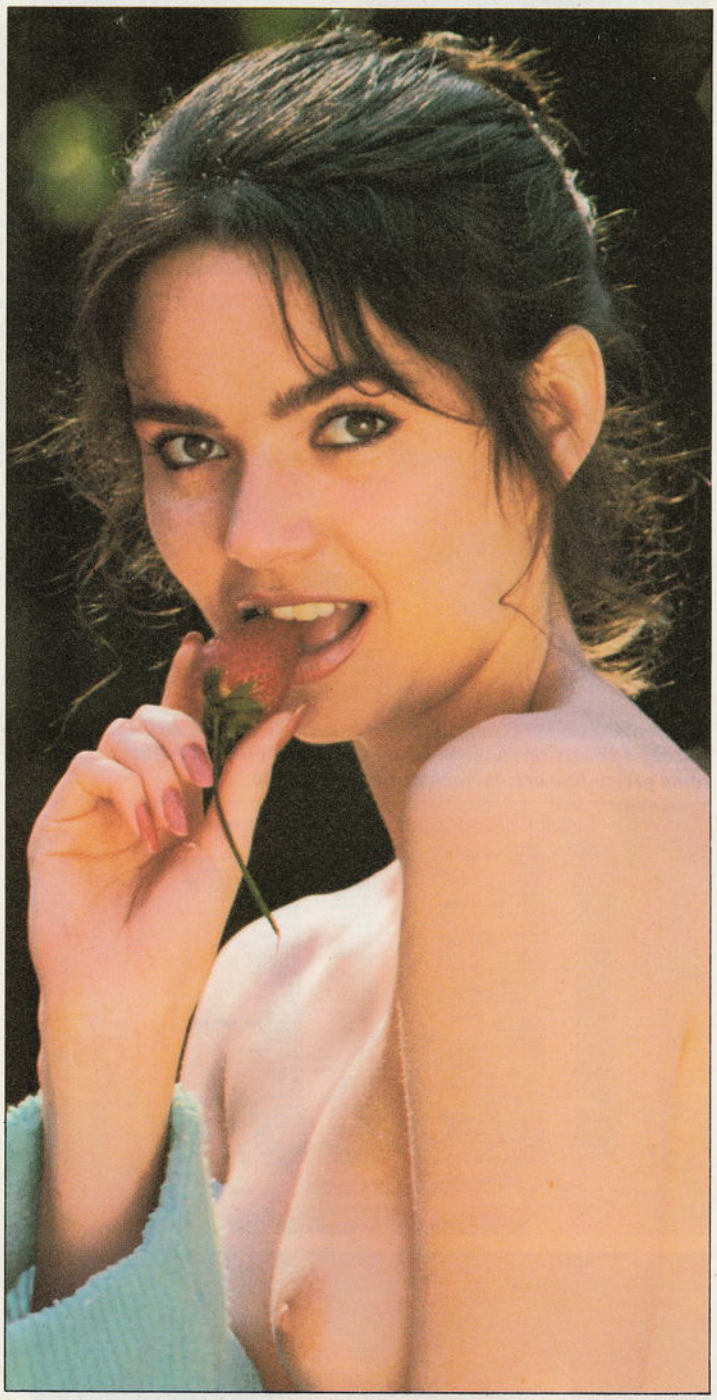
Nothing interests author Clifford Irving more than a controversy, especially when it involves some first-hand (or whatever) research with members of the opposite sex.

HARVEST HIGH

A stoned-at-the-scene report on the Fourth Annual Califoregon Dope Harvest Festival, complete with computer scorecards and connoisseur-level growing tips.

TILL DEATH DO THEY PART

If Hollywood stuntmen Dar Robinson and Stan "Crash" Kruml attempt even half the crazy falls they're planning, they'll be lucky to be alive to read this.



A HARD-HITTING CONVERSATION WITH DAVE PARKER

The Pittsburgh Pirates' star right fielder slugs out his thoughts on baseball, professional sports, sex and superstardom—all without batting an eyelash.

BIRTH-CONTROL ETIQUETTE

Sure, you worry that popping The Question may break the mood. But what could be more romantic than showing a girl that you really care what happens to her body?

HOW TO BE A TV STAR FOR LESS THAN $100

The interesting thing about public-access TV is that once you figure it out, they have to let you on.

PLUS

A closer look at phonograph cartridges; the day they shot *Willie & Phil* at my house; a peek into voyeurism; careers worth considering in the Eighties; best bed buys and lotsa lovely ladies.

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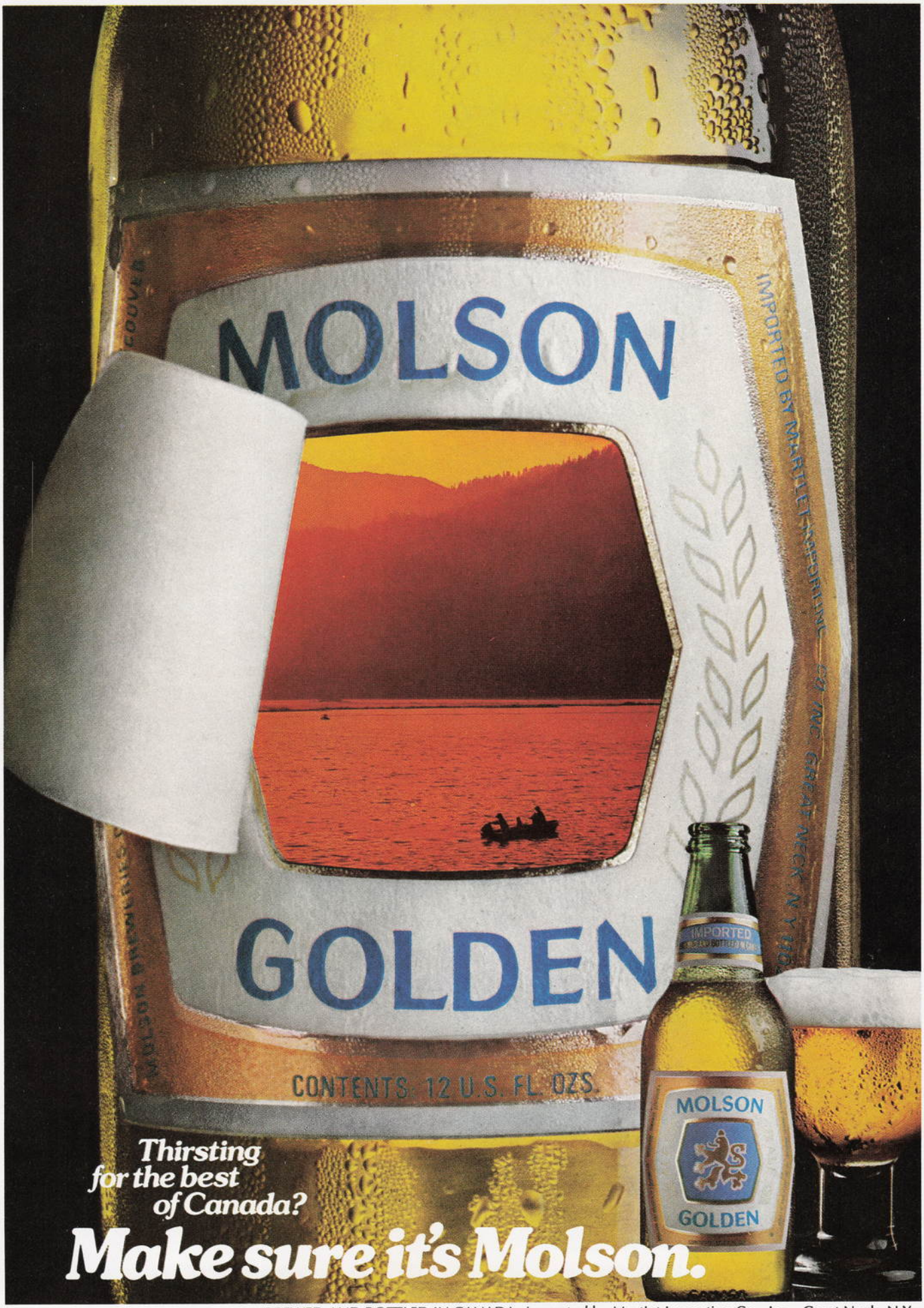
September Issue at Your Newsstand August 7



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